

THE PSALMS

FRÆ HEBREW INTIL SCOTTIS

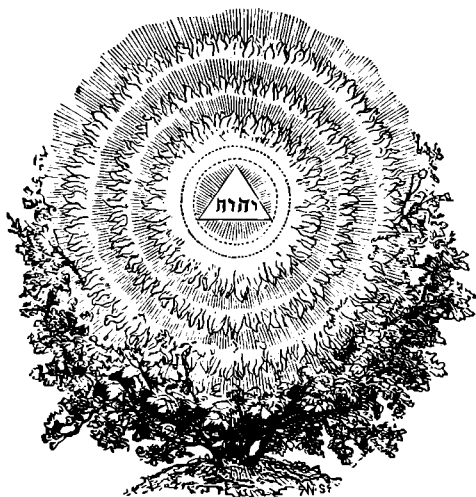
THE PSALMS:

FRAE HEBREW INTIL SCOTTIS.

BY

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It lober'd an' was name the tower

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THE BUIK,

CA'D O'

PSALMS, OR LILTS, OR KIRK-SANGS,

MAUN be mair nor feckly David's. Twal, ye fin', o' Asaph's; twa wi' Solomon's name; ane a-piece wi' Heman an' Ethan's name, an' ane wi' Moses': ane or mae by wha's no kent; maist like, frae the sugh o' them, by David. They gaed a' till sangs or sughs, i' the Makars' time, wi' harps an' wi' soundin-brods, or wi' fifes an' thairms: the blythest o' them aiblins like some heigh-lilts o' our ain, an' the dulest like some laigh-gaen croon or pibroch. Some sang-maister thar was, till airt the sangsters an' till time the sang; an' till him afore the lave the kirk-sang itsel was allenarly lippen'd. What sang-lumes, or organs, might than be in vogue, we ken-na for truth; their vera names are but jimpily right-read in days like our ain—as ye may see eftirhen;* but o' liltin on the heighest key thar was enough till gie name to them a': for ae Psalm, CXLV., or DAVID's *Telè*, or *Lilt*, as it's ca'd, whar it's liltin an' laudin frae en' till en', gied siclike name till the hail Buik as it stans. Our ain word *LILT*, that's but the Hebrew *TELL*; or *LILTIN*, that's but their *TELLIM*; synder'd an' sortit a wee the Norlan' gate, niebors weel wi' the name as it suld be.

The Buik pairts itsel in five: the three foremaist Pairts quat wi' *Amen an' Amen*, as ye sal fin' an' ye leuk, Ps. XLI., LXXII., LXXXIX., i' the hinmaist, or hinmaist verse but ane; the fourt wi' *Amen Halelujah*, or Laud ye the Lord, Ps. cvi.; an' the fyft wi' *Halelujah*, Ps. cl., at the en', whilk is the hinmaist word o' a'. The Psalms, Lilts, or Kirk-Sangs, hae maist o' them a gran', heigh, sary sugh; an' forby that they're biddens till God, hae wonner-feck fusion o' their ain as *Lyric Lilts* o' the makar. Thar's the saft seep o' the cluds an' the dour chirt o' the craneuch; the lown holms, the green knowes, an' the blythe braes o' Bethle'm; the cauld dyke-side, the snell showir, an' the snaw-white tap o' Lebanon; thar's the wimplin burn, the rowin spate, an' the gran' walth o' watirs; thar's the lanely, drowthy, dreich wustlan'; thar's the lowan heugh, the bleezan cairn, an' the craig that lowps an' dinbles; thar's the glint o' mony starn, the bright light o' the lift, an' the dule o' the dead-mirk dail, thegither; thar's the sang o' the cheerie herd, the sigh o' the weary wight, the maen o' the heartbroken man, an' the eerie sugh o' the seer; the dirl o' the pipe, the chirm o' the bird, the tout o' the swesch, an' the sraigh o' thunner; the mither's lilt for her wean, an' heigh hozannas at the yetts o' hevin: what the ee can see, what the lug can carrie; the chant o' the sant, an' the dule gant o' the godlowse; the blythe-bid o' the LORD himsel, an' the angrie ban o' his servan—forgather'd a' intil this ae Buik—ane gran' meele.

David, for a makar o' siclike, flings meikle mair intil sma' bouk nor the feck o' a' them wha hae lippen'd their thoughts the same gate. He sees an' he hears naething he canna tell; an' he tells a' like-as nane but himsel, afore or sen-syne, cou'd hae better tell'd it. David, for ane o' God's Seers or Foretellers, an' for ane o' God's Sancts, fu' lown aneth His wings an' fu' gleg an' sikker i' the hevinly uptak; chrystit an' gifted baith till say God's say, an' till do God's bidden, i' the warld; made mair tryst on God's ain Word, an' lippen'd mair till God's ain gree, nor ony man or marrow o' them a' sen the time o' Moses. Moses himsel was the feck o' his lear, as ane may see wha likes; bot the bidden o' the LORD's mouthe ben i' his ain bosom, an' the sugh o' God's Ghaist i' the lown o' his ain heart, made him wysser nor the lave o' the folk, an' sterker nor the feck o' kings. Rightousness an' Truth war the twa braid stoops o' his life, an' the Word o' the LORD the ae bright light o' his gangins. That he was ettled till be but some fleshly figure o' the Chryst, in his warslins an' his winnins baith, haudin the lan' an' dingin the hethen his ain gate, he brawly be till ken; an' frae a' he tholed in himsel he schupit weel, wi' the help o' God, what the Chryst maun carrie. An' eke, that

he figured the folk wha lived i' the lown wi' God; wha gaed wrang whiles wi' the LORD, an pined for their ain misdoens; wha lippen'd till the LORD, an' wan weel awa frae their ain fauts an' folies; wha leukit ay till the face o' the LORD, an' had braw glints o' light whan the warld atowre was in mirkest midnight—no a lilt o' his ain but can tell. Mony a word o' his i' the wustlan', as it shot frae his mouthe in dule, wan hame till Calvary, an' mony a tang o' his harp had its ain sugh eftirhen' in Gethsemane. His flytins war feckly wi' the LORD's ill-willers, an' his biddens a' for help on the Halie Hill. Fu' mony a prayer he dirld' to the lift, for the feckless wight that was nevir born; an' fu' mony a skreigh wan but frae his bosom, that nane but the widow an' the faitherless, i' their ain sad sighan, hae niebor'd sen-syne. Sic gude's-gree an' sic gifts made David the wale o' singers; an' no ae finger-breid o' God's Hail Word's mair trystit, or better kent, or mair han'd nor the Psalms. The Chryst himsel loutit till learn them, an' a' God's folk sen his day hae been blythe o' sic weel-timed readin.

Bot David was King, nae less nor Makar an' Foreseer, an' airtit the feck o' a' his sangs the gate o' God's gree wha set him on the thron, an' for rightin, up-biggen, an' haudin weel thegither the Kingryk was lippen'd i' his han'. Chryst, an' His ain heigher realm o' Man's Heal-makin, he foresighted an' a', as the learner may ken wha gangs till Ps. II., XXII., XLV., an' cx., an' wha hearkens till Chryst himsel in His ain vera Tryste. Bot the wysses amang us sal hae but scrimp insight o' David's min', an we leuk-na till the sair warsle he dree'd wi' Saul an' wi' his folk, an' wi' siclike o' his ain, herriers an' peace-breakers o' the lan', that plagit him ay whiles he lived. He carps, now an' again, o' Godlowse Carls, an' now an' again, o' Bairns o' the Yird; lawless loons an' witless nae-believers, wha wrought ill till his folk, an' misca'd himsel, an' lightlud abune a' the God that tholed them: an' wha but the ill-deedie draigs o' the lan', or scruf o' the yird, war ettled or daur'd wi' sic names as thae? Carl, i' the Hebrew, we weel ken, ettles often enough but Man or a Mighty Man, an' Bairn o' the Yird, but Son o' Man: yet owre an' owre in David's mouthe, they're wytit baith i' the name o' God, ban'd an' banish'd, for warkers o' a' mischieff an' thinkers o' a' ill again God's ain heritage. Wha syne could they be, an they war-na the draigs o' the auld Philistin folk o' the lan', an' wha sided wi' them again David, born ill-willers a' till God himsel an' till God's ain Chrystit? An ye read-na sae mair nor ance, the best o' David's Psalms, an' eke o' David's prayers an' biddens, sal gang for nought, an' for waur nor nought; they sal be but ill-heartit vanities—malisons in angir, that cou'd ne'er win by the lift.

David, for a man like the lave, had mony an ill faut o' his ain: yet sair he dree'd an' meikle he rued the wrang he wrought till his niebor, an' the angir he wrought till God. His ain ill-doen dang him, an' his heart's content whiles theekit him wi' schame. Bot tak David for a man as he stude by himlane, wi' the trystit crown on his head an' the hals o' his ill-willers, wi' mony an awesome warsle, aneth his feet; his ain heart whiles lowan like a kiln, an' his han's jimp redd o' bluid; the fauts he own'd to, an' mae, we maun e'en forgie him. Twa fauts abune the lave he had, an' they war baith Hebrew fauts. The warst o' the twa was, he sought owre het for bluid. The stoor he stude an' the ill he tholed wrought nae gude till his heart, an' e'en canker'd his nature. Baith God an' himsel had weel enough min' o't: The LORD wad hae nae house-biggen at his han's; an' had the swurd at wark amang his out-come for mony a day, we ken brawly for what: an' till read the Psalms o' David rightly, siclike maun be tho'd in min'. Lang he dree'd, an' meikle he wanted; bot God till him was better nor a'. Ance or twice he forgies; he forgies, an' he bans again: he forgies for ae day, an' he bans for the lave o' a thousan years. David's ain Chrystit Maister taught us weel sen-syne anither gate, an' a heigher; bot David lays the wyte o' a' on God, an' saikless himsel gangs thro' wi' 't. Nae ferlie nor he whiles tint temper; yet he ne'er tint tryst o' God. An we can do mair or better, we may faut him freely syne. Tak David thro' the piece for Man an' for Makar, for Seer an' for King, he was mair till the LORD's ain likan, a man mair eftir

God's ain heart, nor the feck o' his kind. Baith Abraham, an' Moses, an' himsel had faute they might weel hae been quat o'; bot the LORD waled, an' gifted, an' liket them nane the less: yet nane o' their wrang-doesn slippit His ee, or miss'd the dread down-come o' His han'.

Wha leuk, syne, for the leadin o' God's ain Gude Ghaist intil the Buik o' Psalms, maun leuk weel till the kin' o' man that spak for God i' the same, an' nae less till God's ain heigh gate o' guidin him. God speaks till us a' thro' our ain ghaist, an' feckly i' the tongue whar-intil we war born. God spak like-sae thro' David: thro' ane Hebrew till Hebrews, ferst; an' syne thro' Hebrews, by themsels, till the lave o' the warld. His ain halie Word, till us a', 's but ane: yet Psalms an' Foretellin baith cam but frae the lift thro' Hebrews. Tak weel wi' the Hebrew thought, an' ye sal tak weel eftirken' wi' the thought o' God, wha lippen'd the tellin o't langsyne till folk, like Moses an' David, o' his ain han'-walin. What feck o' sense, what walth o' truth, what wit an' wyssheid; what far-sightiness, an' benmaist bodin; what weanlike tryst o' God, the Faither o' themsels an' a'; an' heighest thoughts o' Him, the Righter an' Heal-ha'der o' a', maun hae been theirs wha had the tellin o' a' till the lave o' his thoughtfu' creaturs!

O' this BUIK o' PSALMS mae Setts nor ane hae been:—

1, The LXX., intil Greek, gie what we count the XIV. for the LIII., an' LIII. for XIV.; forby that they airt a wheen words—the feck o' twa verses or tharby—frae the V., X., CXL., intil verse 3 o' their ain XIV.: an' Sanct Paul, as ye may see by what he reads frae that sett o' theirs (Rom. iii. 10), gangs wi' them.

2, What was ance kent for the Vulgate, or Auld Latin Sett, maks ae twa Psalms, IX. an' X., intil ane; an' ae single Psalm, CXLVII., intil twa. This wrang was rightit by Sanct Hieronymus, as he tells us in his ain Prologue till the New Vulgate: nochtless, it has been keepit ay on sen his day, baith i' the best Vulgates an' in ither weel-kent Catholic readins o' the Word, in mae tongues nor the Latin. Likesae, twa mae Psalms, CXIV. an' CXV., they sowthir intil ane, an' Psalm CXVI. they synder intil twa; whilk Hieronymus, their best stoop, lats stan'. Our weel-kent CXIX., this gate, fa's till be but their CXVIII., an' sae wi' the lave. This, forby some sma' differ i' the meath an' measur o' mony a single verse, that needs-na here till name.

3, I' the Hebrew itsel, what we tak for Headins stans but for the foremaist, or pairt o' the foremaist verse o' ilka Psalm: till whilk order mony wyss readers gie in.

4, I' the LXX. baith an' i' the Vulgate, an' whasae gang wi' them, *Halelujah* i' the five hinmaist Psalms, an' twa-three mae forby, is taen frae the Psalm an' set for a headin; anither wrang rightit in pairt by Sanct Hieronymus, lang or the Hebrew itsel was weel kent amang us.

5, By the same LXX. an' Vulgate, Psalm cxxxvii.'s gien till Jeremiah; an' Psalms cxii., cxxxviii., cxlvi., cxlvi., cxlvi., cxlvi., till Haggai an' Zechariah: an' Psalms cxxxix., cxi., cxli., cxlii., cxliii., cxliv., are set nane till David's makin, bot till David's gree allenarly by ither han's. The cxxxvii., an it be-na some foretellin, could be nane o' David's, an' might weel be Jeremiah's; bot the lave, for ought can be seen, might be David's ain, as likely 's ony i' the Buik. Hieronymus gies but ane o' them till Haggai an' Zechariah; how the lave cam by makars' names, we ken-na.

6, An' hinmaist, the Hebrew Makars, gran' an' a' as they war, had a schule-man's gate o' their ain, till mak sangs wi' their verses an' pairs to fa' even wi' the A B C; an' took unco pains an' pride in't. Siclike are the xxv., xxxiv., xxxvii., less or mair: bot abune a' the lave, the cxix., baith in pairs an' verses, ilka pairt in aght verses, an' ilka verse o' ilka pairt wi' its ain pairt-letter foremaist; an' the hail wi' a close-gaen, even sugh, short an' lang time about, frae en' till en'; maun hae been a wonner-wark o' thought, tho' thar's a hantle heigher *lyric*-makin baith afore an' ahint it.

*HEADINS O' PSALMS

FOR THE HAIL BUIK.

AJJELETH-SILAHAR; *Hind o' the Mornin*: ettled 1, till be but some fancifu' headin o' David's ain; 2, till be some shill, pitifu', wailin pipe, like the bellin o' deer i' the mornin; 3, but the name o' some sang the Psalm gaed till. Ps. xxii.

ALAMOTU; *Virginals*: some sang-gear ettled for dochters o' the quair till sing to, or till play upon, siclike's might be at dance or weddin. Ps. xlv.

AL-TASCHITH; *Waite-na*: nae sang-lume, an it war-na some laigh-gaen croon; bot a bidden o' David's, that God wad nane waste himsel, nor thole his ill-willers till waste him; as ye sal fin' Moses, in siclike case, bidden the Lord: Deut. ix. 26. Ps. lviii., lviii., lix., lxxxv.

GITTUTH; what this might be's no kent. *Gittuth*, whilk souns no far frae *Gittith*, ettles a *wine-press*; an' sae the LXX. themselfs tak it. Ps. viii., lxxxvi., lxxxvii.

G'GRES; *Staps, Stairs, Uppangs, or Heighgates*: Hebrew *Moluth*, siclike's the Latin *Moliti*. Fourteen Psalms, on raik frae cxk. till cxxxiv., wi' sic headin; bot nae sayan sikkerlie what's ettled: maist like, but some heigh-gaen key. Ps. cxk. on till cxxxiv.

HIGGAJOUN; *Thoughtfu', Thought-takin*; as ye sal fin' by Ps. ix. 16: maist-like, but some thoughtfu' sugh on the thairms, till gie the singer breath or he steer'd again. It gangs whiles wi' **SELAH**, as in Ps. ix. 16.

JEDUTHIUN: but some sang-maister's ain name; a niebor o' Heman's an' Asaph's: 1 Chron. xvi. 41; 2 Chron. v. 12. Ps. xxxix., xlii., lxxvii.

JONETH-ELEM-RECHOKIM; *The forfochtin Dow amang far-off folk*: anither fancifu' headin o' David's ain, an it be-na the name o' some sang or chant for the Psalm, lvi.

MAHALATH; *Pendicle, or Pendle*: some sang-gear was hang on the han', or aiblins frae the shouthir; siclike's our ain *triangle*, till tang atween the pairts. Ps. liii.

MAHALATH-LEANNOTH; *Mahalath for Duplies, or Responses*: 1, sic sang-gear as abune, for tangin-out *answers* till the quair; 2, some read, wi' ither sense, *On the feckleness*, or *down-drag o' the puir*. Ps. lxxxviii.

MASCHIL; *Wys, Wyslike*; or, *Till mak wys* or *wysser*: might weel be said o' mony Psalms, an', like **MICHTAM** aneth, gangs whiles alang wi' ither headins. Ps. xxxii., cxlii.

MICHTAM; *The Grouden lilt*: a headin weel wordilie an' wissly gien till mony o' David's, tho' he said it himsel: stans whiles by its-lane, an' whiles, like **MASCHIL**, alang wi' ither headins. Frae Ps. xvi., here an' there, till lx.

MUTH-LABEN; *On The Dead o' the Son*: but on Psalm ix. An this be-na the name o' any tune, sang, or sang-gear, i. maun hae been o' some pibroch, wi' a laigh-gaen sugh. Aiblins, was but the headin o' a Psalm on the downfa' or dead o' some stoor riever or *Son o' the Tird*, that herried the folk as ye may see.

NEGINOTH; *Time-timers*: 1, might be drums, tambours, or soundin-brods wi' thairms, like till the Spanish gittern; 2, any sang-gear wi' pipes or thairms, that was blawn ontill or tangit, till airt or maister the time. Frae Ps. iv., here an' there, till lxxvi.

NEHILOTH; *Glen, Howes, Fast-rinnin Watirs*: 1, quo' some, but the name o' some sang-gear nae langer kent; 2, quo' ither some, the foremaist word o' some sang itsel, that gaed wi' the Psalm. But ance, Ps. v.

SELAH; *Lowin Sugh*: was nae mair but some sang-maister's mark till quat awee, a' at ance, syne loud an' heigh the-gither. Gaed whiles wi' **HIGGAJOUN**, or a *Thoughtfu' sugh*, afore't, deen lawn awa intil naething. Ps. ix. 16.

SHEMINITH; *Aghtsome, ane Octave*: might thole till be taen either 1, some soundin-brod wi' aght thairms, or *octaves*, like our ain lang-syne *monie-chords*; 2, some sang wi' aght pairts, or singers; or 3, some laigh-gaen bass wi' chords i' the octave. Ps. vii., xii.

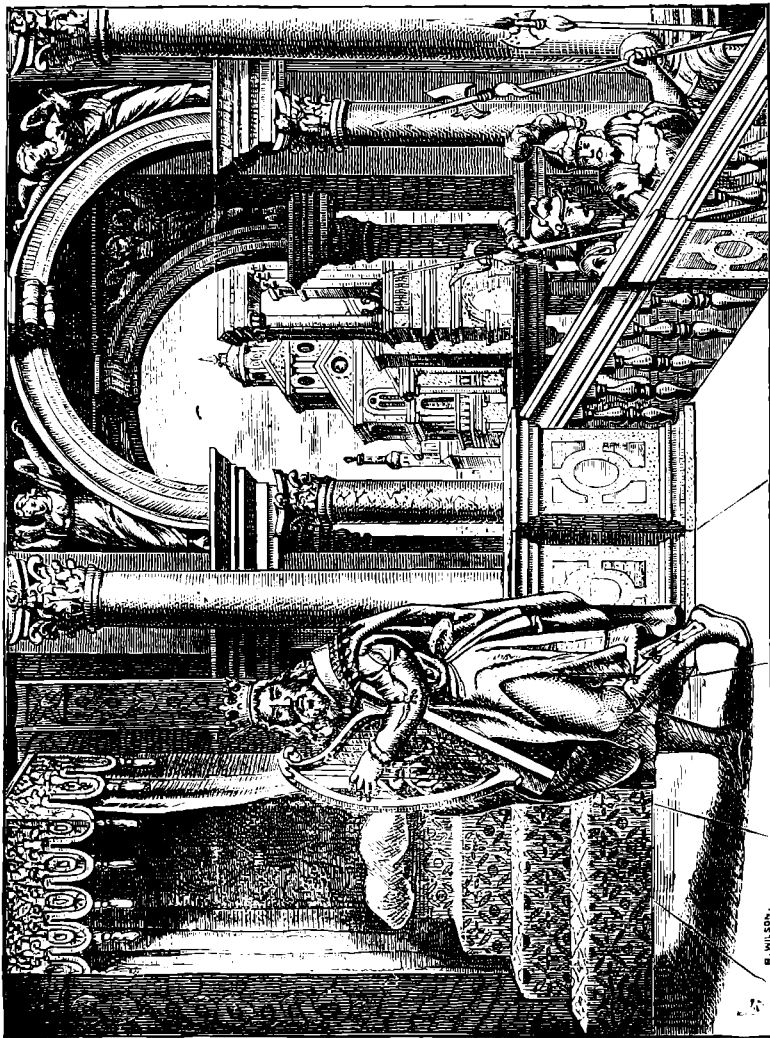
SHIGGAJOUN; *Wand'rin*: some roun-about sugh, some no-even-gaen tune; whiles up, whiles down; here awa, there awa, as feck o' our ain chantit music gangs; bonie enough, but nae evenness; no comin hame on itsel. Ps. vii.

SHOSHANNIM; *Sax-some*: might thole till be taen *sax chordit*, or wi' *sax pairts*, or wi' *sax thairms*, siclike as **SHEMINITH** wi' aght. The Hebrew might e'en thole till be taen on, or *atwore the Lilies*, wi' their *sax leaves*, themselfs syne sae ca'd: an' wha kens but the *sax-chordit* sang-lume was buskit or decorated wi' *lilies*, for weddin-lits, siclike's the Psalm xlv., an' Solomon's ain Sang, ii. 16, vii. 2? Ps. xlv., lxix.

SHOSHANNIM-EDUTH; *The Buskit Shoshannim*, or *Lilies i' their Bravest Blume*. Ps. lxxx.

SHUSHAN-EDUTH; *Blythe an' braw*; or *Buskit till yer Heart's Content*. How siclike headin gangs wi' but the ae Psalm—Ps. lx.—wad thole till be made clearer. Some able-enough readers tak *Eduth* wi' anither sense, for *Statut-laws*, or *Hail-biddens*, or *Commaunds* o' God; but this, till nae betterment o' the headin whar it stans. Sic twa-fauld sense o' mony a Hebrew word's a wide yett for wrang gates i' the turnin.

Wha cons, wi' time an' thought, this hail Buik o' Psalms, an' some sang-neuks o' the Prophets forby, wi' tent till what gangs here-abune, sal airt himsel intill a hantle mair guid i' the readin o' them. Nae great scowthe o' sang-gear, ane may say, till sort or till wale amang, here: bot how ken we what their fifes an' horns, an' soundin-brods an' fiddles, war made o' or yet, how they war hanl'd? Horns o' the siller, fu' clear an' shill, dirlin the lug an' wauk'nin the heart; harps an' tambours o' the cedar, wi' siller soles, an' thairms o' the dinkest twine; ivor fifes an' quaukin fiddles, wi' some thousan tongues or mae in a single sugh, an' the LORD himsel heark'nin frae his Halie Howff aneth the cherubim, wad mak gran' enugh wark on Zioun. The maist we can man, now-a-days, is but jimply till harl the sense, or till hilch an' haingle thro' some feckless tune till His gree, whase name was like the sugh o' mony watirs, an' his praise like a dinnlin spate, i' the lugs o' the Hebrew Makar. Fy! lat us up an' win on, till we wit a wee better what folk like the Psalmist ettled.





THE

BUIK O' PSALMS.*

[PAIRT ANE.]

PSALM I.

Folk are but frute-stoks—the gude weel plantit an' heartsome; the ill ne'er plantit ava, whose frute is but stoure, an' their cleedin stibble: the Lord kens them baith.

[By wha's no said.]

BLYTHE *may* the man *be*, wha airts-na his gate by the guidin o' the godlowse,^a an' wha stans-na i' the road o' wrang-doers; an' wha louts-na at the down-sittin o' lowse jaukers.^b

2 Bot wi' the law o' the LORD is his hail heart's-gree; an' owre that rede o' his, day an' night, sigheth he.^c

3 For he sal be† the frute-stok^d plantit by the watir-rins, that frutes ay weel in his ain frute saison; an' his vera blade blights-na, bot a' the growthe he maks luckens.

4 Siclike *war* ne'er the godlowse; bot 'like caff are they a', that the win's ay strewin.

5 Syne sae, at the rightin, sal the godlowse ne'er stan'; nor wrang-doers *win* ben till the gath'ran o' the righteous.

6 For the LORD kens weel the gate o' the righteous;^f bot the gate o' the godlowse sal dwinnle.

PSALM II.

*David's ain right till be King, an' Chryst's forby; a' ither kings maun thole an' lout.**

[By wha's no said here.]

WHATFOR fey the far-aff folk, an' the frem folk trew ane ydil thing?^a

2 Kings o' the yirth stan' up, an' righters tak thought thegither; again the LORD, an' again his Chrystit^b ane, *sayan*;

3 Lat's rive their thirlbans syndry, an' fling atowre their tows frae us!^c

4 Wha sits intil the lift sal laugh;^d the Laird o' the lan'† sal lightlie them a'.

5 Syne sal he bost them in his wuth, an' fley them in his sair mislooin, *sayan*;

6 I hae setten† my king, for a', ontill my halie height o' Zioun.^e

7 I sal e'en gar yo trew the redden-right: Quo' the LORD until me, My ain son *are* ye, this day hae I begotten thee.

8 †Seek ye frae me, an' I sal gie till *thee* the far-aff folk in fee, an' the yondermaist neuks o' the warld till yer ain ha'din.

9 Ye sal thring them wi' a gad o' airn; ye sal ding them till roons, like the shaird-makar's gowpin.^h

10 Be wyss than, O ye kings; tak tent, ye righters o' the warld:

11 †Lout ye to the LORD wi' dread; an' gin ye bost, lat it be wi' slakkens.

12 †Swaif ye the Son, that he tak-na wuth; an' ye tine yer ain gate, gin his lowe be kenn'd but a kennin.

'O blythe *may* they a' *be*, wha lippen till himsel alane!

^a Ps. 46, 6.
Acts 4, 25.

^b Ps. 45, 7.

^c Jer. 5, 5.
Luke 19, 14.
^d Ps. 37, 13;
59, 8.
Prov. 1, 26

† Wha's ain right it is till mak kings: anither word i' the Hebrew here, nor *Jehowah*.

† Heb. *I hae chrystit*.

^e 2 Sam. 5, 7.

^f Acts 13, 33.
Heb. 1, 5; 5, 5.

^g Ps. 22, 27;
72, 8; 89, 27.
Dan. 7, 13, 14.

^h Ps. 89, 23.
Rev. 2, 27;
12, 5; 19, 15.

ⁱ Heb. 12, 28.

^j Gen. 41, 40.
1 Sam. 10, 1.

^k Isaiah 30, 18.
Jer. 17, 7.

* Luke 20, 42.
Acts 1, 20.

^a Prov. 4, 14,
15.

^b Ps. 26, 4.
Jer. 15, 17.

^c Jos. 1, 8.
Ps. 119, 1, 97.

† Heb. *like*,
needsna here

^d Jer. 17, 8.
Ezek. 47, 12.

^e Job 21, 18.
Ps. 35, 5.
Isaiah 17, 13;
29, 5.
Hos. 13, 3.

^f Nahum 1, 7.

* Afore
CHRYST,
1047.
Sain. 3.

PSALM III.

A faither's heart-break: the warst o' a heart-breaks moun be bruikit: the Lord's a lown hap for a'.

A dree-sang o' David's, whan he quat the gate afore his ain son Absh'lom.*

LORD, "how fiend-folk thrang about me; mony again me set themselfs roun.

2 Quo' mony o' my saul, *b* *Thar's* nae stay for him wi' God: Selah.

3 Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* †out-owre me a'; my loffiheid, an' the uphauder o' my crown.

4 I sought till the Lord, I skreigh't; an' he spak till mysel, frae the height o' his haliness: Selah.

5 'I sal e'en lay me laigh an' sleep; I sal wauken *or lang*, for the LORD uphaudeth me.

6 *a* Nane sal I fear frae thousands o' the folk, wha owre-set *themsels* again me, rinket roun.

7 Up, LORD; saif me, O my God: 'for yerlane ontill the chafts hae dang my faes; the teeth o' the godlowse yerlane gar'd dinlle.

8 *f* Heal-ha'din 's *wi'* the LORD himlane; yer blythe-bid 's on yer folk *for evir*: Selah!

PSALM IV.

God's ain may lippen till himlane, an' be lown enough.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

SPEAK hame till me, God o' my righteousness; *speak hame i'* my schraighan. Ye hae lows'd me *or now* frae haud: be gude till me *syne*, an' tent my bidden.

2 How lang, ye sons o' the carl, sal my gude's gree be lightlied *an ang yo?* Will ye *ay* be fain o' ydilth id?

Will ye spier eftir lies *for evir?* Selah.

3 Bot weet ye weel, the LORD sets-by wha likes himsel: the LORD will hearken whan I skreigh until him.

4 Fyke an ye will, bot steer-na by: *a* threep wi' your hearts on yer beds, an' be whush: Selah.

5 *b* Offrans mak ye o' righteousness, an' lippen yerlanes wi' the LORD.

6 Wha will schaw us *ought* gude, quo' mony *an' mae*: 'the light o' yer leuks, O LORD, gar lift upon us *for ay!*

7 I' my heart ye hae gien me mair gree, nor e'er whan their corn an' their wine war rife.

8 *d* I sal baith lay me down, an' lye fu' lown; for yerlane, O LORD, hauds me livin sikker.*e*

PSALM V.

God tholes ill a' lean, bluidy folk; an' David wytes them i' the name o' God: wha do weel sal be blythe, an' win ben afore God.

Till the sang-maister on Nehiloth: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

HEARKEN till my croon, O LORD; tak tent till my sighan.†

2 Hearken till the sugh o' my schraighan, my King an' my God; for till yerlane I sen' hame my bidden.

3 *a* At mornin ere, O LORD, ye sal hear my cry: at mornin ere I sal straught me till thee, an' sal bide yer kennin.†

4 *b* For ye *are* nae God wha likes the wrang; wha godlowse is, wi' thee sal hae nae bydan.

5 Wha roose themselfs, sal ne'er stan' frontin thee;† a' doers o' wrang, ye mislo'e them utterlie.

6 Liean loons, ye thring them

* 2 Sam. 15; 16; 17; 18.
A. C. 1023.
42 Sam. 16, 15.

b 2 Sam. 16, 8.
It's ill win-
nin by the
ban.

† Heb. *schild*,
shed, or *hap-
pin*.

c Ps. 4, 8.
Prov. 3, 24.

d Ps. 27, 3.

e Job 16, 10.
Ps. 58, 6.
Lam. 3, 30.

f Jer. 3, 23.
Jonah 2, 9
Rev. 7, 10;
19, 1.

* Some heigh
soundin brod
wi' baith
pipes an'
chairs, till
blaw an'
tang: leuk
Headins o'
the Buik o'
Psalms,
Hab. 3, 19.

a Ps. 77, 6.

b Deut. 33, 19
Ps. 50, 14;
51, 19;
2 Sam. 15, 1:

c Num. 6, 26.
Ps. 80, 3, 7, 19
119, 135.

d Job 11, 18
19.
Ps. 3, 5.

e Lev. 25, 18
19; 26, 5.
Deut. 12, 10

* Leuk till
Headins, &c

† Heb. *sair*
thought.

a Ps. 130, 6.

† Heb. *leuk*
lang up.
b Hab. 1, 13

† Heb. *afor*
yer een.

* Heb. man o' bluid an' lie.
* Ps. 55, 23

* Ps. 28, 2;
132, 7; 138, 2.

* Ps. 25, 4;
27, 11.

* Luke 11, 44.
Roid. 3, 13.
* Ps. 62, 4.

† Heb. mak awa wi' them, haud them for dune.

* Heb. unco ain.

* 1 Chron. 15, 21.
Ps. 12, head- n; an' leuk Headins, &c.

* Ps. 38, 1.
Jer. 10, 24;
46, 28.

* Heb. hame again.

down; the bluidy an' the sliddery carl† the LORD ne'er tholes awa.^c
7 Bot mysel till yer hous will ben, i' the feck o' yer ain gude-gree; an' beck me laigh at yer ^dhalie howf, wi' dread o' thee.

8 Weise me, O LORD, i' yer ain right gates; for my ill-willers' will, straught ye yer gate afore me.^e

9 For, i' their mouthe *thar's* nae sikker sugh; their wame's but the howff o' ill; ^ftheir craig's but a gapin heugh; ^gwi' their tongue, they *but* ettle a lie.

10 † Wyte, wyte them sair, O God: schute them owre i' their ain thought-takins; ding them by i' their ain heigh gates: for they steer'd till win up again thee.

11 Bot blythe be they a', wha lippen yerlane; lat them lilt evir mair, for ye fen' them weel; lat them †fyke an' be fain in thee, wha lo'e thy name.

12 For yerlane, O LORD, sal mak blythe the righteous; wi' gudeness ye sal theek them owre, as *wi'* ane schild.

PSALM VI.

David's feckless fa', an' threep o' dule wi' God: he warsles through.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth on Sheminith: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

WYTE me na sae sair,^a O LORD, i' yer angir; an' ding me na by, i' yer bleazan torne.

2 Be gude till me, LORD, for but feckless am I; heal me, O LORD, for my banes are shukken.

3 My saul is e'en uncolie shukken: bot yersel, O LORD, how lang?

4 † Hereawa, LORD, an' redd-but my saul; O heal ye me, for yer pitie's sake.

5 For nane intil dead sal hae min'

o' thee: wha intil his lang hame sal laud thee mair?^b

6 Fortoch'en am I wi' my sighan; wi' tears a' night || I hae drookit my bed; my bink I hae soom'd wi' my greetan.

7 Mine ee wears awa wi' tene: it swaks afore a' my ill-willers.^c

8 ^dAwa frae me, a' ye warkers o' mischieff; for the LORD will hearken the sugh o' my sabbins.

9 The LORD, he will hearken my threep; the LORD will tak hame my bidden.

10 Scham't sal they be an' sair fash't, ilk ane o' my faes: hame sal they gae, an' scham't sal they be, in a gliffie!

PSALM VII.

An unco fact wi' ill-speakers; a waur fact wi' ill-doers: bot the Lord's abune a', an' wairs their mischieff on their ain shouthirs.

* Shiggaion o' David: whilk he sang till the Lord, fornenst the ill tongue o' Cush the Benjamite.†

O LORD my God, till yerlane maun I lippen: saif me frae a' that seek eftir me, an' redd me but.

2 ^aThat he glaum-na my life like a lyoun; rivan't, an' nae winnin-by. ||

3 O LORD my God, gin I hae dune siclike,^b gin thar's ought o' mischieff i' my han's:

4 Gin I hae wrought ill till my frienlie fiere; ^cor fleesh'd my ill-willers for greed: ||

5 Lat the fienn-loon syne owre-spang my saul; baith fang an' fling my life till the yird, an' my gudeliheid straik i' the stoure: Selah.

6 ^dUp, O LORD, i' yer angir; redd my ill-willers by, i' yer wuth: ^ean' steer for me till the rightin ye ettled, wi' yer ain word o' *mouthe*.

7 Syne sal the folk a' rink thee

* Ps. 90, 9; 88 11; 115, 17 118, 17. Isai. 38, 18 || or, ilk night.

* Job 17, 7. Ps. 31, 9; 36 10; 88, 9 Lam. 5, 17. * Ps. 119, 115

* Headins, &c Hab. 3, 1.

† 2 Sam. 16. Cir. A. C. 1062.

* Isai. 38, 18. || or, nae redder-by.

* 2 Sam. 16, 7, 8.

* 1 Sam. 24, 7; 26, 9.

|| or, Na, I hae e'en leas'd them wua ill-will'd me for nougt.

* Ps. 94, 2.

* Ps. 44, 23.

(Ps. 18, 20.

† 1 Sam. 16, 7.
1 Chron. 28, 9.
Ps. 139, 1.
Jer. 11, 20;
17, 10; 20, 12.
Rev. 2, 23.
|| or, *my hap,*
or *my schild's*
roi' God.

§ It canna be
weel kent
frae the He-
brew, wha
suld turn
here, the ill-
doer frae
David, or the
Lord frae the
ill-doer, or
baith.

^b Deut. 32, 41.

|| or, *again*
the persecuters
or burners (1)

^b Deut. 32, 23.

42.

Ps. 18, 14;
64, 7.

^a Job 15, 35.

Isaiah 33, 11;
59, 4.

Jam. 1, 15.

^c Job 4, 8.

Ps. 9, 15; 10, 2;
35, 8; 94, 23;
141, 10.

Prov. 5, 22;
26, 27.

Ecc. 10, 8.

^m 1 Kings 2,
32.

roun'; an' for their sakes, hame
again on hie!

8 The LORD himlane sal right-
recht the folk: right me, O LORD,
as my righteousness maun be,^f an'
the singleness o' my thoughts
abune me.

9 O gin the ill o' ill-doers war
dune; bot furdur ye the right: an'
leuk weel till baith heart an' lisks,
like a righteous God.^g

10 || I shaltir me a' wi' God, wha
saifs the upright in heart.

11 God himlane's the righteous
rechter; an' God ill-tholes the hail
day.

12 § An *the ill-doer* turn-na, *the*
LORD maun ^hstraike his sword; he
maun stent his bow, an' mak a'
sikker:

13 The graith o' dead he maun
schupe for himsel; his flanes o'
lowe || he has wrought a' ready.ⁱ

14 Leuk syne *till the godlouse*: he
hoves wi' nocht; he raxes wi' pyne;
he's made lighter o' a lie.^k

15 He howks a hole, an' braids it
weel; *bot* he coups i' the sheugh he
made *for anither*.^l

16 Hame on his head comes a'
his fash; an' down on his pow his
ain ill-doen.^m

17 I maun laud the LORD as his
rightousness is; an' lilt till the
name o' the LORD, *wha's* heigh
abune oy.

(1) That ye may ken a', hearken how ither folk
read: The LXX., an' wi' them the Vulgate, make
the words till rin *his flanes again the burners or*
bleezers; Luther, an' wi' him the Dutch, *his flanes*
for dingin till dead; the Mayntz Bibel, an' afore
them Ulenberg, *his flanes that they may bleeze or*
burn; the French, an' wi' them the Italian, *his*
flanes again the bleazan persecuters; Rhemes, *his*
arrows for them that burn; Geneva, *his arrows*
for them that persecute me; an' eftir them, our ain
Inglis, *his arrows against the persecutors*: the feck
o' whilk turns the Hebrew its-lane can thole:
But anent a' when o' them, we hear o' nae burners
nor bleezers nor fire-kenners i' the lan'. On the
ither side, we ken weel (Ps. 18, 14) that God's
flanes war ay flanes o' lowe, or bleazan bolts, in
David's een; an' gin ye read a' *for again*, as the
Hebrew stans, ye hae *lowan flanes*, or *flanes o'*
lowe; whilk maks a' straught an' truth-like.

PSALM VIII.

The namelibeid o' God's abune lift an'
lan'; an' his loesome luve till his
hinmost creatur's ayont tellin.
Till the sang-maister on Gittith: *
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

O LORD, †Laird o' us a', how
lordlie's thy name atowre a'
the yirth; wha setten haist thy
namelibeid abune the hevins.^a
2 ^bFrae bairnies' mouths an'
weanies fine, ye hae ettled might
again a' yer faes; that the wrang-
doer baith an' wha rights himsel,^c
ye may whush them *ane wi' anither*.

3 Gin I leuk till thy lift, that
fingir-wark o' thine; *till* the mune
an' the starn ye hae set sae sikker:

4 ^dWhat's man, *quo' I*, that ye
bear him in min'; or ane o' yird's
bairns, ye suld mak him niebor?

5 Yet ye thol'd him but a thought
frae God; † ye hae theekit him roun'
wi' gudeliheid an' gree:

6 ^eYe hae gien till himsel maister-
ship an' a' owre yer ain han's warks;
^fye hae putten a'-thing laigh aneth
his feet.

7 †Beasties sma' an' owsen grit
tegether; aye, an' the field-gaen
deer forby:

8 The flier i' the lift an' the soomer
i' the sea, an' a' that gaes ben thro'
the troghs o' the sea.

9 O LORD, Laird o' us a', how
heigh owre a' the yirth's that name
o' thine! §

PSALM IX.

The ill-deedie carl has his ain time,
bot he stackers an' fa's or the end
be: the Lord neither stackers nor
fa's; an' the feckless may lippen till
himlane sikkerie: David has lauded
him loud an' lang, an' sal yet laud
him louder an' langer.

† Tak
tent as ye
read: thar'e
no mony
grander kirk
sangis nor
this.

* *Headins, &c.*

† Ps. 2, 4;
Laird o' the
lan', &c.

^a Ps. 113, 4;
148, 13.

^b Matt. 11, 25;
21, 16.

^c Ps. 44, 16.

^d Job 7, 17.
Ps. 144, 3.
Heb. 2, 6.

† Heb. *Ye*
made him but
a thought
laigher nor
God.

^e Gen. 1, 26, 28.

^f 1 Cor. 15, 27.
Heb. 2, 8.

† Heb. *a' fe,*
siclike as
sheep, gaits
an' sma'
beiss.

§ An it be
en abune
the hevins, it
may weel be
heigh abune
the yirth.

A. C. 1018.

* Aiblins on the downfa', or dead, o' some rievian carl:
Headins, &c.

Till the sang-maister on Muth-laben: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

I MAUN laud, O LORD, wi' my hail heart; I maun tell o' a' thy wonner-warks.

2 Fu' blythe an' fain sal I be in thee; I sal lilt till thy name, Thou Heighest o' a'.

3 Whan my ill-willers turn the gate hame, they sal stacher an' dwinnle afore thee.

4 For my right ye wrought out, an' ye rightit me; ye sat on the thron, right-rechtin weel.

5 Ye wytit the folk; ye wastit the wicket; their name ye dight out for evir an' ay.^a

6 O ill-will'd man, surely swurd-wark's by for evir: hail towns ye hae rutet frae the yird; themselfs an' a' min' o' them's dwafflet.

7 Bot the LORD *himlane* bides on evir mair; ^b for right-rechtin ay, has he ettled his thron.

8 An' the warld he sal right-recht himsel intil righteousness; ^c he sal redd amang the hethen wi' a' maner o' right.

9 An' the LORD sal be stoop till the feckless; a brow heigh [†] stoop i' the time o' strettis.[†]

10 An' a' that ken thy name sal betak themselfs till thee; for ye ne'er mislippen'd nane, wha spier'd for yersel, O LORD.

11 Lilt ye till the LORD, wha bides ontill Zioun; furth afore the folk wi' his wonner-warks a'.

12 'For an' he spier for blude, he'll hae min' o' them; the sighan o' the puir he will ne'er mislippen.

13 Hae pitie on me, LORD; leuk weel till the stoor I dree frae my faes; yersel, wha can rax me frae the yetts o' dead.

14 That I may lilt a' thy praise, i' the yetts o' the dochter o' Zioun:

fu' blythe sal I be i' thy heal-ha'din, *than*.

15 § The folk hae gaen down i' the sheugh they made; [§] i' the girn they happit, is their ain fit fankit.

16 The LORD is weel kent by the rightin he's wrought: by his ain han's wark, is the ill-doer grippet: ||[§] Higgaoun, Selah!

17 Ill-doers sal gang till the howff o' dead; *an'* frem folk a', wha think nane o' God.

18 For the feckless puir sal nane ay fa' atowre; *nor* the langsome leuk o' the down-dang mislippen for evir.

19 Up, LORD; let-na carls[†] hae the gree: lat hethen folk be weel sortit afore ye.

20 Fley them, O LORD; gar the hethen ken they're but men: Selah.

PSALM X.

The yird-born carl has baith a heigh head an' a heavy han'; kens little, an' cares less: bot the Lord rights a', baith puir an' faitherless, wha lippen till himsel.*

[By wha's no said.]

WHATFOR, O LORD, stan' ye atowre; *an'* hap ye sae close in times o' strett?

2 The ill-doer in his haughtiness herries the puir: ^a Lat them be fankit a' i' the thoughts o' their ain thinkin.

3 For the ill-doer's fain till his heart's content, an' blythe-bids the warl's-worm || the LORD ay hates.^b

4 The ill man in his haughtiness boost-na to care: nae God ava intil ane o' his thoughts.^c

5 Wearisome ay arc a' gates o' his: *owre* heigh fornenst him are thy right-rechtins a': wha fash wi' him, he wheefles them by.^d

§ Ill folk, or hethen.

/ Ps. 7, 15, 16; 35, 8; 37, 6; 94, 23; Prov. 5, 22; 22, 8; 26, 27.

|| *W's' thocht-fu' ough:* leuk till Headins, &c.

§ Ps. 19, 14; 92, 3.

† The god-louse yird-born folk o' the lan'.

Ps. 10, 18.

* Philistins, an' a' siclike o' David's day; wha ill-willed himsel an' the lown-livin folk o' the lan'; as we hae said or now.

^a Ps. 7, 16; 9, 15, 16; Prov. 5, 22.

|| *or, the warl's worm blythe-bids himsel, an' mislikes the Lord.*

^b Prov. 28, 4; Rom. 1, 32.

^c Ps. 14, 1, 2; 53, 1.

^d Ps. 12, 5.

^a Deut. 9, 14.

^b Ps. 102, 12.

^c Ps. 96, 13; 98, 9.

^d Ps. 32, 7; 37, 39; 46, 1; 91, 2.

[†] Heb. *castl-craig*.

[†] Heb. *limers* o' strett.

^a Gen. 9, 5.

*Eccles. 8, 11.
Isaiah 56, 12.
/ Rom. 3, 14.

† Heb. *nae end o' clai-veri.*
Ps. 12, 2.

* Hab. 3, 14.

* Ps. 17, 11.

* Ps. 17, 12.

† Heb. *i' his heart: sic-like, ver. 6.*
* Job 22, 13.
Ps. 73, 11;
94, 7.

† Heb. *i' his heart.*

† Heb. *hauds on uncolie.*
* Ps. 68, 5.

* Ps. 37, 17.

* Ps. 29, 10;
145, 13;
146, 10.
Jer. 10, 10.
Lam. 5, 19.
Dan. 4, 34;
6, 26.
1 Tim. 1, 17.
† Heb. *lang-some thought.*

† or, *ding.*

6 Quo' he till himsel, I sal ne'er be steer'd; frae ae kithgettin till anither, siclike's *mysel* are ne'er the waur.*

7 'His gab's fu' o' swearin, an' lies, an' louseness; ben aneth his tongue's but labor an' k'iaugh.†

8 He sits i' the neuks o' the towns; i' the lown's neuks he fells the saikless; ^ahis een ay glaum on the puir.

9 'He taigles in howff like some lyoun in *his* den; he taigles for till fang the feckless; an' the feckless he fangs, whan he sweels him i' his net.

10 An' he louts; he cow'rs fu' laigh; syne dings the feckless wi' his mighty *bakspangs*.

11 Quo' he till himsel,† God has nae min': he has happit his face; he sal ne'er leuk mair.^k

12 Bot rise, LORD God: rax up yer han'; forget-na the feckless.

13 Whatfor suld the ill man light-lie God? He says till himsel,† Ye'll ne'er spier mair.

14 Ye hae seen't yersel; for yersel can see baith cark an' care, till tak a' i' yer han'. Till yersel the puir man leuks an' lippens;† the frien' o' the faitherless yerlane are^l Thou.

15 Flinder ye the arm o' the ill-doen, an' *eke* o' the ill-heartit man;^m an' ripe out his wrang, till ye fin' nae mair.

16 *The LORD is King for evir an' ay: the hethen maun dwinnle frae aff his lan'.

17 Ye hae hearken'd till the chirm† o' the puir, O LORD: their hearts ye maun heal; ye maun lout yer lug:

18 Till right the faitherless an' the feckless; that yird-born loons nae langer gang on till fley || *them a'*.

Sic biddens o' David's maun feckly be taen as ettled again the Philistins, an' a' sic harmers o' the realm; as said has been.

PSALM XI.

Nae need till fie frae the ill-heartit loon: the Lord canna mislippen his ain.

Till the sang-maister: *ane o' David's.*

Cir. A. C.
1060

I LIPPEN till the LORD: whatfor cry ye till my saul, Awa to yer craig like a bird!^a

2 For leuk, the ill-deedie stent the bow;^b their flane on the string they straught;^c till ding the aefauld in heart, hidlins?†

3 ^dAn the grundin† gang, what mair can the leal man do?

4 'The LORD's intil his halie howff; the LORD, his thron' s i' the lift: ^ehis een can see, his vera winkers try, yird's bairns.

5 The LORD wales weel the rightous; bot the ill-deedie man, an' wha likes mischieff, his saul abides-na.

6 ^fHe sal toom on ill-doers a bleezan spate; || lowe, an' brunstane, an' the stoor o' storms: a stoupfu' o' their ain.^h

7 For the rightous LORD likes weel ⁱa' righteousness; his een† tak tent o' the right.

* 1 Sam. 26, 19, 20.

^b Ps. 64, 3, 4.

^c Ps. 21, 12.

† Heb. *i' the mirk.*

^d Ps. 82, 5.

† Heb. *grundin.*

^e Hab. 2, 20.

/ Ps. 33, 13;
34, 15, 16;
66, 7.

^f Gen. 19, 24.
Ezek. 38, 22.
|| or, *spatefu' o' girms.*

* Ps. 75, 8.

† Heb. *faces, or leuks.*

PSALM XII.

David's dule for the dearth o' honest folk; bot the Lord will saif his ain frae lies an' jeerin.

Till the sang-maister on Sheminith: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

* Headin o' Psalm 6: *Headins, &c.*

S AIF us, LORD, for the gude man gangs;^a for leal folk dwinnle 'mang the bairns o' yird.

2 Fausets they crack, ilk man till his niebor;^b *wi'* fraisin gabs, an' wi' twasome hearts, they clash an' claiver.^c

3 The LORD sal sned aff a' fraisin lips, an' the tongue that cracks sae unco crouselly:†^d

4 Wha say, Wi' our tongue we sal maister a'; our lips are our ain,† wha's laird owre us?

^a Isaiah 57, 1
Micah 7, 2.

^b Ps. 10, 7.

^c Ps. 28, 3.
Jer. 9, 8.

† Heb. *grit thing.*

* 1 Sam. 2, 3
Dan. 7, 8.

† Heb. *belang wi'.*

5 For the tholin o' the feckless,
for the sighan o' the puir, now
maun I up, quo' the LORD: I sal
steek them *baith* lown, *frae him* that
wad jeer || at ane o' them.^c

^a or, *fank*.

^c Ps. 10, 5.

6 The words o' the LORD *are*
weel-dight words: siller dight in a
kilyn o' clay; seven times dightit.^f

^f 2 Sam. 22, 31.

Ps. 18, 30;

119, 140.

Prov. 30, 5.

7 Yerlane, O LORD, sal waird
them weel, for evir an' ay, *frae the*
folk o' this kith-gettin.

8 On ilka han' ill-doers gang,
whan the draigs o' yird are bune-
maist.

PSALM XIII.

*The Lord's like till lose sight o' David;
bot David maun ne'er lose sight o'
the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt
o' David's.

HOW lang, O LORD? Will ye
mind me nae mair? How
lang will ye hap yer face frae me?^a
2 How lang tak thought i' my saul
maun I, *wi'* dule i' my heart daily?
How lang sal my ill-willer rax
abune me?

^a Deut. 31, 17.

Joh. 13, 24.

Ps. 44, 24;

89, 46.

3 Tak tent *an'* hearken till me,
LORD my God; enlighten my een,
that I sleep-na the *sleep* o' dead:^b

^b Jer. 51, 39.

^c Ps. 25, 2.

4 That my ill-willer say-na,^c I hae
waur'd him now! *or* my faes be
fain an I be shukken.

5 Bot I'se lippen me a' till yer ain
gude-gree; my heart sal be blythe
i' yer ain heal-ha'din.

6 Na, I sal *e'en* gang lilt till the
LORD; for he's wrought a' nieborlie
for me.

PSALM XIV

*The loons o' the lan' are an ill-doen,
godlowse core; bot the Lord will
fesh hame again a' that are tint,
till Zioun.*

Till the sang-maister: ane o' David's.

QUO' the gowk^a till himsel,†
Thar's nae God. ^b Far-gane
are they *a'*; wrang-doers are they
haililie; no ane o' them *a'* does weel.

2 The LORD frae the lift leukit
owre on the bairns o' yird, till see
gin ony wyss war, spierin for God.

3 Bot it was bakgane a' wi' them;
heart-holed war they *a'*: ^d no ane
o' them *a'* wrought right; no, an it
war-na ane. ||

[*Quo' the Lord.*]

4 Ken they na *gude*, thae warkers
o' ydilheid? wha' eat up my folk
as they eat bread, an' spier ne'er
for the LORD.^f

[*Quo' David.*]

5 Thar dree'd they *syne* a dreadfu'
dread; for *thar's* God wi' the hail†
kith o' the righteous.

6 Ye hae lightlied the thought-
takin o' the needie; bot the LORD
himsel *was* his tryst.

7 O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun
heal-makin till Israel *a'?* § Whan
the LORD sal bring hame again them
that's in ban' o' his peopil, blythe
syne sal Jakob be, *an'* Israel sal be
fain!^h

† Heb. i' his heart.

^a Ps. 10, 4;

53, 1.

^b Rom. 3, 10,

&c.

Leuk what's

said till *wha*

reads this

Bulk o' this

Psalms, p. 2

^c Ps. 102, 19.

^d Rom. 3, 10.

Leuk again

till *wha*

reads.

|| or, no, 10

ane.

^e Amos 8, 4

Mic. 3, 3.

^f Isaiah 64, 7.

† The gowk

trew'd thar

was nane:

(ver. 1.)

Whan God

leuks frae

the lift an'

cracks, the

haudest

loon maun

trimmle.

^g Rom. 11, 26.

§ David wad

fain the lave

o' the lan'

war a' as

lown as

Zioun.

^h Ps. 126, 1

PSALM XV.

*Wha sal bide lown an' lang i' the hous
o' the Lord.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LORD,^a wha sal bide i' that
howff o' thine? or wha be
lown on yer halie height?

2 ^b Wha gangs *ay* straught; an'
wha does *ay* right; an' wha speaks
frae his heart right sikkerlie:†

3 ^c Wha double-deals nane wi' his
tongue; wha warks nae ill till his
frien; nor || tholes nae skaithe on
his niebor:^d

4 In whase een the little worth are
lightlied enugh, bot whasae fear
the LORD he likes fu' weel; wha
swears till his frien,† an' steers-na:

^a Ps. 24, 3.

^b Isai. 33, 15.

^c Lev. 19, 16.

Ps. 34, 13.

† Heb. *e'en* as

he trets.

|| or, *wytes*.

^d Exod. 23, 1.

† Sae Luther

reads, an'

mac. Our

ain Inglis,

wha waur

till the

wrang, an'

bides by 't.

canna be

thol'd. His

ain *wrang*,

is nane i'

the Hebrew.

§ Wrangous-
lie, or con-
trair o' God,
his law.

¶ Exod. 22, 25.
Lev. 25, 36.
Deut. 23, 19.
Ezek. 18, 8;
22, 12.

¶ Exod. 23, 8.
Deut. 16, 19.

* Heb. *Gow-
den*: siclike
as on Ps. 56,
57, 58, 59, 60.
Headins, &c.
¶ Ps 25, 20.

‡ Our Inglis
taks this a'
clean
anither gate:
the Hebrew
s jimp clear.

† Heb. *lips*.

¶ Jos. 23, 7.
Hos. 2, 16, 17.

¶ Deut. 32, 9.
Ps. 73, 26;
142, 5.
Lam. 3, 24.

¶ Ps. 17, 3.

¶ Acts 2, 25.

¶ Ps. 73, 23;
121, 5.

¶ Ps. 30, 12;
57, 8.

¶ Ps. 49, 15.
Acts 2, 31;
13, 35.

¶ Ps. 17, 15;
21, 6.
Matt. 5, 8.
1 Cor. 13, 12.
1 John 3, 2.

5 His siller wha sets-na till gather
gear; § nor nae fee will he tak on
the saikless loon: f wha siclike does
sal ne'er be steer'd, frae the height o'
the LORD, for evir.

PSALM XVI.

*God's ain are brawlie aff, an' fu' weel
contentit.*

* Michtam o' David's.

WAIRD me weel, O God, for
I lippen till yerlane.^a

2 Ye hae said until the LORD, My
Lord, ye're a' my ain; I hae nought
that's gude, abune yersel. ‡

3 For sants i' the lan', themsels
an' the best; my pleasur's a' amang
them.

4 Mair dule sal they hae, wha
mel wi' ony ither: I sal neither
toom till them their williewaughts
o' bluid; no, nor lift their vera
names intil my mouthe. †^b

5 The LORD himsel's the fow o'
my ha'din an' my caup; c my luck
yerlane hae lucken'd.

6 The lines hae fa'n till me in
unco blythesome bits; na, the ha'din
I hae fa'n's unco braw.

7 I maun blythe-bid the LORD,
wha gies me wyss rede; an' my
lisk, night by night, hauds me ay
learnin'.^d

8 The LORD evirmair hae I set
forneest mysel: e for be's at my
right han', I sal ne'er be sair steerit. f

9 Wharthro' my heart's fu' fain,
an' my gudeliheid's fu' blythe is:
na, my vera bouk itsel bides in tryst.

10 h For my saul ye winna lea' i'
the lang hame o' dead; ye winna gie
yer dearest ane till see the sheugh
o' dule.

11 Yersel sal gar me ken the vera
gate o' life: rowth o' joies afore
thy face is; i pleasurs thrang at thy
right han' evir mair.

PSALM XVII.

*World's weans hae their ain luck:
David, wi' a clean heart, wad
fainer hae the Lord: the Lord kens,
an' will hearken till his bidden.*

Ane Heart's-bode o' David's.

HEARKEN, O LORD, till the
right; tak tent till my threep;
lout yer lug till my bidden, that
frae nae fause lips wins but till thee.
2 Frae forneest yersel, lat my
rightin come; an' yer een, lat them
leuk what's straught.

3 Ye hae tried my heart; a ye hae
sought a' night: ye hae b'ripet me
thro'; b but ye fan' naething. I thought
wi' mysel; b but my mouthe ne'er
fautit.

4 For the warks o' man; by the
word o' yer lips, I hae wairded me
weel frae gates o' the wilfu' waster.

5 Haud up my gates i' yer ain
right roads, that my fitsteds gang-
na a-gley.

6 I hae cry'd till yersel, for ye'll
hear me, O God: lout me yer lug;
hearken till my yammir.

7 Furth wi' yer ain gude-gree, e
yersel wha saifs wi' yer ain right
han' a' wha lippen till yerlane, frae
heigh gain-stan'ers.

8 Waird me like the sight † o' the
ee; f hap me i' the schadowe o' yer
wings: §

9 Frae ill-doers' face, wha wrang
me sair; frae ill-willers o' my life,
rinket roun an' roun me.

10 They're theekit about wi' their
ain taugh; h wi' their mouthe they
can crack fu' crouselly.

11 Our gates, even now, they hae
fankit roun; their een they hae
loutit fu' laigh on the lan': i

12 Like some lyoun are they, that's
fain till rive; an' like lyoun's whalp,
that bides || i' the bole.

13 Up, LORD; win forrit afore

a Ps. 16, 7.

b Joh 23, 10.
Ps. 20, 2; 66,

10.
Zech. 13, 9.
Mal. 3, 2, 3.
1 Pet. 1, 7.

c Ps. 119, 133.

d Ps. 116, 2.

e Ps. 31, 21.

† Heb. *the
wee man, or
babie*.

f Deut. 32, 10.
Zech. 2, 8.

§ As ane wad
shaltir him
frae the
glow'r o' the
sun.

h Ruth 2, 12.
Ps. 36, 7; 57,
1; 63, 7;
91, 1, 4.
Matt. 23, 37.

i Deut. 32, 15
Job 15, 27.
Ps. 73, 7;
119, 70.

j Ps. 10, 8;
9, 10.

|| or, *clap
laigh*.

§ Luther reads, *wi' that sword*, &c.

* Isaiah 10, 5.
† Luke 16, 25.

† Heb. *riwan-fu* o' *zerani*.

m Ps. 4, 6, 7;
16, 11; 65, 4.

* 2 Sam. 22.

† Heb. *wi' liltin*, I skreigh'd, &c.

* Ps. 116, 3.

† Heb. *dules, thels*, or *bandi*.

* Acts 4, 31.

him; ding him down: rax but my saul frae the ill-deedie man, § that swurd o' thine: ^k

14 Frae loons o' yer loof, O LORD; frae this warl's wights, whase luck's i' *their* life; ^l an' whase wame ye hae steght wi' yer happit gear: they hae weans at will;† an' their owrecome forby, they mak-guid till their bairns.

15 Bot in right, mylane, I sal see yer face; fu'filled sal I be, whan I wauk', wi' yer ain likeness.^m

PSALM XVIII

The Lord kens whan, wi' a bleeze frae the lift, till set his ain folk free frae a' that wad sterr them.

Till the sang-maister, till ser' the Lord: *ane* o' David's; whan he spak till the LORD ilk word o' this sang, i' the day the LORD redd him out frae the han' o' his ill-willers a', an' eke frae the han' o' Saul: * an' quo' he—

O LORD, my strenth, but I lo' ye weel!

2 The LORD my rock, my hainin-towir, an' my to-fa': my God, my craig; I maun lippen till himlane: my schild, the horn o' my heal-makin, *an'* my heigh-ha'.

3 I lilted fu' loud† till the LORD; an' frae ill-willers a' I was setten free.

4 * The dules o' dead dush'd me; an' spates o' mischieff fley'd me sair:

5 † Dules o' the lang-hame fankit me about; girns o' dead war unco nar.

6 I' my strett o' *stretts* I scraigh't till the LORD; till God, my ain God, I sighet fu' sair. He hearken'd my scraigh, frae his halie howff, my bidden wan ben afore him, *it wan* till his vera lugs.

7 The yirth syne dinnl't, an' sheuk; ^b the laigest neuks o' the

hills trimml't an' steer'd, for He was angrie.

8 Reek raise in his angir, || an' lowe licket afore him; coals kennl'd at his on-come:

9 * An' he loutit the lift an' wan down; an mirk *was* aneth his feet: 10 * An' he canter'd on a cherub, an' he flew; an' he raiket on the wings o' the win': ^c

11 An' mirk he made a' for his howff about him; ^f mirk o' spates, an' cluds o' the carrie.

12 * Frae the light *was* afore him, his cluds wan awa; *wi'* hailstones, an' *wi'* slaughts o' fire.

13 An' the LORD reel'd alang the lift; the Heighest lat his skreigh win but: ^h hailstones an' slaughts o' fire.

14 An' he lowsit his flanes, an' he sperfl't them; † bleeze on bleeze, an' he dang them.ⁱ

15 Syne war the wames o' the watirs seen, an' the growf o' the warld unhappit was; at sic wytan c' yer ain, O LORD; at the gluff o' the win' o' thine angir. ||

16 He rax't frae abune, he claught me; ^k he harl'd me atowre frae a warld o' watirs: †

17 He redd me frae my strang ill-willer, an' frae a' that wiss'd me ill; † wha starker war nor me.

18 Me they o'er-gaed i' the day o' my down-gaen; bot the LORD was an out-gate till me.

19 An' he brought me atowre intil room; ^l he redd me fu' right, for he liket me weel.

20 The LORD quat me even wi' my ain even-doen, an' contentit me weel for the cleanness o' my han's.^m

21 For I tentit ay sikker the gates o' the LORD; an' was nae ill-ganger frae my God:

22 For his right-rechtins a' *war* afore me; an' his biddens frae me I ne'er pat awa:

|| or, *naistril*

^c Ps. 144, 5.

^d Ps. 99, 1.

^e Ps. 104, 3.

^f Ps. 97, 2.

^g Ps. 97, 3.

^h Ps. 29, 3.

† Heb. *syne bleezes thick*.

ⁱ Josh. 10, 10
Ps. 144, 6.
Isaiah 30, 30

|| or, *naistril*.

^k Ps. 144, 7.

† Heb. *unco spates*.

† Heb. *for they war starker*, &c.

^l Ps. 31, 8;
116, 5.

^m 1 Sam. 24, 20.

† Heb. afore
bis een.

† 1 Kings 8,
32.

† Heb. wash
yertel.

° Lev. 26, 23,
24, 27, 28;
Prov. 3, 34.

† Heb. leuks.
° Ps. 101, 5.
Prov. 6, 17.

† What mair
could he hae
nor light
frae the lift?
Job 18, 6;
29, 3.

° Deut. 32, 4.
Dan. 4, 37.
Rev. 15, 3.

° Ps. 12, 6;
119, 140.
Prov. 30, 5.

° Ps. 17, 7.

† Deut. 32, 31.
1 Sam. 2, 2.
Ps. 91, 2.
° Verse 39.
Isaiah 45, 5.

° 2 Sam. 2, 18.
Hab. 3, 19.

° Deut. 32, 13;
33, 29.

° Ps. 144, 1.

† Heb. my
kuits suld
ne'er be
thrawn.
Prov. 4, 12.

23 I was aefauld ay wi' himsel;
an' wairded me weel frae my ain
wring-doen:

24 An' the LORD quat me right
for my righteousness; for the clean-
ness o' my han's in his een.†

25 Wi' the nieborlie man ye can
be nieborlie, LORD; wi' the aefauld
man, aefauld:°

26 Wi' the weel-wushen man ye
can sine yer han's;† wi' the thraw-
art carl ye can haud yer ain:°

27 For down-dang folk yersel can
saif; bot een† owre heigh, ye can
baise them a'.°

28 For that light o' mine yerlane
gar'd kennle; the LORD my God
gar'd my mirkness lowe:†

29 For, wi' yerlane, I raiket thro'
a byke; an' wi' my God, I o'erlap
a wa'.

30 For God, his gate it's aefauld;°
the word o' the LORD, it's pruiß;° a
schild is he ay, till a' that lippen till
himlane.†

31 For wha can be Gude, an it
be-na the LORD? or wha a stieve
craig, an it be-na our ain God?†

32 It's God himlane wha graiths
me wi' might,° an' straights me fu'
sikker the gate till gang:

33 Evenin my feet like the cloots
o' the rae,° an' stanane me stieve on
my heighest roddins:°

34 Ettlin my han's for facht, till
ane airn-bow is flinder'd i' my arms.*

35 An' the schild o' yer heal-
ha'din ye hae gien till me; an' yer
right han' has uphauden me; an'
yer tholin made me unco great.

36 My gate ye hae braided aneth
me, that my fitsteds† suld ne'er
gae by.

37 I sal o'ertak my ill-willers; I
sal fang them firm; I sal ne'er seek
hame, till it's by wi' them.

38 I sal thring them thro', an'

they sal ne'er man till rise; they sal
gae down aneth my feet, whar I
stan'.

39 For ye graith'd me wi' might
for the stour; my gain-stan'ers a'
ye hae whaml't aneth me.

40 An' my faes ye' gien me by
the hals; my ill-willers eke, I hae
sned them aff.

41 They sought,† bot nae frien'
was thar; till the LORD they sought,
bot he mindet them nane.†

42 Syne I dang them like stoure
afore the win'; like glaur* ontill the
heighroad, flang I them by.

43 Ye hae redd me frae the
chauner o' the folk;° ye hae setten
me atowre the hethen;° folk that I
kent-na sal be loons o' mine.†

44 Wi' loutit lugs sal they hearken
till me; the sons o' the fremit sal
kiss my caup.†

45 The gangrel gang hae thowet
awa; an' shukken wi' dread frae
their benmaist ha'dins.†

46 The LORD lives! an' blythe be
my ha'din-height; heigh be the God
o' my heal-makin:

47 The God wha wracks a' right
for me, an' thirls the folk aneth my
bidden:†

48 Wha redds me atowre frae my
ill-willers a': na, ° ye hae liftit me
heigh abune my gain-stan'ers; frae
the ill-deedie carl, ye hae claught
me awa.

49 Wharthro', amang the folk, I
maun laud yerlane;° an' lilt until
thy name, O LORD:

50 'Wha ettles sic health for his
King; an' sic nieborlie gree for his
Chrystit: for David, an' for his out-
come, for evir an' ay.†

† Heb.
schraigh't.

° Job 27, 9,
35, 12.
Prov. 1, 28.
Isaiah 1, 15.
Jer. 11, 11;
14, 12.
Ezek. 3, 18.
Micah 3, 4.
Zech. 7, 13.

° Zech. 10, 5

° 2 Sam. 2, 9
10; 3, 1

° 2 Sam. 8.

° Isai. 52, 15;
55, 5.

° Deut. 33, 29.
Ps. 66, 3;
81, 15.

° Micah 7, 17

° Ps. 47, 3.

° Ps. 59, 1.

° Rom. 15, 9.

° Ps. 144, 10.

° 2 Sam. 7, 13

PSALM XIX.

God's Lift an' God's Law: what
David sees intil them baith, an'

62 Anither
gran' Kirk-
sang: niebors
weel wi'
Ps. viii.

*kens; what mony might see forby,
an they leuk wi' his een.*
Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

^a Gen. 1, 6.
Isaiah 40, 22.
Rom. 1, 19, 20.

THE ^ahevins furth-tellin are the
gudeliheid o' God; the hail
lift furth-schawin is his ain han's-
doen.

2 Ae day tells till anither day
word; an' night till *her niebor* night
gars ken.

3 *Thar's* neither tongue nor tellin,
ubar their sugh is nocht heard:

^b Rom. 10, 18,
20.

[†] Heb. *airt*,
straught, or
line.

4 Their ^bairt[†] has gaen furth owre
the hail yirth; an' their words till
the sned-end o' the warld. He
ettled amang them a shielin for the
sun:

^c Eccles. 1, 5.

5 An' he, like a bridegrom, gangs
but frae his chaumir; ^cblythe, as
ane giant is, till rin his rink dune.

6 His gate *is* frae the ae lift's end,
an' his rink till the ither; an' nought
is can happit be, frae that lowan
light o' his.

^d Ps. 111, 7.

7 ^dThe redden o' the LORD right
thro'-gaen *is*, wauk'nin the saul:
the truth-tryst o' the LORD right
sikker *is*, makin wyss the wean-
like.

^e Ps. 12, 6.

8 The visitins o' the LORD right-
recht *are*, makin the heart fu' fain:
^ethe bidden o' the LORD right soun'
is, enlight'nin the een.

[†] Heb. *truth*,
or *troth*.

9 The dread-thought o' the LORD
right healsome *is*, abydan for evir:
the rightins o' the LORD *are* trew,[†]
an' righteous ane wi' anither.

^f Ps. 119, 72,
127.
Prov. 8, 10,
11, 19.

[†] Ps. 119, 103.

10 Mair till be langit for nor
gowd; aye, nor meikle fine gowd:^f
sweetir eke nor hynie, an' the sweet
dreipin kaims.^g

11 Thy servan, als, by them weel-
warned is; *an'* wi' tentin o' them
sikkerlie, *comes* unco gear.

^g Ps. 40, 12.

12 ^hBot wha weel can weet *folk's*

ain mislearins? Quhyt ye me frae
benmaist *blains*.ⁱ

ⁱ Ps. 90, 8.

13 Haud bak thy servan eke, frae
a' heigh gangers: ^klat them ne'er
hae their will owre me.

^k Ps. 119, 133.
Rom. 6, 12, 14.

14 [†]Syne sal I be aefauld; an'
syne sal I be saikless, frae nae end
o' misguidin.

[†] Stan's ^lthe
Heb. for a
single verse

15 ^lLat the words o' my mouthe,
an' the thought o' my heart, be for
pleasur i' yer sight, O LORD, my
strenth an' my hame-bringer.

^l Ps. 51, 15.

PSALM XX.

*What God maun do for his Chrystit:
how blythe sal his folk be syne.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

62 The
Quair liltis
till David;
David liltis
till Chryst.
Niebors weel
wi' Ps. ii.

THE LORD hear ye, i' the day
o' dule; the name o' the God
o' Jakob fen' ye:

2 Sen' yer might frae *his ain* halie
stedd; an' furder ye fair frae Zioun:

3 Keep yer God's-gifts a' i' his
min'; an' [†]seip yer brunt-offrans:
Selah.

[†] Heb. *mak*
saf, or *sap-
pie*, wi'
creesh i' the
lowe.

4 Gie ye e'en's yer ain heart wad
hae; an' yer thoughts, bring them
a' till bearin.^a

^a Ps. 21, 2.

5 Blythe sal we lilt i' yer heal-
ha'din *syne*; an' i' our God's name
haud heigh *our* banners.^b The
LORD fu'fill yer heart's-biddens a'.

^b Exod. 17, 15.
Ps. 60, 4.

6 Now ken I fu' weel, the LORD
has min'[†] o' his Chrystit; he sal
hearken him hame frae his halie
hevin: wi' a' the might o' his ain
right han', he sal haud him sikker.

[†] Heb. *will*
saf, *has gude*
min' o'.

7 ^cSome *lippen* till sleds, an' some
till staigs: bot we maun hae min'
o' the name o' the LORD our God,
for evir.

^c Ps. 35, 16.
Prov. 21, 31
Isaiah 31, 1.

8 They sal be cruckit, an' fa';
bot we sal be straught, an' stan'.

9 The LORD haud a' fu' heal; an'
the King hear us ay, whan we ca'.

PSALM XXI.

*Blythe may the King be, whase up-
hauder is the Lord: his ill-willers
a' sal be scowther'd afore him.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's.

LORD, i' yer might may the
King be blythe; i' yer ain
heal-ha'din how blythe may he be.

2 ^aA' his heart could seek, ye hae
wair'd on himsel; till the bidden o'
his lips ye ne'er said na: Selah.

3 For his thoughts ye o'er-gang
wi' gifts o' gude; ye hae rax't on
his head a crown o' gowd.

4 ^bTill live, was a' he sought frae
thee; 'lee-lang days ye hae wair'd
on him, for evir an' ay.

5 Sae gran' s his gudeliheid i' thy
gude-gree; laud an' lawtie baith ye
hae even'd on his head.

6 Blythe-biddens for ay ye hae
ettled on him; ^dfu' blythe hae ye
made him wi' the blink o' yer ee.

7 For the King lippens a' till the
LORD; an' by the nieborlie gree o'
the Heighest, he sal ne'er be steer'd
awa.

8 Yer han' sal light on a' yer ill-
willers; yer right han' sal light on
yer ill-willers a'.

9 'Wi' a glint ye sal mak them
as het as ane oon:† the LORD in
his wuth sal lat them owre; an'
the lowe itsel sal mak snacks o'
them.^f

10 Their outcome frae yirth ye
sal wear awa;^g an' their seed frae
'mang bairns o' the yird.

11 For they rax't *themsels* out
again thee; they ettled mischieff,
they could ne'er mak-guid.

12 For ye claught them ahin wi'
yer thets;|| an' afore, ye war ready
till ding.

13 Heigh, heigh, O LORD, i' yer
ain might; lat's lilt an' sing sangs
till yer mightiness

PSALM XXII.

*David foremaist, an' Chryst abin him,
baith maen fu' sair the mislipp'nin
o' God i' their ain day o' dule; mony
wonner-wyss words i' the sang-
makar's mouthe anent this, an' till
be weel tentit. For the lave, God
himlane hauds a' livin: nae man
can haud himsel livin; they come a'
an' they gang; bot they're countit
ay till the Lord for ane, for the
Lord himsel maks a'.*

Till the sang-maister on *Aijeleth-
Shahar: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

MY God, my God, whatfor hae
ye mislippen'd me?^a Sae far
are ye frae helpin me, an' the words
o' my waefu' wailin.^b

2 My God, I hae skreighit the lee-
lang day, bot ye mind me nane; an'
the night forby, an' nae peace for me.

3 Bot ye are yerlane,|| an' weel fa'
the leal lilt o' Israel.

4 Our faithers lippen'd till thee;
they lippen'd, an' ye redd them
hame.^c

5 They sigh't till yersel, an' wan
weel awa; they lippen'd till thee,
an' war nane affrontit.

6 Bot 'am but a worm, an' nae
man;^d a carl's sang, an' a geck o'
the peopil.

7 A' that see me laugh me by;^e
they schute wi' the lip, they cave
the head;^f—an' quo' they,

8 He lippen'd the LORD; lat the
LORD gar him gang;^g lat the LORD
redd him but, sen †he liket him
weel.^h

9 Bot yerlane redd me out frae
the wame;ⁱ ye mislippen'd me nane
on my mither's bosom.

10 On yersel was I cuisten frae
the womb; frae my mither's bouk,
ye 'been my God.^k

11 Be-na far frae me, LORD, for
stretts are nar; for nane but yerlane
can mak sikker.

^a Ps. 20, 4, 5.

^b Ps. 61, 5, 6.

^c 2 Sam. 7, 19.
^d Ps. 91, 16.

^e Ps. 45, 7.

^f Mal. 4, 1.

† Heb. ye sal
mak them like
ane oon o'
lowe, i' the
time o' yer
leuk.

^g Ps. 18, 8.

^h Job 18, 16,
19.
ⁱ Ps. 37, 28;
109, 13.
Isaiah 14, 20.

|| or, ye dang
them roun on
the shouthirs.

*Headins, &c.

^a Matt. 27, 46.
Mark 15, 34.

^b Hebr. 5, 7.

|| or, halie;
setten by, no
till be han'd

^c Ps. 25, 2, 3,
31, 1; 71, 1
Isai. 49, 23.
Rom. 9, 33.

^d Isai. 53, 3

^e Matt. 27, 39.
Mark 15, 29.

^f Job 16, 4.
Ps. 109, 25.

^g Matt. 27, 43.

† Either the
Lord or
David.

^h Ps. 91, 14

ⁱ Ps. 71, 6.

* Isai. 46, 3

¹ Deut. 32, 14.
² Ps. 65, 30.
³ Ezek. 39, 18.
⁴ Amos 4, 1.

⁵ Job 16, 10.
⁶ Lam. 2, 16;
⁷ 3, 46.

⁸ Dan. 5, 6.

⁹ Job 23, 16.

¹⁰ Heb. *mid* o'
my inside.

¹¹ Prov. 17, 24.

¹² Job 29, 10.
¹³ Lam. 4, 4.
¹⁴ John 19, 28.

¹⁵ Matt. 27, 35.
¹⁶ Mark 15, 24.
¹⁷ Luke 23, 33.
¹⁸ John 19, 23.
¹⁹ 37; 20, 25.

²⁰ His banes
wore thro'
his fell, an'
raue his vera
cleedin;
whiles taen
anither gate,
anent Chryst.

²¹ Luke 23, 35.

²² Luke 23, 34.
²³ John 19, 23.
²⁴ 24.

²⁵ Ps. 35, 17.

²⁶ Heb. *han*'.

²⁷ 2 Tim. 4, 17.

²⁸ Isai. 34, 7.

²⁹ Heb. some
heigh-gaen
beir, o' what
kin' is no
ken'd:
whiles ca'd
Unicorns.

³⁰ Hebr. 2, 12.

³¹ Ps. 40, 9.

³² Julin 20, 17.
³³ Rom. 8, 29.

³⁴ Ps. 35, 18.

³⁵ Ps. 116, 14.

³⁶ Hebr. 5, 7.

12 'Droves o' nowte hae rinket
me roun; stoor stirks o' Bashan
hae fankit me about.

13 ^mThey glaum'd abune me wi'
their mouthes, *like* a rievian an' a
roaran lyoun.

14 'Am skail'd like watir; ^{ilk}
bane o' me's lowse; my heart's
nae better nor wax,^o i'ts thow'd
down laigh i' my bosom.†

15 ^pMy bouk clang like a shaird,
an' my tongue stak till my hals;† an'
ye brought me till the stoure o' dead.

16 For brachs hae forset me roun;
the gath'ran o' ill-doers fankit me
about; they drave thro' my han's
an' my feet.^r

17 I may count ilk bane i' *my*
bouk, for they glaum an' glow'r at
mysel:†

18 They synder my cleedin amang
them; an' fling for my vera man-
teele.†

19 Bot yersel, O LORD, be-na far
frae me: haste ye till help me, my
streth an' a

20 Redd my saul atowre frae the
swurd; ^{an}' the lave o' my *life* frae
the grip† o' the grew.

21 ^{*}Redd me, LORD, frae the
lyoun's glaum; ^yye hae heard me
or now, frae the horns o' the reme.†

22 ^{*}I maun tell o' yer name till my
brether *ilk ane*;† in mids o' the folk
I maun lilt till thee.

23 Wha fear the LORD, ye suld
laud him *a'*; a' Jakob's out-come,
laud him heigh; an' the growthe o'
Israel *a'*, quauk ye afore him.

24 For he lightlied-na, nor grieved
at the dule o' the down-dang; nor
happit his face frae him; ^bbot
hearken'd, whan he skreigh'd till
himsel.

25 Frae yersel *comes* the sugh o'
my sang;† i' the gath'ran sae gran'
I sal bide my trystes, afore them
that fear him.^d

26 ^eLown-livin folk sal feed an'
fen'; they sal lilt till the LORD, wha
leuk for himsel: yer heart sal live
as lang's *the lave*.

27 ^A'neuks o' the yirth sal hae
min', an' sal turn their gate till the
LORD; ^{ilk} kin o' the folk sal lout
afore thee.

28 ^bFor the kingryk 's the LORD's;
an' maister *is* he 'mang the nationes.

29 The best on yirth sal feed an'
fa';† wha gang till stoure, ilk ane
maun lout afore him; for nae livin
wight can ay thole livin.

30 Bot *their* out-come sal thole,†
an' be countit till the Lord for kith-
gettin.^k

31 ^mThey sal come i' *their day*,
an' gar his righteousness be ken'd
to the niest-come kin, that himsel
did *it*.§

PSALM XXIII.

*The sheep-keepin o' the Lord's kind
an' canny, wi' a brauw horuff at
lang last: David keeps his sheep;
the Lord keeps David.*
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

THE LORD *is* my herd,^a nae
want sal fa' me:^b

2 He louts me till lie amang green
† howes;† he airts me atowre by
the lown watirs:

3 He waukens my wa'-gaen saul;
he weises me roun, for his ain
name's sake, intil right roddins.^d

4 Na! tho' I gang thro' the dead-
mirk-dail;† *e'en thar*, sal I dread nae
skaithin: for yersel *are* nar-by me;
yer stok an' yer stay haud me baith
fu' cheerie.

5 ^My buird ye hae hansell'd in
face o' my faes; ye hae drookit my
head wi' oyle; my bicker is *fu' an'*
skailin.

6 E'en sae, sal gude-guidin an'
gude-gree gang wi' me, ilk day o'
my livin; an' evir mair syne, i' the

^e Ps. 69, 32.
^f Isai. 65, 13.

^f Ps. 2, 8; 72,
11; 86, 9;
98, 3.
^g Isai. 49, 6.
^h Ps. 96, 7.

^b Obad. 21.
^c Zech. 14, 9.

ⁱ Phil. 2, 10.

[†] Heb. *sal do*
service, sal
be thirl.

^k Ps. 87, 6.

^m Ps. 78, 6; 86,
9; 102, 18.

[§] Ilka kith-
gettin has its
ain wark to
do, an' its ain
fee frae the
Lord for ser-
vice.

^a Isai. 40, 11.
^b Jer. 23, 4.
^c Ezek. 34, 23.
^d John 10, 11.
^e 1 Peter 2, 25
^f Rev. 7, 17.

^g Phil. 4, 19.

[†] Heb. *soft*
growthy
germ.

^h Ezek. 34, 14.

ⁱ Ps. 5, 8; 31, 3.

^j Job 3, 5; 10,
21, 22; 24, 17.
^k Ps. 44, 19.

^l Ps. 104, 15.

† Ayont the dead-mirk dail, the Lord hauds a howff o' his ain for a' livin.

LORD's ain howff, *at lang last*, sal I mak bydan.†

PSALM XXIV.

The Lord himlane is Laird o' us a'; whan He comes hame, the heighest an' the widest yetts maun open.
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

THE *a* yirth is the LORD's, an' her out-come a'; the world, an' whasae bide tharon:

2 *b* For himlane grundit it amang the fludes; fu' sikkir he set it amang the watirs.

3 *c* Wha sal win up till the height o' the LORD? an' wha intil his halie stedd sal hae fast abydan?

4 *d* Whase han's unwyttan are, whase heart unfleckit is; wha ne'er hecht his saul until ydilheid, nor sworn hath bakspanganlie.

5 Blythe-bidden *ay* sal he hae, frae the loof† o' the LORD; an' right-rechtin frae the God o' his heal-ha'din.

6 Siclike *are* they a', wha leuk for himsel; 'wha spier for thy face, O Jakob: Selah.

7 *f* Heigh wi' yer heads, O ye yetts; ye world-wide thro'-letts, heize! that the King o' Gudeliheid may win ben.*g*

8 *h* Bot wha o' Gudeliheid is King? The LORD *himlane*, stark an' mighty; the LORD intil tuilzie strang!

9 Heigh wi' yer heads, O ye yetts; ye world-wide thro'-letts, heize! that the King o' Gudeliheid may win ben.

10 *i* Bot wha o' Gudeliheid is this same King? The LORD o' mony-might is *he*; himlane is that King right namelie! Selah.

PSALM XXV.

Ane heart's-bode o' David's till the

Lord, in unco sair stretts: how nieborlie the Lord gangs ay wi' a' biddable, loun-livin folk.
Ane o' David's.

TILL yersel, O LORD, rax I my saul:*a*

2 O God, my ain, I lippen yer-lane;*b* lat me ne'er hing my head, nor my ill-willers geck owre me.*c*

3 Nor nane wha lang for yersel leuk down; lat them leuk down, wha gang on wi' a lie.

4 Yer gates, O LORD, gar me trew them weel;*d* yer ain gates weise me *till wa'*:

5 Lat me fuhre i' yer truth, an' weise ye me; for yerlane, O LORD, *are* my heal-ha'din a': ilk lee-lang day, I leuk up† till thee.

6 Hae min' o' yer rewth, O LORD, *hae min'* o' yer ain pitie; *h* how they *hae been* ay sen-syne.

7 The misgates an' owregaens o' my youth, lat be;*f* bot hae min' o' mysel for yer pitie's sake; for yer gudeness' sake, O LORD, *min' me*.

8 Gude an' aefauld's the LORD *himsel*; sae wrang-gangers a' he can thole till set straught.

9 He weises the biddable ay wi' right; an' loun-livin folk he gars ken his gate.

10 A' gates o' the LORD *are* gudeness an' truth, till wha keep his tryste an' his biddens *bide*.

11 *g* For yer name's sake, LORD, o'erleuk my sin, for it's heigh an' wonner-wide.†

12 Whatna wight *is* he that fears the LORD; he sal guide him the gate he likes till *fen'*:

13 His saul sal taigle the night in guid, an' his *h* out-come *syne* sal haud the lan'.†

14 *i* The LORD's ain thought's wi' wha fear him; an' that tryste o' his he sal gar them ken.

a Ps. 86, 4; 143, 8.

Lam. 3, 41.

b Ps. 22, 5; 31, 1.

Isai. 28, 16;

49, 23.

Rom. 10, 11.

c Ps. 13, 4.

d Exod. 33, 13.

Ps. 5, 8; 27,

11; 86, 11;

149; 143, 8,

10.

† Heb. *bide* for

e Ps. 103, 17;

106, 1; 107, 1

Jer. 33, 11.

f Job 13, 26,

20, 11.

Jer. 3, 25.

g Ps. 31, 3.

† Heb. *mony-*

fauld, grit.

Rom. 5, 20.

h Ps. 37, 11.

22, 29.

† David has

min' o' Jakob

weel: leuk

Gen. 28, 10,

15.

i Prov. 3, 32.

John 7, 17;

15, 15.

15 My een, *they're* ay on the LORD; for himlane redds my feet frae the net.

16 Leuk atowre till me, LORD, an' rew on me; for lanely an' feckless *am* I:

17 The stretts o' my heart are doubl'd an' mair; redd me out whar I canna win by.†

18 Leuk weel till my dule an' my dree; an' a' my wrang-gangins leuk owre:

19 Leuk weel till my faes, for fu' mony they be; an' they like me as ill as they daur.

20 O waird ye my saul, an' wear me by; lat me ne'er hing my head, for I lippen till thee.

21 Lat the right an' the straught haud me heal an' fere; for I leuk till yersel late an' ere.†

22 Redd Israel hame again, God, frae a' his cumber sair.

PSALM XXVI.

Honest folk can thole till be weel spier'd, an' clean han's are braw at God's ain yetts: David ettles baith; like a wean at the fit, he hauds weel by the Lord, an' will niebor nane wi' the godlowse.

Ane o' David's.

RIGHT-RECHT me,^a LORD, for I gang mylane;† bot I lippen the LORD, an' suld stacher nane.

2 ^bSoun' me, O LORD, an' try me weel; my lisk an' my heart, leuk thro':

3 For yer gudeness *is* right i' my een; an' I gang ay the gate ye trew.†

4 'Wi' liean loons I taigle nane; nor the gate o' the gley'd can gang:

5 The kirk† o' ill-doers I like fu' ill; ^dfor I lout-na wi' warkers o' wrang.

6 'My loofs I maun sine in saiklessness, LORD; syne roun by yer altar ca':

7 Till tell wi' the sugh o' a psalm, an' lat wit o' yer wonner-warks a'.

8 'The biel' o' yer biggin, O LORD, as I lo'e! an' the neuk whar yer gudeliheid taigles!

9 ^eYoke-na my saul wi' doers o' wrang; nor my life wi' loons o' bluid:

10 Wha gowp mischieff wi' their han's, an' their right han' is pang'd wi' nae guid.†

11 Bot in saiklessness *ay* lat me fuhre mylane;^h redd me hame, an' be gude till me, *God*.

12 ⁱMy fit stans stieve on the straught: i' the kirks, I'se blythe-bid the LORD.

PSALM XXVII.

The Lord himlane's baith hous an' ba' till David; airts him weel an' hauds him livin: an' siclike is be ay, till a' wha lippen till himsel.
Ane o' David's.

THE LORD *is* my ^alight an' my low'n; o' wham sal I be fley'd? The LORD *is* ^bthe stoop o' my life, o' wham sal I hae dread?

2 Till eat my flesh whan ill-doers wan heigh; faes o' my ain, an' ill-willers eke; they stacher'd themselves, an' cam laigh.

3 'Tho' ane host war raiket for-nenst me, my heart suld be steerit nane; tho' war suld wauken again me, till this I wad lippen mylane.

4 ^dAe thing frae the LORD hae I sought; an' the like I maun warsle to win: till bide i' the hous o' the LORD, a' days o' my life *to rin*; till glow'r on the skance† o' the LORD, an' till spier in his ain halie hame.

5 For mysel in his howff he sal hap, i' the day o' dule an' dree;^f he sal biel' me ben i' his biggin *then*; on a craig he sal set me fu' hie.

6 ^eSyne sae sal my head, abune

^fPs. 27, 4.

^g1 Sam. 25, 29.
Ps. 28, 3.

† Heb. *ill-gear, ill-come gear*.

^hVerse 1.

ⁱPs. 40, 2.

† Heb. *frae my strett places*.

† Heb. *wait ay on yersel*.

^aPs. 7, 8.
† Heb. *i' my ain single-ness, or defauldness*, like a wean takin the fit

^bPs. 7, 9; 17, 3; 66, 10, 139, 23.
Zech. 13, 9.

† Heb. *gate o' yer truth*.

^cPs. 1, 1.
Jer. 15, 17.

† Heb. *gath' ran*.

^dPs. 1, 1.

^eExod. 30, 19, 20.
Ps. 73, 13.

^aPs. 84, 11.
Isai. 60, 19, 20.
Mic. 7, 8.

^bPs. 118, 6, 14.

^cPs. 3, 6.

^dPs. 26, 8.

^ePs. 90, 17.
† Heb. *lo'e-some light*.

^fPs. 31, 20; 83, 3; 91, 1.

^gPs. 3, 3.

† Heb. *slach-
tirins, or
slachirs.*

my faes, be lifted fu' heigh roun a';
an' † gifts o' glee in his houss I maun
gie; till the LORD I maun lilt an'
blaw.

7 Hearken, LORD, till my skreigh,
an' be gude till me; an' speak hame
till me, ay whan I cry.

° Ps. 24, 6;
105, 4.

8 Quo' my heart till yersel, 'Seek
ye my face: yer face, LORD, seek
maun I.†

† Right sae
stands the He-
brew o' this
hail verse:
David wad
fain the Lord
sought *him*,
bot he maun
e'en seek the
Lord himsel
ferst

9 'Hide-na yer face frae me; ding-
na yer loon in wuth awa: my stoop
are ye; forget-na me; nor mislippen
me, God o' my heal-ha'din a'.

† Ps. 69, 17.

† Isai. 49, 15.

† Ps. 25, 4; 86,
11; 119, 33.

10 'Tho' my faither an' mither
loot me mylane, the LORD himsel
has me uptaen.

11 'Yer ain gate guide me, LORD;
an' the road that 's soun', for my
ill-willers' sake, weise me wi' kind
accord.

† Ps. 35, 25.

12 'O lippen me nane till my ill-
willers' braith: for threepers o' lies
again me heis; an' the giber† that
ettles skait!

† Heb. *wha
blaws out.*

13 O the gude o' the LORD, i' the
lan' o' the live," gin I had-na lip-
pen'd till see!

° Ps. 56, 13;
116, 9; 142, 5.

14 'Bide ay on the LORD *himlane*;
be bauld, an' yer heart sal thrive:
e'en sae, on the LORD bide ye!

° Ps. 31, 24;
130, 5.
Isai. 25, 9.

PSALM XXVIII.

*The Lord maun haud David on live;
the Lord sal ding oure ill-doers;
bot ay gar his Chrystit thrive.
Ane o' David's.*

TILL yerlane, O LORD, I maun
cry; my rock, 'be-na whush
till me: † for till me *gin* ye whush,
like the lave I maun be, wha gang
down the gate o' the sheugh.

† Ps. 83, 1.

° Ps. 143, 7.

2 Hearken ye till my maen, whan
I sigh till yerlane; 'whan I rax up
my han's till yer ain halie hame.

° Ps. 5, 7;
136, 2.

° Ps. 26, 9.

° Ps. 12, 2; 55,
21; 62, 4.
Jer 9, 8.

3 'Harl me nane wi' the ill, nor
wi' warkers o' wrang *till gae*; 'wha

crack till their niebors fu' lown, bot
mischieff i' their hearts *hae they*.

4 'Gie till them as their warks
hae been, an' for a' they hae wrought
o' ill:† fornenst the wark o' their
han's, gie them hame; gie them
hame † their fill!

/z Tim. 4, 14.
Rev. 18, 6.

† Heb. *ill o'
their doens.*

† Heb. *gie
them double*

5 On the warks o' the LORD, an'
the deed o' his han's, sen they nae
thought can wair;‡ themsels he sal
ding till nought, an' them he sal big
nevir mair.

° Job 34, 27.

6 Bot blythe *be* the LORD, for he
heard the sugh o' my sighan sair.

7 The LORD *is* my strenth an' my
schild; my heart lippens a' till him-
lane: syne brawly I fen, an' my
heart 's unco fain; an', wi' my sang
I sal laud himlane.

8 The LORD *is* their strenth an'
their stoop; he 's the health† o' his
Chrystit *forby*.

† Heb. *a' kin'
o' heal-
makin. Some
tak stoop wi'
health, an'
mak it stoop
o' health, &c.*

9 Saif yer folk, an' blythe-bid yer
ain; an' feed† an' up-head them,
for ay.

† Heb. *feed
them.*

PSALM XXIX.

*Weel-wordy's the Lord o' the heigest
laud: wahan He sighs, the yirth
steers; woods, watirs, wustlands,
an' a', dinnle.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

'GIE ye till the LORD, ye sons
o' the mighty; gie ye till the
LORD gudeliheid an' strenth:

° 1 Chron. 16,
28, 29.
Ps 96, 7, 8, 9.

2 Gie ye till the LORD the gudeli-
heid o' his name; lout ye till the
LORD i' the lo'esomness o' haliheid!†

° 2 Chron 20,
21.

3 The sigh o' the LORD's atowre
the spates; 'the God o' gudeliheid
gars thunner: the LORD *is* atowre
mony feck o' fludes.

° Job 37, 4, 5.

4 The sigh o' the LORD's wi' pith;
the sigh o' the LORD's wi' gloiry.

5 The sigh o' the LORD rives
cedars in twa; na, the LORD rives
cedars o' Lebanon till flinders.

^aPs. 114, 4.

^cDeut. 3, 9.

[†]Heb. *ron*.

[‡]Atween
bleezes o'
light comes
a reel o'
hunner.

[§]Wi' fright,
or at *pairlin*-
time: leuk
Job 39, 1, 2, 3.

[‡]Sae stan's
the Hebrew,
an' wi' unco
pith it stan's.
Our Inglis
reads anither
gate, wi' but
little pithan'
less gram-
mar.

[/]Ps. 10, 16.

^bPs. 28, 8.

6 ^aAn' e'en gars them sten like a stirk; 'Lebanon an' Sirion, like some [†]cowte o' the unicorns.

7 The sigh o' the LORD synders the slaughts o' fyre.[‡]

8 The sigh o' the LORD gars the wustlan' quauk; the LORD gars the wustlan' o' Kadesh dinne!

9 The sigh o' the LORD gars the staggies cling; [§]an' it dreels aff the leaf o' the forests. Bot *it's* intil his ain halie howf, the [‡]hail o' Himself speaks gloiry.

10 The Lord sits heigh on the spates; aye, ^cthe LORD sits King for evir.

11 ^aThe LORD will gie feck till his folk; wi' peace sal he blythe-bid his peopill!

PSALM XXX.

David's ain welcome-hame tilit the houss he biggit on Zioun.

Ane heigh-lilt, or sang at the ^{*}hansellin o' the Houss o' David.

I MAUN lift ye, LORD, abune a' *the lave*, for ye hae uphaddin me: an' ill-willers o' mine ye ne'er hae thol'd till geck at mysel wi' glee.

2 O LORD, my God, I skreigh't till yerlane; an' ye hae healit me.

3 O LORD, ye brought up my saul frae the sheugh; ^aye steer'd me till life, on my gate to the heugh.

4 ^bLilt loud to the LORD, ye sants o' his; an' gie laud, at the thought o' his haliness.

5 ^cFor intil his wuth's but a gliff; ^dlee-lang life's in his likans: sabbins may thole for a night; ^ebut a sang wi' the mornin' *waakens*!

6 ^fAn' quo' I till mylane i' [†]the lown, I sal ne'er be steer'd ony mair.

7 O LORD, by yer nieborlie gree, ye set a' fu' stieve on my craig: ye happit yer face *but a wee*; forfoch'n was I fu' sair.

8 I hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD; till the LORD I made dulesome maen:—

9 What gude can come o' my bluid, an I gang down till the sheugh? [§]will the stoure gie laud till thee, or yet tell yer truth enough?

10 Hearken, LORD; an' be gude till me, LORD: ye maun e'en be a stoop till me.

11 ^aMy dule ye hae swappit for lightness o' fit; my lingle o' harn ye hae lowsit *it*, an' wi' gladness hae graithit me:

12 That *my* gloiry [‡]suld laud ye, an' ne'er gang wae; O LORD, my God, I maun laud ye for ay!

PSALM XXXI.

David's in dulesome dree, baith houss an' ha'; bot the Lord, wi' a glint o' his ee, redds him but frae sic cumber a'.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

I ^aHAE lippen'd yerlane, O LORD; I sal nane be affrontit for ay: ^bi' yer righteousness, redd me hame.

2 ^cLout me yer lug fu' gleg; ^dfu' glegly rax me outowre: be for rock o' refuge till me; for till saif me, a hainin-towir.[†]

3 ^aFor my craig an' my castel are ye; syne sae, ^cfor yer ain name's sake, O wise an' wear ye me.

4 Redd me frae the girns they hae happit for me; for yerlane are my stoop sae styth:

5 ^fI lippen my life i' yer han'; redd me hame, LORD God o' truth!

6 [§]I thole them nane, wha[†] mak lies their ain; bot I lippen a' on the LORD, mylane.

7 I maun fyke an' be fain i' yer ain gude-gree; wha thought on my dule, an' in stretts hae tentet me:

8 An' steekit me nane i' the han'

^aPs. 6, 5; 88, 11; 115, 1^a

^b2 Sam. 6, 1.
Isai. 61, 3.

[‡]David countit ma on his *song* nor his *crown*.
Ps. 16, 9;
57, 8.

^aPs. 22, 5;
25, 2; 71, 1
Isai. 49, 23.
^cPs. 143, 1

^cPs. 71, 2.

[†]Heb. *for a hainin-towir*.
^dPs. 18, 1.
^ePs. 23, 3;
25, 11.

^fLuke 23, 4.
Acts 7, 59.

[§]Jonah 2, 8
[†]Heb. *quair*,
weel lies o'
lightness.

^{*}Deut. 20, 5.
2 Sam. 6, 20.
A. C. 1042.

^aPs. 86, 13.

^b1 Chron.
16, 4.
Ps. 97, 12.

^cPs. 103, 9.
Isai. 26, 20;
54, 7, 8.
2 Cor. 4, 17.
^dPs. 63, 3.
^ePs. 126, 5.

^fJob 29, 18.
[†]Heb. *my lorwn*.

^bPs. 4, 1;
18, 19.

o' the fae; ^abot my feet set stieve
in scowth.

¹Ps. 6, 7.

[†]Heb. *my
ghaist or
spreit.*

9 Be gude till me, LORD, for 'am
cumber'd yet: 'my ee wears awa in
wuth; na, my [†]breath an' my bouk,
they flicher.

[†]Heb. *yeirs.*

^aPs. 32, 3;
102, 3.

¹Ps. 41, 8.
Isai. 53, 4.

^mJob 19, 13.
Ps. 38, 11;
88, 8, 18.

ⁿPs. 64, 8.

^oPs. 88, 4, 5.

10 For my life wears awa in dule,
an' my days[†] in sighan; my pith
gangs i' my pine, an' my ^abanes are
swaken.

11 'Till my ill-willers a' 'am a
geck, an' e'en till my ^mniebors sairly:
till my friens 'am a fearsome sight;
'wha see me therout, flee frae me.

12 ^o'Am clean out o' min' as gane;
I thole like a dune bicker.

^pJer. 20, 10.

^qJer. 6, 25;
20, 3.
Lam. 2, 22.

13 ^pFor I heard the clash o' a
when; ^qon ilka han' *was* dread:
whan they gather'd again me like
ane, my life they ettled till sned.

14 Bot I lippen'd mylane till thee;
quo' I, O LORD, my ain God are ye

15 My tides *are* a' i' yer han';
redd me frae the han' o' my faes,
an' frae them wha gird at me.

^rNum. 6, 25;
26.

Ps. 4, 6; 67, 1.

¹Ps. 25, 2.

¹I Sam. 2, 9.

^uPs. 12, 3.

^xI Sam. 2, 3.
Ps. 34, 4.

Jude 15.

^yIsai. 64, 4.
I Cor. 2, 9.

[†]Heb. *for-
nennit the sons
o' yird.*

^zPs. 27, 5;
32, 7.

[†]Heb. *haughty
glow'r o' the
carl.*

[†]Heb. *made
his gudeness
wonnerfu'.*

Ps. 17, 7.

^aI Sam. 23, 7.

^bI Sam. 23, 26.
Ps. 116, 11.

16 ^rWair a glint o' yer ee on yer
loon; saif me for yer gudeness' sake:

17 O LORD, 'lat me ne'er hing
down, for loud till yerlane I scaigh:
lat a' the ill hing down, 'an' steek
their gab i' the graif.

18 ^u'Lat lian lips gang whush,
^xthat carp at the righteous wi' scorn
an' glee.

19 ^y'What walth o' yer gude ye
hain, for them wha hae dread o'
thee; ye hae ettled for them wha
lippen yerlane, tho' sons o' the yird
suld see.[†]

20 ^zYe sal hap them hame i' the
lown o' yer leuk, frae the [†]glow'r
o' the haughty carl; ye sal hap them
frae sight in a canny neuk, frae the
canglin clash o' the *warl'*.

21 Prais'd be the LORD for his[†]
wonner o' gude, till me, in a brugh
weel-biggen.^a

22 For mysel, ^bquo' I i' my haste,

'Am sned-aff frae afore yer een: 'nochtless, ye hearken'd my scaigh
o' dule, whan I sighet fu' sair till
yerlane.

23 ^aLo'e ye the LORD, a' sants o'
his ain: leal-folk the LORD fen's;
bot the warker o' pride he pays
hame.

24 'Be stieve, an' yer heart sal
thrive; a' ye, wha lippen the LORD
himlane.

PSALM XXXII.

*Better own fauts an' be forgien, an'
do weel; nor gang yer ain thrawn
gate, till be schuten atowre frae
God wi' stang or bridle, like sense-
less, menseless brute beiss.*

* Maschil o' David's.

* *Headin', &c.*

WHEEL for them, *whase* ^aill's
forgien; *whase* wrang-doen
's happit.

2 Weel for the wight the LORD
wytes wi' nae ill; an' in [†]breath o'
his ain *is* nae double-dealin.^b

3 Held I my peace, my banes
thow'd awa; *or e'en* gin I rowtit
the lee-lang day.

4 For day an' night, yer han' was
owre me a lade; my seep wrought
by till the drouth o' simmer: Selah.

5 My wrang-doen *syne* I lat wit
till thee; an' the ill *that* I kent, I
did-na hap it. ^cQuo' I, I'se mak
shrift o' my sins till the LORD; an'
ye freely pat-by the ill o' my doen:
Selah.

6 Wharthro', ^dtill yersel sal ilk
likely ane pray, whan he lights on
a faut [†]till men'. Whan spates
o'ergang o' watirs thrang, till him
they sal ne'er win ben.

7 ^eYersel *hae been* howff till me;
in stretts ye hae stoopit me; ye hae
graihet me roun wi' sangs o' gaen-
free: Selah.

8 I sal wise ye, *quo' God*; I sal

^cIsai. 38, 11, 12.
Lam. 3, 54.
Jonah 2, 4.

^dPs. 34, 9.

^ePs. 27, 14.

^fPs. 85, 2.
Rom. 4, 6, 7, 8.

[†]Heb. *ghaist
or spreit.*
^hJohn 1, 47.

ⁱProv. 28, 13.
Isai. 65, 24.
I John 1, 9.

^jIsai. 55, 6.
John 7, 34.

[†]Heb. *light-
ness, or faut,*
o' his ain,
that 'il thole
mendin. Our
Inglistaks a'
this clean
another gate.

^kPs. 9, 9; 27;
5; 31, 20;
119, 114.

¹ Prov. 26, 3.
James 3, 3.

§ Haltir that gangs owre the head an' between the chowks—guid enough for ony mule, he't beast or body.

² Prov. 13, 21.

³ Ps. 64, 20;
68, 3.

† Heb. right-ous, or right-doer folk.

wear ye the gate ye maun gae. I sal tent ye fu' gleg wi' my ee.

9 ¹ Be-na ye like naig or like mule, *that gang wi'* nae thought o' *their ain*; whase chowks maun be chackit wi' branks an' kewl, § in case be they yoke on yerlane.

10 ² Fu' mony a stoun's till the ill-doen loon; bot wha lippens the LORD, gude gree sal graith him roun.

11 ³ Be blythe i' the LORD, an' fu' fain, a' ye † that do the right *pairt*; an' lilt fu' loud for joye, a' ye *that are straught o' heart*.

PSALM XXXIII.

*The righteous maun daur till sing:
The Lord that made a', an' that's owre a', is their ain heal-ha'din.*

[By wha's no said.]

SING sangs till the LORD, ⁴ ye righteous; ⁵ sic liltin sets-weel the aefauld.

2 Gie laud till the LORD on the harp; 'on the lut *wi'* the tensome thairms, lilt loud till him:

3 ⁶ Sing ye till himsel a new sang; play weel, wi' ane awsome sugh:

4 For right *is* the LORD's ain word; an' ilk wark o' his ain's intil truth.

5 ⁷ 'The right he lo'es, an' right-rechtin *a'*; ⁸ the gude o' the LORD the yirth fu'fills.

6 ⁹ By the word o' the LORD the lifts war made; ¹⁰ an' their plenishin a', by the 'breath o' his mouthe.

7 ¹¹ He sweel'd like a bing the bouk o' the spates; he hairstit in barns the laighest fludes.

8 Fear the LORD, the hail yirth; quauk afore him, a' ye that won i' the warld.

9 ¹² For himsel spak, an' it was; he bad, an' it stude fu' sikker.

10 ¹³ The will o' the folk the LORD

lats gang; the thoughts o' the peopill he dings till naething.

11 The ¹⁴ will o' the LORD for ay sal stan'; the thoughts o' his heart, frae ae † kith-gettin till anither.

12 ¹⁵ Weel for the folk, whase God is the LORD; the folk *that* he waled for his ain hame-ha'din.

13 ¹⁶ The LORD frae the lift couth raik wi' his een; the bairns o' yird, he sees ilk ane o'.

14 Frae the bit whar he sits, he tents ilk dwaller on yirth.

15 He schupes their hearts like ane; ¹⁷ he minds upon a' their doens.

16 ¹⁸ Nae king's made right by the feck o' ane host; nae † mighty man redd by his mighty pingle:

17 ¹⁹ 'A horse for heal-ha'din's no till tryst; wi' his strenth an' a', he canna redd-single.

18 ²⁰ 'Bot, the ee o' the LORD's on 'wha fear himsel, on wha lippen a' till his likan:

19 Till redd out their saul frae deian-dune; || ²¹ *an' in dearth, till haud them thrivan.

20 ²² 'Our life's but a tryst on the LORD; ²³ *our stoop an' our schild *is* he.

21 For our heart in himsel sal be fain; † on his name sae halie traist we.

22 Lat yer luve be atowre us, LORD, sae lang's we lippen till thee.

PSALM XXXIV

A sang for the feckless an' forfairn; till lippen to the Lord, an' mak the maist o' their ain fecklessness.

David's, whan he alter'd his gate afore ¹ Abimelech; an' he drave him but, an' he gaed his wa'.

ILK tide o' my life I'se ² a'blythe-bid the LORD; his praise i' my mouthe *sal be plene*:

¹ Job 23, 13.
Prov. 19, 21.
Isa. 46, 10.

† Heb. *till kith-gettin an' kith-gettin*.

² Ps. 65, 4;
144, 15.

³ 2 Chron. 16, 9.
Job 28, 24.
Ps. 11, 4; 14, 2.

† Job 34, 21.
Jer. 32, 19.

⁴ Ps. 44, 6.
† Heb. *mighty man is nane redd*.

⁵ Ps. 147, 10.
Prov. 21, 31.

⁶ Job 36, 7.
Ps. 34, 15.
1 Peter 3, 12.
⁷ Ps. 147, 11.

|| or, *frae drad*.
⁸ Job 5, 20.
Ps. 37, 19.

⁹ Ps. 62, 1, 5.
130, 6.
¹⁰ Ps. 115, 9;
10, 11.

† Heb. *for, twice owre*.

A.C. 1062.

¹ Ca'd Achirh.
1 Sam. 21, 13.

² 1 Thes. 5, 18.
2 Thes. 1, 3.

¹ Ps. 97, 12.

² Ps. 147, 1.

³ Ps. 92, 3.

⁴ Ps. 96, 1; 98, 1;
144, 9.
Isa. 42, 10.
Rev. 5, 9.

⁵ Ps. 45, 7.
/ Ps. 119, 64.

⁶ Gen. 1, 6, 7.
Hebr. 11, 3.
2 Peter 3, 5.

⁷ Gen. 2, 1.
Job 26, 13.

⁸ Gen. 1, 9.
Job 26, 10;
38, 8.

⁹ Gen. 1, 3.
Ps. 148, 5.

¹⁰ Isa. 19, 3.

^a Ps. 119, 74;
142, 7.

2 I' the LORD sal my saul be liltin-
blythe; ^bthe feckless sal hear, an'
be fain.

3 Mak might o' the LORD wi'
me; an' his name we'se uphaud
thegither:

4 I sought the LORD, an' he
hearken'd me hame; syne redd me
frae a' my sluther.

5 Folk leuk ay till Him, an' ||are
brighten'd a'; nae gluff o' schame
hae their faces: ||

6 This puir-body skreigh't, an'
the LORD couth hear; syne heal'd
him frae a' his fashes.

7 Na, 'the LORD's erran-rinner
himself ^dbides about; till rax them
atowre that are fley'd o' him:

8 'Pree ye, an' ken gin the LORD
be-na gude; ^fblythe *be* the wight
can bide on him.

9 ^gFear ye the LORD, ye sants o'
his; for nae want's till them that
fear him:

10 ^hThe lyoun's whalps may
hungir an' thole; bot, wha seek the
LORD, [†]want o' nae gude sal steer
them.

11 Here awa, [§]bairns, an' hearken
till me; the fear o' the LORD I sal
hint ye:

12 ⁱWhat wight *is he that's* fain
o' life; lo'es lang-days, till see gude-
rife?

13 Waird yer tongue frae *makin*
mischief; an' yer lips frae liean,
tent ye.

14 ^kAwa frae ill, an' weel do ye;
^lseek ay for the lown, an' win at it:

15 ^mFor the een o' the LORD *are*
on rightous folk; an' his lugs till
their bidden *are loutit*:

16 ⁿBot the leuk o' the LORD's
again doers o' wrang; min' o' them
frae the yirth, till rute *it.*

17 The *feckless* sigh, an' the LORD
can hear; an' frae a' their fash redds
them haillie:

18 ^oThe LORD's fu' nar till heart-
broken folk; an' the wa'-gaen in
spreit he sets gailie.

19 ^pThe wrangs o' the righteous
fu' mony *be*; bot the LORD frae
them a' has him synder'd:

20 Ilka bane o' his *bouk* tak tent
o' sal he; ^qno ane o' them a' sal be
flinder'd.

21 ^rThe ill-deedie man mischieff
sal fell; wha ill-will the righteous,
awa sal pine:

22 The breath[†] o' his servans the
LORD sal hae bak; an' wha lippen
till him, [†]no ane o' them a' sal
dwine.

PSALM XXXV.

*A sair plea wi' the Lord again liean
stouthbrief rievvers: the Lord maun
hearken an' uphaud David; an' the
Lord's ay as guid as his word.
Ane o' David's.*

FLYTE,^a LORD, wi' them that
flyte wi' me; an' fecht ye wi'
them, that fecht again me.

2 Schild an' boukler, tak them
baith; [†]up, an' be stoop till hain me.

3 Syne out wi' the spear, an' kep
the gate on them that wad fain win
till me: say ye to my saul, *O God—*
Heal-ha'din mylane *I'se be* till ye.

4 ^bScham't an' throwither lat them
be, that hanker sae sair for my
breath; bak lat them gae, an' wae
lat them be, that ettle till wark my
skaith.

5 ^cLike caff afore the win' lat
them be; an' the LORD's ain rinner
ahin' *them*:

6 Mirk an' slidd'ry the gate they
gae; an' the LORD's erran-rinner
ding them.

7 For saikless for me they sheughit
their girn; saikless, they howkit my
life awa:

8 Mischief, or he wit, sal owre-
gang him; ^ethe girn that he happit

^a Ps. 51, 17.
Isai. 57, 15;
61, 1.

^p Prov. 24, 16.

[†] John 19, 36.

^r Ps. 94, 23.

[†] Tak it, wha
daur.

[†] Heb. *they*
sal a' no
dwine

|| or, *airit on*
like rinnin
wa'ir.

|| or, *howk,*
an' *hing*
doon their
heads, like
moudie-
warks, *sal*
they no.

^c Dan. 6, 22.

^d Gen. 32, 1, 2.
2 Kings 6, 17.
Zech. 9, 8.

^e 1 Peter 2, 3.
^f Ps. 2, 12.

^g Ps. 31, 23.

^h Job 4, 10, 11.

[†] Heb. *they*
sal noch
zwant a' gude.

§ Maun ettle
the puir
feckless folk,
siclike's he
tholed him-
sel till be.

ⁱ 1 Peter 3, 10.

^a Ps. 37, 27.
Isai. 1, 16, 17.

^l Hebr. 12, 14.

^m Job 36, 7.
Ps. 33, 18.

ⁿ 1 Peter 3, 12.

^o Lev. 17, 10.
Jer. 44, 11.
Amos 9, 4.

^a Ps. 43, 1.
119, 154.
Lam. 3, 58.

[†] Heb. *an' up*
till stoop, or
hain me.

^b Verse 26.
Ps. 40, 14, 15;
70, 2, 3.

^c Job 21, 18.
Ps. 1, 4.
Isai. 29, 5.
Hos. 13, 3.

^d Ps. 73, 18.
Jer. 23, 12.

^e Ps. 7, 15, 16;
57, 6; 141, 9
Prov. 5, 22.

sal fang him; tharin, wi' a stoun',
sal he fa'.

9 Bot my saul sal be blythe i' the
LORD; an' loup for joye in his ain
heal-ha'din.

10 'Ilk bane i' my *bouk* may say,
Wha's like yersel, O LORD; the
puir frae †the pithy, reddin' aye,
the puir an' forfain, frae him that
wad rive him in twa!

11 Thar raise *among them* threep-
ers o' ill; they threepit again me, I
ken-na what:

12 'Ill for guid they niffer'd wi'
me, †till herry my saul or *they quat*.

13 Bot me! ^bwhan they pined,
my cleedin *was* harn; my breath I
wastit wi' wantin; 'till my bosom,
my bidden cam hame.

14 Like's *be war* a frien', like's *be*
war a brither till me; *e'en sae*, gaed
I about: like as ane that was wae for
his mither, *e'en sae*, I loutit an' grat.

15 Bot at my ^kdown-fa' they war
fain; an' syne they wan a' thegither:
†or I wat, 'the fusionless loons,
again me, like ane did gather: they
rave *me syndry in bits*; they rave, an'
they did-na whush:

16 Wi' †trokers o' lies at bousin-
bouts, again me their teeth they
grush't.^m

17 O LORD, 'how lang can ye
see sickles? rax my saul frae their
wasterfu' thrang; 'an' †mysel frae
the lyoun's tykes.†

18 ^pI maun laud yersel i' the gran'
deray; wi' the bouk o' the folk, I
maun lilt till thee.

19 Lat my ill-willers nane be sae
crouse wi' lies; 'wha hate me for
nought, †lat them steek the ee.

20 For o' nieborlie-gree they ne'er
speak a word; bot lies they can
flaucht thegither, again the lown
folk o' the yird.

21 Their mouthe they hae raxit

again me straught; an' quo' they,
'Hech! Hech! our ain ee saw't.
22 Ye hae seen't, O LORD; 'be-
na whush, my Lord: tarry-na far
frae me.

23 'Wauken an' wait, for the right
that's mine: my God an' my Lord,
for my plea!

24 I' yer righteousness right me,
O LORD, my God; lat them nane
hae the gree owre me.

25 'Lat nane o' them say i' their
hearts, Aha, †it's e'en's we wad
hae! nor yet, We hae glaum'd him
up! lat ane o' them *daur till* say.

26 'Scham't an' gyte thegither
gang they, my ill that like till see:
'graithit in scham an' scorn be they,
wha set themsels heigh owre me.

27 Lat them lilt an' be glaid, wha
are fain o' my right; 'an' ay lat
them say, The LORD be wight,
'that lo'es lown life for his lealman.

28 An' that right o' thine my
tongue sal tell; an' ilka day lang,
sal gie laud till yersel.

PSALM XXXVI.

*The ill man can neither think, nor say,
nor do aught gude: God thinks an'
does a' gude: David may be weel
content, an' let the ill-doer dree.*

Till the sang-maister; ane o' David's,
thirlman to the LORD.

THE †claivers o' the godlowse
gang ben i' my heart: *thar's*
^anae fear o' God afore his een.

2 ^bFor he lies till himsel in his ain
sight, or his mischief be kent ayont
tholin.

3 The words o' his mouthe are
but nought an' a lie; till be wyss an'
do weel, he has quat al-utterlie.

4 'On his bed he can cank but o'
nought; he gangs ay the gate o' nae
gude; mischief he can ne'er win by.

5 ^dBot thy gudeness, LORD, *is* i'

^rPs. 40, 15;
54, 7; 70, 3;
^rPs. 83, 1.

^rPs. 44, 23.

^uPs. 70, 3.

[†]Heb, *our
ain min'*.

^xVerse 4.
Ps. 40, 14.

^rPs. 109, 29.
132, 18.

^zPs. 70, 4.

^aPs. 149, 4.

^rPs. 51, 8.

[†]Heb. *pithier
nor himsel, or
owre pithy
for him.*

^rPs. 38, 20;
109, 3. 5.

[†]Heb. *the
herriment o'.*

[†]Joh 30, 25.
Ps. 69, 10, 11.

[†]Matt. 10, 13.
Luke 10, 6.

^aPs. 38, 17.

[†]Heb. *an' I
ken-na.*
[†]Joh 30, 1, 8.
12.

[†]Heb. *snich-
erin liars.*

^mPs. 37, 12.
Lam. 2, 16.

ⁿHab. 1, 13.

^aPs. 22, 20.

[†]Heb. *a'*

that's o' me.

[†]Heb.
whalpi.

^pPs. 22, 25.
31; 40, 9, 10;
111, 1.

^rPs. 69, 4;
109, 3; 119,
161.

Lam. 3, 52.

John 15, 25.

†Our Inglis
taks this

anither gate,
Lat them

nane *twink*
wi' the ee; as

ye may fin',
Joh 15, 12.
Prov. 6, 13;
10, 10.

[†]Heb. *gaen-
turang wi'
the tongue,
lowse talk.*

^aRom. 3, 18.

^bDeut. 29, 19.
Ps. 10, 3;
49, 18.

^cProv. 4, 16.
Micah 2, 1.

^dPs. 57, 10;
108, 4.

† Heb. hills o' God.

c Job 11, 8.
Rom. 11, 33.
f Job 7, 20.s Ruth 2, 12.
Ps. 17, 8;91, 4.
|| or, sons o' man: bot
ettles a' livin
things on
yirth.b Ps. 65, 4.
† Heb. drucken,
or drookit fou,
wi' pleasur.§ Siclike 's
the dew.† Siclike 's
the rain.Job 20, 17.
Ps. 16, 11.Rev. 22, 1.
† Jer. 2, 13.

the lift; thy truth-tryst even wi' the cluds.

6 Thy righteousness like the hills fu' heigh; † 'thy right-rechtins are ane unco flude: Baith beast an' body, LORD, thou hauds them heal.

7 What gear is i' yer gudeness, God! s Aneth the shadowe o' yer wings, || yird's bairns can betak them lown.

8 h They're † drookit-daft wi' the § seep o' thy dwellin; ye sloken them a', frae the ‡ burn o' yer bliss.

9 i For wi' thee is the wa'l-ee o' life; intil light o' thine, we see light itsel.

10 O rax out yer gudeness till them wha ken ye! an' yer righteousness ay till the single in heart.

11 May the cloot o' the carl † ne'er gang my gate; nor the han' o' the ill-doer ding me by.

12 Thar gaed the warkers o' mischieff till the grun: they stacher'd, k an' they cou'd-na stan!

PSALM XXXVII.

Nae need till flee the lan', nor nae fore o' wrang-doen: the righteous sal ay fa' their ain, an' wrang-doers sal be sned aff for evir; bot a' that lippen till the Lord sal thrive.
Ane o' David's.

a Ps. 73, 3.
Prov. 23, 17;
24, 1, 19.

FASH a yersel nane for ill-doers, nor sigh for the warkers o' wrang:

2 For like gerss they'll be glegly snedden; an' like fother-blume they sal gang.

3 Lippen the LORD an' do weel; bide ay on the lan', an' thrive at will.

4 Be blythe i' the LORD, an' yer heart's content he sal wair on thee:

5 b Deval on the LORD yer gate; lippen him, an' do a' sal he:

b Ps. 55, 22.
Prov. 16, 3.
Matt. 6, 25.
Luke 12, 22.
1 Peter 5, 7.

6 For yer right he sal clear like the light; an' like height o' the day, yer plea.

7 d Be lown wi' the LORD, 'an' thole for him: fash nane for ill-doers' thrivan-gate; for the loon that can wark mischieffs.

8 Awa wi' angir, an' quat frae lowe; f fash yersel nane wi' the wrang.

9 s For warkers o' wrang sal be clean sned-awa; bot wha wait on the LORD, themlane the lan' sal fa'.

10 For syne, but a gliff, an' the ill-doer 's dune: h tho' ye leuk for his place, thar 's nae mair o' him.

11 i Bot lown-livin folk sal ay haud the lan'; an' be blythe wi' nae en' o' gude-nieboran!

12 The ill-man, he thinks on the righteous for ill; an' grushes again him his teeth: k

13 Bot the † Laird o' the lan' sal laugh at him, for he kens his ain day sal be niest.

14 The warkers o' wrang, they lows'd the swurd, an' eke they stentit their bow; the feckless an' needy, till ding them baith, an' till fell the aefauld sae free. †

15 m Their swurd sal gang ben i' their ain heart then, an' their bows till flinders sal flie.

16 n Ay better 's a nirl wi' the right, nor the rowth o' mae warkers o' wrang:

17 o For the arms o' wrang-doers sal breinge in bits; bot the righteous the LORD sal mak strang.

18 The LORD kens weel the days o' the leal; an' their heirskip sal stan' for evir:

19 They sal ne'er be down-cuisten in time o' ill; p an' in days o' hungir sal stegh their fill:

20 Bot the warkers o' wrang till naething sal gang; an' faes o' the

c Job 11, 17.

d Ps. 62, 1.
e Lam. 3, 26.f Ps. 73, 3.
Eph. 4, 26.

g Job 27, 13, 14.

h Job 7, 10;
20, 9.
Verse 35.

i Matt. 5, 5.

k Ps. 35, 16

† Another word nor
Jehovah.
Ps. 2, 4.
l Ps. 2, 4.† Heb. even
on, straught
ganger.

m Micah 5, 6.

n 1 Tim. 6, 6.

o Job 38, 15.
Ps. 10, 15.
Ezek. 30, 21,
&c.p Job 5, 20.
Ps. 33, 19.

† Ps. 102, 3.

† Heb. they sal
thence i' the
reek, they sal
thence; or,
they sal
thence i' the
reek, the hail
o' them.

† Ps. 112, 5, 9.

† Prov. 3, 33.

† Prov. 16, 9.

† Heb. gates,
or out-gates,
on the heigh
road; or firm
roddins.

† Ps. 34, 19, 20;

91, 12.

† Prov. 24, 16.

2 Cor. 4, 9.

† Job 15, 23.

Ps. 59, 15;

109, 10.

† Ps. 112, 5, 9.

† Ps. 34, 14.

† Ps. 21, 10.

Isai. 14, 20.

† Prov. 2, 21.

† Deut. 6, 6.

Ps. 40, 8;

119, 98.

Isai. 51, 7.

† Heb. his
gangins.

† Ps. 91, 8.

LORD, like the creesh o' lams, sal
thowe i' the [†]reek thegither!†

21 The ill-doer taks, an' he ne'er
brings hame; [†]bot the righteous will
len' an' lat lye:

22 [†]Syne, whasae he bids sal ay
bide the lan'; them he bans, *they*
sal e'en be shot-by.

23 [†]Frae the LORD, the [†]wide
yett o' the mighty man's set; an'
he fuhres on his gate fu' blythe:

24 [†]Tho' he stacher *a wee*, he sal
nane down gae; for the LORD hauds
his han' fu' stythe.

25 A wean I hae been, an' an
auld man am e'en; bot the righteous
for-ried, ^{*}or his bairns seekin bread,
I ne'er saw:

26 [†]Ilk day he cou'd gie or cou'd
len'; an' his outcome *was* blythe
an' a'.

27 *Syne*, ^{*}awa frae mischieff, an'
do weel; an' bide evir mair *whar*
ye min':

28 For the LORD, he lo'es right-
rechtin weel, an' will ne'er lea' his
ain till pine: for evir an' ay sal they
be stay; bot the stok o' ill-doers
sal dwine.^a

29 The righteous sal fa' the yird;
an' sal bide on't, the lenth o' lang-
syne.^b

30 The mouthe o' the righteous, it
sets-furth sense; an' his tongue o'
right-rechtin can tell:

31 [†]His God's ain law *is* weel ben
i' his heart; an' his gate, [†]it sal
ne'er swak itsel.

32 The ill-man, he glaums at the
rightous; an' fain wad be his dead:

33 The LORD winna lea' him intil
his han'; nor at rightin, gie him
nae remede.

34 Bide ye on the LORD, an' haud
weel by his gate; till fa' the lan' he
sal heize ye yet: wi' wrang-doers
sned-aff, ye sal see [†]t.^d

35 [†]I hae seen the wrang-doer
thrive; an' braid like the braw
green-tree: §

36 He gae'd, an' he was-na; I
sought him belyve, bot funden he
cou'd-na be.

37 Tak tent till the aefauld, an'
leuk till the straught; for the en'
o' siclike *is* the lown:

38 Bot owre-gangers sal whamle
thegither themlane; an' the en' o'
wrang-doers gae dune.

39 Bot right folks' heal-ha'din, it
comes frae the LORD; their strenth
i' the time o' strett:

40 An' the LORD sal stoop them,
an' redd them out; frae wrang-
doers' *ban's*, he sal redd them but:
an' them, for they lippen till him,
fu' sikker an' soun' he sal set.

PSALM XXXVIII.

*David, in pitifu' plight, baith saul an'
body, cries uncolie till the Lord till
be gude till him an' help him.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's, till keep
the Lord in min'.^{*}

WYTE me na, LORD, i' yer
lowan wuth;^a ding me na
by i' yer bleezan torne:

2 ^bFor deep intil me yer flanes
hae taen grip; an' sair ontill me is
yer han' down-borne.

3 Nae feck i' my flesche, fornent
yer angir; [†]nae [†]rest i' my banes,
fornent my sin.

4 ^dFor my ain misdeeds hae gane
owre my head; like some weary
weight, they're ill till carrie.[†]

5 My dulesome dints gang foich
i' my folly:

6 Twafauld am I, an' cruppen till
naething; [†]a' day lang, I gang dark
an' drearie.^f

7 For my lik it's pang'd wi' some
fusionless ill; an' nae soun'ness ava
is left i' my body.

8 Feckless am I, an' forfochten

† Job 5, 3.

§ Wi plenty
o' skowth,
but nae
haudin,
growe whar
he likes.* Headin o'
Ps. 70.

† Ps. 6, 1

† Job 6, 4.

† Ps. 6, 2.

† Heb. *lowan*

† Ezra 9, 6.

Ps. 40, 12.

† Heb. *owre*
heavy for
mysel.

† Ps. 35, 14.

† Job 30, 28

Ps. 42, 9;

43, 2.

§ Job 3, 24.
Isai. 59, 11.
|| or, *for till*
ease my heart.

♫ Ps. 6, 7;
88, 9.
† Heb. *it's*
nae mair wi'
me.
♫ Ps. 31, 11.
♫ Luke 10, 31,
32.
† Heb. *kins-*
folk, or
niebors.

12 Sam. 16, 10.
David tholed
weel.
♫ Ps. 39, 2, 9.

§ David's ain
natural turn
was heigh
enough; he
tholed scorn
ay, waur nor
a clour wi'
the sword.

|| or, *my ill-*
willers
are livin', an'
livin' like.

♫ Ps. 35, 12.
♫ 1 John 3, 12.
Peter takes
another
thought o't.
1 Peter 3, 13.

sairly; § I sigh wi' a || sab frae the heart i' my bosom.

9 O LORD, afore thee *is* a' my yirn; an' my sighan, frae thee it has ne'er been happit.

10 My heart dwaums, my pith bides-na wi' me; na, ^hthe light o' my een, † it's gane clean frae me.

11 'My joes an' my frien's ^kstan' atowre frae my breinge; an' my † blude themselfs haud far frae me.

12 Wha seek for my life hae girns till lay; wha ettie me ill speak a' mischieff, an' pingle on lies the hail day.

13 Bot I, 'like the deaf man, hearken'd nane; ^man' e'en like the dum, wha ne'er raxes his mouthe:

14 I was e'en as the man wha hears-na a sugh; an' ben i' whase gab *are* nae gainsayans.

15 For a' till yerlane I hae lippen'd, O LORD; ye maun speak till me lown, Lord God o' my ain.

16 For quo' I, Gin they're fain till see me fa'; gin they haud themselfs heigh an my fit slidder! §

17 For likan till gang am I ay; an' my dule, it's afore me evir.

18 For my sin I hae weel setten furth; on the wrang I hae dune, I tak thought wi' a swither.

19 Bot || ill-willers on live, *are* a' fu' stark; an' mony are they, wha mislike me saikless:

20 ⁿWha pay me wi' ill, for gude *till themselfs*; ^owha seek me wi' wrang, for my ain weel-doen.

21 Dinna lea' me, O LORD, thou God o' my ain; nor bide frae me far, *as the lave are bydan*.

22 Fy, haste ye till help me, O LORD, my heal-ha'din!

PSALM XXXIX.

David maun be whush afore the Lord: man's but a fain an' a feckless creatur, frae the day that he cam, till the day he maun gang: David, like the lave, maun win hame.

Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun: * ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

QUO' I, I maun waird my gate, in case be I slip wi' my tongue: I maun steek my mouthe fu' stieve, † sae lang's the ill-doer's afore me.

2 ^aI keepit sair sugh i' the lown; I wheeshit me, *even* frae gude: bot my dule, it wauken'd the waur, ay.

3 My heart was het i' my breast; † wi' my thought, the lowe kenn'd: *syne* spak I right out wi' my tongue,

4 ^bLat me wit, O LORD, o' my en; an' the meath o' my days, what it's a': how bruckle 'am syne, I sal ken.

5 Alake! but some han'-breid ye made my days; an' 'my time's like naething afore ye. ^dThe stievst man *on yird* can stan', † ilk ane o' them's weak *as Abel*: Selah.

6 Man daikers, atweel, in a gloam; na, they fash themselfs a' for nought: 'he harls gear thegither; bot kens-na, the same wha sal aught.

7 Bot now, what leuk I for, LORD; my thoughts they *are* a' on yerlane:

8 Frae my wrang-gangins a' redd me out; the geck o' the gowk mak me nane.

9 ^fI was whush; I ne'er open'd my mouthe; for I *wat* yerlane did it.

10 ^gHaud aff me *a wee*, wi' yer weight: 'am dune, wi' the dirl o' yer han'.

11 Whan ye ding the brawest wi' blauds for sin; ^hye wear his pith awa like a moth: 'Sure ilk man's weak *as Abel*: Selah.

12 Harken my bidden, O LORD; an' eke till my schraigh gie heed; be-na ye whush at my taivers: † for 'am but a gangrel wight wi' thee; ⁱhameless, like a' my fathers.

13 ^mHaud aff me, LORD, or I gather pith; afore I gang by, an' nae mair o' me.

* 1 Chron. 16, 41; 25, 1.
Ps. 62 an' 77.
Headina.

† Heb. *wi'*
branki.

♫ Ps. 38, 13.

† Heb. *i' my*
inside

♫ Ps. 90, 12.
119, 84.

♫ Ps. 90, 4.
^d Verse 11.
Ps. 62, 9;
144, 4.

† Heb. *wreat*
as weakness
ilka man:
whilk word
is Abel;
Gen. 4, 2.
♫ Job 27, 17.
Eccles. 2, 18.
21, 26; 5, 14.

♫ Job 40, 4, 5.
Ps. 38, 13.

♫ Job 9, 34;
13, 21.

♫ Job 4, 19;
13, 28.
Isai. 50, 9.
Hos. 5, 12.
ⁱ Verse 5.

† Heb. *my*
tear.
♫ Lev. 25, 23.
1 Chron. 29,
15.

Ps. 119, 19.
2 Cor. 5, 6.
Hebr. 11, 13.
1 Peter 1, 17
2, 11.

♫ Gen. 47, 9.
♫ Job 10, 20,
21; 14, 5, 6

PSALM XL.

David, intil dreigh haud, leuks lang for the Lord, an' the Lord redd's him out; he preaches syne a' that's gude till the lave. Bot a heigher far nor David's ettled here, an' a rightousness mair nor his ain.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

^aPs. 27, 14.

LANG leukit I for the LORD;^a an' he loutit till me, an' he heard my skreigh.

^bPs. 69, 2.

2 An' he raxit me up frae ane awesome heugh,^b frae the till sae teugh; an' he stude my feet on a craig; my roddins fu' sikker made he.

^cPs. 33, 3.

3 'An' a new sang pat he i' my mouthe, *nae less nor* laud till our God: ^dmony sal see, an' fley'd sal they be; an' sal lippen a' syne till the LORD.

^ePs. 52, 6.

4 Blythe be the wight, wha ettles the LORD for his tryste; wha wair-na a leuk on the proud, nor on them wha gang eftir a lie.

^fJob 5; 9, 10.
^gPs. 71, 15; 92, 5;
^h139, 6, 17;
ⁱIsai. 55, 8.

5 'Fu' mony, O LORD my God, hae ye made yer warks o' wonner! 'an' yer thoughts o' gude till oursels, thar' nae reddin up till thee. Gin I suld owretell an' wair words on them, they're mae nor a buik *wad be*.

^j1 Sam. 15, 22.
^kPs. 50, 8;
^l51, 16.
^mIsai. 1, 11.
ⁿHos. 6, 6.
^oMatt. 12, 7.
^pHebr. 10, 5.

6 'O' slachtr an' hansom, ye ne'er thought weel. My lugs ye hae dreel'd: brunt-offran hail, an' hansom for sin, ye wad nane o'.

^qPs. 119, 16,
24, 47, 92.
^rRom. 7, 22.
^sPs. 37, 31.
^tJer. 31, 33.
^u2 Cor. 3, 3.
^vHeb. *ben i' my inside*.
^wPs. 22, 22;
35, 18.

7 Syne, Leuk, quo' I; mysel maun be! I' the braid o' the Buik, *it's* written o' me:

8 ^bTill wark yer will, O my God, but 'am fain; 'an' that bidden o' thine's i' my bosom.[†]

9 'Right-rechtin I cried till the feck o' the folk; my lips I ne'er steekit, O LORD, ye wot:

10 Yer rightousness happit I ne'er i' my heart; yer troth an' yer heal-

ha'din tell'd I baith; yer rewth an' yer trewth I ne'er hade, frae the thrang forgather.

^xPs. 43, 3;
61, 7.

11 Steek ye na, LORD, yer pitie frae me: 'yer rewth an' yer trewth, lat them waird me weel.

^yPs. 38, 4.

12 For ills ayont tellin hae graith'd me about; ^mmy ain ill-deeds hae fang't me sae fast, I canna leuk up: thranger are they, nor the hairs o' my head; ⁿan' my heart, it mislippens me sairly.

^zPs. 73, 26.

13 'Will ye, O LORD, but till rax me out; fy, haste ye, O LORD, till help me!

^{aa}Ps. 70, 1, &c.

14 ^bLat them a' be affrontit an' lowe i' the face, wha seek for my life till waste it. Bak lat them gae, an' be smoor'd wi' schame, wha like weel the ill that 'am trystit.

^{ab}Ps. 35, 4, 26;
70, 3; 71, 13.

15 'Fu' lane lat them be, for the cost o' their scorn, Heh! Heh! wha can say till me.

^{ac}Ps. 70, 3.

16 'Lat them be blythe an' frolick in thee, a' wha seek eftir yersel: Lat them ay say, The LORD be hie! wha like yer heal-ha'din weel.

^{ad}Ps. 70, 4.

17 'Am[†] but forfain an' forlied; yet the LORD, he can rew on me: my strenth an' out-redder *are* ye yerlane; taigle na langer, my God, *frae me!*

^{ae}Ps. 70, 5.
^{af}Heb. *But 'am*.

PSALM XLI.

Wha's kind till the puir, the Lord sal be kind till him: David's auld plea wi' ill frien's: the Lord hauds him weel; lat them do their warst.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

BLYTHE be the man, wha has min' o' the puir:^a in *his ain* day o' dule, the LORD sal free him.

^bProv. 14, 21.

2 The LORD sal weel waird him, an' haud him on live; fu' blythe sal he *fen* i' the lan'; an', till his ill-willers' will ye sal ne'er up-gie him.^b

^cPs. 27, 12.

Jor, his bed,
or his
down-lyin.

3 The LORD sal prap him on his dowie bed; ye sal turn || whar he lyes, whan he's a' forfoch'en.

4 Quo' I, O LORD, be gude till me; heal ye my saul, for 'am wrang wi' thee.

5 My ill-willers a', they crack ill at mysel: The dead sal he die, an' his name dwinnle.

† Heb. his
heart gather
ill thegither
till himsel, or
till isel.

6 An he come for till see, he clavers a lie; † nought but ill can his heart gather: but gangs he, an' he tells *his niebor*.

7 Thegither again me they clype fu' laigh; *no ane o' them a' but* wills me ill; again me mischieff they tak thought an' ettle:

† Heb. fash
frae Baial.

8 Some †ill-man's dree's come

owre him *now*; an' syne that he lyes, he sal stan' nae langer.

9 'My ain lown frien', that I lippen'd till ay; *d'wha pree'd o' my bread, the heel he can gie me.* †

10 Bot yersel, O LORD, be gude till me; an' heize me up, or I quat them even.

11 Sae weel sal I ken ye lo'e me dear, gin my ill-willer owre me bears-na the gree.

12 Bot mysel ye sal haud i' my ain leal-gate; an' set me fu' sikker afore ye for ay.

13 Prais'd be the LORD, o' Israel God; aye, frae ae langsyne till anither: Amen, an' Amen; [Sae be't, an' sae be!]

† Job 19, 19.
Ps. 55, 12, 13.
20.
Jer. 20, 10.
† Obad. 7.
John 13, 18.
† Heb. lift up
heigh again
me.

63 Here
quats the
Ferst Buik o'
Psalms, as
the auld sett
stude. Leuk
what's said
till *wha*
reads, p. 1.

[PAIRT TWA.]

PSALM XLII.

*David, i' the wustlan', far frae God,
's like till die o' drouth for his pre-
sence, an' tholes ill the giben o' his
fause frien's: he leuks till win
hame again.*

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil for the sons o' Korah.

AS the hart for the wimplin watirs sighs; sae sighs for yersel, my saul, O God.

2 *Sae* tholes wi' drouth for God, for the livin God, my saul: How lang or I gang, an' win ben afore God?

3 'Day an' night, my tear's been my bread; 'ilka day lang till me as it's said, O whar *is* that God o' thine?

4 I hae min' o' siclike, 'an' I toom out my life on mysel: for I gaed wi' the lave; 'I gaed till God's

howff wi' the sugh o' a sang, an' o' praise, wi' the heigh-liltin thrang.

5 *Sae* Whatfor sae dowie, O my saul! sae sairly forfoch'en 'ithin me? Lippen till God, for I'll praise him yet; for ||the health o' his leuks *abune me!*

6 My life, O my God, 's but a lade on mylane: I suld min' ye syne frae the Jordan lan', an' the Hermon folk; frae the height o' Mizar. ||

7 *Ae* dreid howe till anither sughs, at the rowte o' yer watir-spates: 'yer breingers a', an' yer rowin fludes, hae gaen owre me bremin.

8 *His* gudeness yet the LORD etties by day, 'an' a sang wi' mysel i' the night; an' my prayer till the God o' my life.

9 *An'* I'll say until God my rock,

Ps. 43, 5.

|| or, thar's
health in his
leuks, &c.

|| or, the *weet*
hill; some bit
sma' hill
whar he
campit in
thae days o'
fash, lang
syne
Ps. 133, 3.
Ezek. 7, 26.
Ps. 88, 7.
Jonah 2, 3.
Deut. 28, 8.
Ps. 133, 3.
Job 35, 10.
Ps. 63, 6;
149, 5.

A.C. 1023.

* A Right-
rede:
Headin', &c.
1 Chron. 6, 33;
37; 25, 5.

a Ps. 63, 1;
84, 2.
b 1 Thess. 1, 9.

c Ps. 80, 5;
102, 9.
d Verse 10.
Ps. 79, 10;
115, 2.

e Job 30, 16.

f Isai. 30, 29.

^m Ps. 38, 6;
43, 2.

^s Our Inglis
reads here
wi' a sword,
whar thar's
nae *sword.*

ⁿ Verse 3.
Joel 2, 17.
Micah 7, 10.

Whatfor think ye nane on me?
^m whatfor down-dang maun I ay
gang, aneth the ill-willer's gree?

IO Wi' a *scour* i' my banes, they
gibe me, thae ill-willers o' mine;
ⁿ ilk day as they yammir until me,
O whar is that God o' thine?

II Whatfor are ye dowie, my
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,
an' my God, *is he!*

PSALM XLIII

A. C. 1023.

*Leuks unco like some to-fa' till what
gangs afore.*

[By wha's no said.]

RIGHT me, O God, an' redd
my plea, frae a pitiless na-
tion: frae the wily an' the wicket
carl, [†] O wark ye my salvation!

2 For yerlane *are* the God o' my
strenth; whatfor hae ye schot me
awa?^a Whatfor sae blate, maun I
bide the gate, aneth the ill-willer's
law?

3 ^b O but wi' yer light an' yer
truth! They sal weise me on, they
sal wear me ben, till yer halie height
an' yer ain lown dwellins.

4 Syne sal I win till God's offran-
stane; till God, my ain *†*joye an'
rejoicin: syne wi' the harp, O God
my God, I sal lilt till yersel wi'
loisin.[†]

5 ^c Whatfor are ye dowie, my
saul? an' whatfor sae forfoch'en in
me? Lippen till God, for I'll laud
him or lang: the health o' my leuks,
an' my God, *is he!*

PSALM XLIV.

*Israel's by-gane days hae been gran',
whan the Lord was wi' them: The
Lord, sen syne, hauds atowre: the
sang-makar fleeches wi' him sair,
till come hame till his folk, an' help.*

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil,
^{||} for the sons o' Korah.

O GOD, wi' our lugs we hae
learn'd; our forebears hae
tell'd oursels, *what* wark ye wrought
i' their days; i' the days lang afore
our ain.

2 ^a *How* ye dang out the folk wi'
yer han', an' ye plantit themsel's *an'*
a': ye wrought sair wark on the
folk; an' eke, ye drave them awa.

3 ^b For nane by their sword coft
they the lan'; nor their arm wrought
them salvation: bot yer ain right
han', an' that arm o' thine; an' the
light o' yer leuks, for ye lo'ed them.^c

4 ^d Yersel, O God, are that king
o' my ain: heal-ha'din sen' ye till
Jakob!

5 Wi' yerlane, we sal *†*dush our
faes: ^e i' yer name, we sal ding till
the yird *a'* that can stan' again us.

6 ^f For nane on my bow sal I bide;
an' my sword, it sal ne'er mak me
sikker:

7 Bot yersel frae our faes can redd
us atowre; an' our ill-willers *a'*, ye
can fluther.

8 A' day lang, we hae liltit till
God; an' yer name, ever mair sal
laud it: Selah.

9 ^g Bot now ye hae dang us atowre;
an' affrontit oursels fu' sairly: nae
mair wi' our hosts, gang ye furth
till the stour.

IO Oursels ye gar turn frae the
face o' the fae; an' our ill-willers
rive at their pleasur:

II ^h Ye hae gien us like fe, till
feed *the lave*; an' hae speer'd us *a'*
mang the hethen:

12 ⁱ Ye hae troket yer folk for
nought; an' are nane the mair o'
their win:

13 ^j Ye hae made us a geck till
our niebors; a snirt an' a sneer, till
wha round us fen':

*Headin', &c.

^{||} or, of the
sons.

^a Exod. 15.
17.
Ps. 78, 55:
80, 8.

^b Deut. 8, 17
Josh. 24, 12.

^c Deut. 4, 37

^d Ps. 74, 12.

[†] Heb. *salding*
wi' the head
like a tup.
^e Dan. 8, 4.

^f Ps. 33, 16.

^g Ps. 60, 1, 10;
74, 1: 80.
98; 108, 11.

^h Ver. 22.
Rom. 8, 36.

ⁱ Isai. 52, 3, 4
Jer. 15, 13.

^j Deut. 28,
37.
Ps. 79, 4;
80, 6.

[†] Heb. *carl o'*
guile an'
wicketness.

^a Ps. 42, 9.

^b Ps. 40, 11;
57, 3.

[†] Heb. *joye o'*
my rejoicin.

[†] Heb. *lilt*
wi' praise, or
laudin; auld
Scots, loir, or
loisin.

^c Ps. 42, 5, 11.

¹ Jer. 24, 9.
^m 2 Kings
19, 21.
Ps. 22, 7.

14 'Ye hae made us a swatch till the folk; ^m a cave o' the head amang a' their kin.

15 A' day lang *is* my schame afore me; an' the lowe o' my face, it haps me owre:

16 For the jeer o' the scorner an' speaker o' ill; for the ill-willer's glow'r; ⁿ an' for him, wha taks right till himsel.

ⁿ Job 16, 4.
Ps. 8, 2.

17 Siclike comes a' our ain gate; yet we ne'er hae forgotten yersel, nor yet broken tryst wi' thee.

18 Our heart, it has ne'er gane bak; nor our stap fa'n awa frae yer lead:†

† Heb. *our gate fa'n awa frae yer roddin.*

19 Tho' ye dang us in bits amang ethir-holes; ^o an' happit us owre wi' the gloam o' dead!

^o Isai. 34, 13;
35, 7.

20 Gin we e'er forgot the name o' our God; or braidit our loov's till some unco god:‡

‡ Job 11, 13.
Ps. 68, 31.

21 ^q Wad-na God himsel hae sought out the like? for himlane kens the neuks o' the heart.

^q Job 31, 14.

22 ^r For yer sake, an' a', ilk day are we dang till dead; we're countit but sheep for the slachtir.

^r Ver. 11.
Rom. 8, 36.

23 'Wauken, O LORD; whatfor can ye sleep? Thole awae yet; ding-na clean by for evir.

^s Ps. 7, 6; 35, 23; 59, 4; 5; 78, 65.

24 'Whatfor hap ye yer face? Hae ye nae mair min', o' our poor-tith an' cumber?

^t Ps. 13, 1.

25 For our ^u saul's dang down till the stoure; our wame till the grun is cruppen.

^u Ps. 119, 25.

26 Up, till do weel for us, Lord: an' redd us a' hame; for that gude-ness o' thine, *we ay lippen!*

☞ This weel-kent love lilt, sensefou an' a' as it is, is cramp enough i' its ain Hebrew. Our Inglis taks a hantle o't anither gate; an' mae turnins nor ane may be weel tholed o' mony words. *Headins, &c.

PSALM XLV

An the Chryst himsel he here, as nae doubt he maun be; Solomon, wha figured him, comes foremaist.

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-nim: * for the sons o' Korah; Maschil: * A Lilt o' Loves.

MY heart, it's dinnlin owre wi' a sang *that's* unco braw: I maun tell o' what I've made, fore-nenst the king an' a': my tongue *sal be* the pen, o' ane that gleg can draw.

2 Brawer are ye *yer lane*, nor a' the bairns o' yird! ^a Intil thae lips o' thine, what-na lofiheid's been wair'd! Sae weel as God has liket ye, langsyne.

^a Luke 4, 22

3 ^b Dicht yer swurd ontill *yer* thie; || mighty mak yer lofiheid an' gree: ^c

^b Isai. 49, 2.
Hebr. 4, 12.
Rev. 1, 16;
19, 15.

4 ^d An' i' yer gree, || ride furth wi' gloir; for truth's sake, an' for righteousness, till dree: an' warks o' wonner sair, sal thy right han' schaw till thee!

|| *or, O thou mighty.*

^c Isai. 9, 6.

^d Rev. 6, 2.

|| *or stent yer bow: that niebors weel wi' ver. 5.*

5 Sae snell's yer shafts hae been! The *vera* folk aneth thee fa', i' *their* heart that ill-will the king.

^e Ps. 93, 2.
Hebr. 1, 8.

6 ^f That thron o' thine, O God, *is* for evir an' for ay; an' o' righteousness a gad, *is* the king's-gad o' yer sway.

^f Ps. 33, 5.

|| *or, the thing*

^g Isai. 61, 1.

7 ^h The *man* || that's guid ye like; an' the ill ye winna fa': e'en sae hath God himsel, ⁱ God o' thine, wi' the oyle o' joye owre-chrystit thee, abune yer niebors a'.^j

^h 1 Kings 1, 39, 40.
Ps. 21, 6.

8 Myrrh an' aloes on yer claes, || war strinkl'd *syne*; whan frae the ivor pailis ye cam but, they made ye fine.^k

|| *or, cassia, sae ca'd for it was ay strinkl'd.*

^k Sang 1, 3.

9 Kings' dochtirs, i' yer brawest gear, || war snod: the queen at thy right han', i' the gowd o' Ophir stude.^l

|| *or, amang yer brawest women.*

^l Leuk 1 Kings 2, 19

10 Dochtir, hearken ye an' leuk, an' lout yer lug; ^m an' forget ye a' yer ain folk, an' eke yer faither's blude:†

^m Deut. 21, 13

† Heb. *houis*

11 Syne *yer* leuks sal like the king; an' for *he is* your Lord, ye maun lout fu' laigh till him.ⁿ

ⁿ Ps. 95, 6.
Isai. 54, 5.

12 ^o An' the dochtir out o' Tyre *sal be* till ye wi' a gift; the best o' a' † the lan', till pleasur thee, sal shift.

^o Ps. 72, 10.
Isai. 49, 23.

† Heb. *folk.*

* Rev. 19, 7, 8.

13 °Gin the dochtir o' the king
be-na braw, baith un an' in! Frae
wabster's wark o' gowd, her cleedin
wrought has been.

P Sang 1, 4.

14 P In pearlins eke sal scho be
brought until the king: her lasses,
like hersel, sal syne be airtit ben.†

† Heb. *till
ther; uhar
yeare, that is.*

15 Wi' blytheheid an' wi' glee, sal
they be fushen in; an' they sal a' gang
hame, till the pailis o' the king.

† 1 Pet. 2, 9.
Rev. 1, 6; 5,
10; 20, 6.

16 Fornest yer faithers syne, yer
bairnies thar sal be; an' intil a' the
lan', ye may mak them princes hie.†

† Heb. *frae ae
kithgetlin till
anither kith-
getlin.*

17 Yer name I'se mak weel ken'd,
till a' kiths that come an' gang;†
syne sae sal folk gie laud till thee,
†for evir, wi' a sang!

† Heb. *evir
an' ay.*

PSALM XLVI.

*God's stiever ay nor castel-craigs, an'
heigher nor the hills; whar He bides,
sal n'er be steerit.*

|| or. of.

* Headins,
&c.
1 Chron. 15,
20.
Ps. 48; 66.

Till the sang-maister: ||for the sons
o' Korah; a lilt on Alamothe.*

* Deut. 4, 7.
Ps. 145, 18.

GOD for oursels *is* tryste an'
stoopin; help in stretts, right
nar is *he*.^a

2 Nane syne sal we fear, tho' the
yirth suld steer; o' hills be flang
owre i' the heart o' the sea.

b Ps. 93, 3, 4.
Jer. 5, 22.
Mat. 7, 25.

3 Its watirs warsl'd, *its watirs*
flang; the hills they war steer'd, as
it brem'd alang;.^b Selah.

4 Bot a wator rins, whase wimplin
wins till glad the brugh o' God;
the halie bit o' dwallins, *it*; the
Heighest, *his abode*.

§ Leuk Exod.
14, 24, 27.
2 Chron. 20,
20.

5 God bides in her bosom, nane
sal scho fey; God sal betyde her
or blink o' day. §

Ps. 30, 5;
143, 8.

6 °The folk, they warsl'd; the
kingdoms, they fash'd: He gied
but a sigh, the yirth swakket.^d

c Ps. 2, 1.

d Josh. 2, 9,
24.

7 The LORD o' mony-might 's a'
on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's
the God o' Jakob: Selah.^c

c Ver. 11.

f Ps. 66, 5.

8 f Here-awa syne, see the warks

o' the LORD; wha maks a' fu' lown
i' the heart o' the yird.

9 °Wha quiets the steer, till the
neuks o' the lan': ^ahe flinders the
bow, an' sneds the spear; he scow-
thers in lowe the sleds o' weir.^d

g Isal. 2, 4.

b Ps. 76, 3.

f Ezek. 39, 9.

10 Be whush, an' ken that 'am
God mylane: heigh owre the he-
then, heigh owre the yirth, sal I
win hame.

* Ver. 7.

11 °The LORD o' mony-might 's a'
on our side; our ain heigh-ha'din 's
Jakob's God: Selah.

PSALM XLVII.

*The God that 's King intil Zioun, he 's
King o' the hail yirth.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt ||for the sons o' Korah.

|| or. of.

a Isal. 55, 12.

DING wi' the loof,^a O a' ye
folk! Lilt ye till God wi' the
sugh o' a sang!

2 For the LORD owre a' *is himlane*
till be fear'd; ^batowre the hail yirth,
a king fu' gran'.

b Mal. 1, 14.

3 He sal thring down the folk
aneth us; an' the nationous aneth our
feet: c

c Ps. 18, 47.

4 He sal wale out our hame-ha'din
for us; †the riggin o' Jakob sae
meet: Selah.

† Heb. *the
height o'
Jakob that he
liket weel.*

d Ps. 68, 24, 25.

5 °God has gane up wi' a sugh;
the LORD wi' the tout o' a swesch.

6 Sing ye till God, sing a sang:
sing a sang till our King, sing ye.

e Zech. 14, 9.

7 °For God *himlane*, o' the hail
yirth is King; ||fu' wyssly till him
sing ye! f

|| or. *the ways
anc.*f 1 Cor. 14,
15, 16.

8 God owre the hethen is king;
God sits on his thron, sae weel
shiftit.†

† Heb. *o' his
ain jellen-by;
frac a' ither
neuks o' the
lan' till
Mount
Zioun.*g Rom. 4, 11.
b Ps. 89, 13
to 19.

9 Fu' blythely the folk thegither
did win; °o' Abraham's God, the
folk that war kin: ^afor the schilds
o' the yirth, till God sal be *gien*; §
an' himlane sal be uncolie liftit.

§ They sal a'
be laid down
at Zioun, in
fewte till
God as King.

PSALM XLVIII.

*Nae town like Zioun, whar God himsel
can bide: an the Kirk war ay like
Zioun, God's folk wad hae braw
town-tide.*

A kirk-sang: ane heigh-lilt || for the
sons o' Korah.

FU' mighty 's the LORD, an' fu'
loud till be laudit ay;^a in the
brugh o' our ain gude God, the hill
o' his ain setten-by.†

2 §^b Sae braw, as it stan's, 'pride
o' a' the yirth; ^d frae the airts o' the
north, is Mount Zioun; 'the town
o' the King sae gran'.

3 God in her biggins sae braw,
is weel-kent for his heigh heal-
ha'din.

4 For, saw ye? The kings cam
thegither; thegither, they hirpled
awa:

5 They leukit, an' syne they war
daiver'd; feckless an' gyte, they
gaed a'.

6 A dwaum, it cam owre them
thar; ^f a stoun' like the bearin-pang:

7 §^g Wi' a blirt frae the blaudin
east, *whan* the §cobles o' Tarshish
ye dang!

8 E'en sae as we heard, we hae
seen, i' the brugh o' the LORD o'
hosts; ^h in our ain God's town:
God sal haud her fu' soun'; an'
that, †sae lang's time sal last:
Selah.

9 We hae thought on yer gude-
ness, God; i' the midds o' yer halie
howff.

10 Siclike's yer name, O God,
siclike yer praise *maun* be: owre a'
the ends o' the yirth, your right-
han' o' right hauds the gree.†

11 Lat Zioun height be blythe,
lat the dochters o' Judah be fain;
for thae right-rechtins a', o' thine.

12 Gang ye roun Zioun, turn ilk
neuk; count ye her castels a':

13 Min' ye her strenths, †haud
heigh her towirs; the niest-come
kin till schaw:

14 For this same God is our ain
God, for evir an' for ay: Himlane
sal weise us nieborlie, †owre Death
himsel *till stay*.

PSALM XLIX.

*Walth an' worry, poortith an' pine,
gang a' till the graiff thegither:
what comes o' them syne?*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

HEARKEN till this, O a' ye
folk: tak tent, a' that won i'
the warl':

2 ^a Baith sons o' the cotter,† an'
sons o' the carl; the bein and the
bare thegither:

3 My mouthe, it sal gie yo wyss
rede; an' the thought o' my heart
sal be worth yer swither.†

4 ^b I sal lout my ain lug, for a
canny word; *syne* but on the harp
my snell sayan tang. §

5 Whatfor suld I dread, i' the day
o' misdeed; *whan* the ill o' my heels
is about me thrang?

6 ^c *Whan* folk that weigh their ain
weight,† an' that rowe in walth,
are fraisan *thegither*:

7 No a carl *amang them* can down
wi' a plack, or swap wi' God, till
saif his brither.

8 ^d A bode for their breath's owre
heigh *for them*; an' gang *whar it will*,
it gangs for evir:

9 Yet *fain* wad he ay live on, 'an'
ne'er see the sheugh *neither*.

10 ^e For ane sees *how* the wyss
maun die, wi' the gowk an' the doit
thegither: they dwinnle awa, an'
the feck o' their fa', they pair wi' t'
a' till anither.^f

11 Their benmaist thought's their

† Heb. *mak
stieve*, wi'
stane as weel
as in story,
till stan' for
ay. See Mat.
syne, 24, 12.

† Heb. *owre
or ayont*.
Our Inglis
reads ill here
David leuks
far ayont
death, for
himsel an'
his folk, in
God's keep-
in. The
hinmaist ill-
willer God
sal ding is
Death him-
sel; an' wha
sees-na that
David kent
it? 1 Cor. 15,
26, &c.

|| or, of.

^a Ps. 62, 9.

† Heb. *sons o'
the yird*:
Leuk what's
said till *wha*
reads, p. 2.

† Heb. *canny
thoughts*.

^b Ps. 78, 2.
Mat. 13, 35.

§ He heark-
ens weel
himsel or he
speaks.

^c Job 31, 24.
Ps. 52, 7; 62,
10.

Mark 10, 24.
1 Tim. 6, 17.

† Heb. *lippen
till their
might*.

^d Job 36, 18,
19.

^e Ps. 89, 48.

^f Eccles. 2, 16.

^g Prov. 11, 4.

|| or, of.

^a Ps. 87, 3.

† Ps. 47, ver.
8, etics the
same.

§ Some read,
*a braw young
quan, flow'r
o' a the lan'*.

^b Ps. 50, 2.

Jer. 3, 19.

Lam. 2, 15.

Dan. 8, 9;

II, 16.

^c Ezek. 20, 6.

^d Isai. 14, 13.

^e Mat. 5, 35.

^f Hos. 13, 13.

^g Ezek. 27, 26.

§ Some lang
shawl boats
they drave
wi' oars, an'
that cou'd na
bide the
win'. The
kings war
dang like a
wheen
cobles lang
syne i' the
sea.

^b Ver. 1, 2.

† Heb. *an, ay
on; evir ay*.

† Heb. *gowk-
pen; weel
filled; the
fou o'*

† Heb. till
kithgettin an'
kithgettin.

† Heb. gang
wuhuh, or
awua.

b Verse 20.
Ps. 82, 7.

j or, sal feed
on them.

i Dan. 7, 22.
Mal. 4, 3.
Luke 22, 30.
1 Cor. 6, 2.
Rev. 2, 26;
20, 4.

† Heb. an'
their stenth,
or their
beauty.

k Job 4, 21
Ps. 39, 11.

i Job 27, 19.

|| or, he made
blythe.

m Deut. 29.
19.

† Heb. she,
i.e. the saul
sal gang.

n Verse 12.

o Eccles. 3, 19.

† Heb. gang
wuhuh, or
awua, wi' nae
crack o' their
ain
gloiry.

l or, for
Asaph.

1 Chron. 15,
17; 25, 2.
2 Chron. 29,
30.

ain houses for ay: their howffs suld stan', whiles folk come an' gang; † an' till lan's o' *their ain*, their ain names gie they.

12 Bot man in *sic* gree, jimp tholes a night: like the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†^h

13 Sic gate o' their ain 's but a *swatch* o' their haivers; yet wha come eftir them, roose their clai-vers: Selah.

14 Like sheep they lye a' i' the sheugh; Death himsel || sal be herd till them *syne*: 'an' the righteous, at mornin, sal thring them enough: † a' help for them gangs by i' the heugh, *whan they flit* frae their dwallin fine.^k

15 Bot my life God sal saif, trae the grip o' the graiff; for himsel sal rax haud o' me *then*: Selah.

16 Hae ye nae dread, tho' some carl suld speed; tho' the gear o' his houss suld be boukit:

17 For ne'er, 'whan he dies, sal he harl a haet; nor ahint him, his gloiry be sheughit.

18 Tho' his saul, it was blythe, || m whan he fuhred on live: an' folk gie ye laud, whan ye min' yer *ain*:

19 † It sal gang till the lave o' his forebears belyve; no ane o' them a' sal see light again.

20 "Man in *sic* gree, an' wha kens-na right; o' like the brutes is he, that gang out o' sight.†

PSALM L.

The Lord baulds a plea wi' his folk: nae offran, but o' righteousness an' truth, will ser' him.

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

GOD o' Gods, the LORD hath spoken, an' the yirth has cry'd upon: frae the sun's up-gaen at *brightnin*, till his hame-gaen i' the *gloom*.

2 Frae Zioun-Hill, the "height o' glory; God has skancit cleare, b himsel.

3 Our God sal come, an' nane sal wheeshit him; 'fire afore him, a' sal reist *them*; round him, it sal blaw fu' snell!

4 'Till the lift he 'll skreigh, athort it; syne till yirth, his folk to redden, *he sal ca'*:

5 "A' my sants till me be sortit; f wha wi' me my tryst hae snedden, as by law.†

6 "Syne the hevins his ain right-rechtin, furth sal tell; ^h for wha sal right *the warld* at rechtin, 's God himsel: Selah.

7 'Hear, my folk, for I maun tell yo: Israel, an' I 'se threep wi' thee; ^k God am I, yer God *till be*.

8 'No for yer slachtir'd *beiss* I'se wyte yo; ^m nor yer offrans ay afore me, perfyte a':

9 "Stirk I 'se ne'er tak frae yer biggen, *nor* nae buck frae faulds o' thine:

10 For woodlan'-dier a' 's my belangin; knowne on a thousan hills *are mine*:

11 I ken ilk bird that flies abune yo; an' the field-gaen brute 's my ain:†

12 Gin I suld thole a dwaum o' hungir, no till thee wad I mak maen;† for till me the warld 's a *ha'din*, an' a' the gear its bouk can hain.^o

13 'Think ye I 'se live on flesh o' beeve, or sloke my drouth on' bluid o' hin?†

14 ^p Gie ye till God a lift o' laud; ^q till Wha 's owre a', yer ain trysts pay ye:

15 'Syne cry till me, i' the day o' dule; I sal rax yo but, an' gie me the gree.

16 Bot quo' God till the doer o'

a Ps. 48, 2.
b Deut. 33, 2.
Ps. 80, 1.

c Ps. 97, 3.
Dan. 7, 10.

d Deut. 4, 26;
31, 28; 32, 1.
Isai. 1, 2.
Mic. 6, 1, 2.
e Deut. 33, 3.
f Exod. 24, 7.

† Heb. *hae snedden*, or *cultit wi'* me my tryst by *slachtir*, as the law was: Rom. 10, 8.
g Ps. 97, 6.
h Ps. 75, 7.

i Ps. 81, 8.

k Exod. 20, 4.

l Isai. 1, 11.

m Hos. 6, 6.

n Mic. 6, 6.
Acts 17, 25.

† Heb. *alang wi'* mysel.

† Heb. *speak*, or *yammir* o'c.

o Exod. 19, 5.
Deut. 10, 14.
Job 41, 11.
Ps. 24, 7.

1 Cor. 10, 26, 28.

† Heb. *gaits*, *buck*, *snat* horn'd *beiss*.

p Hos. 14, 2.
Hebr. 13, 15.

q Deut. 23, 21.
Job 22, 27.

Ps. 76, 11.
Eccles. 5, 4, 5.

r Ps. 91, 15;
107, 6, 13;
19, 28.

+ Heb. *till count, or tell, or gang thro'.*

* Rom. 2, 21, 22.

+ Heb. *ad-vou-ter.*

+ Heb. *sent furth.*

* Ps. 52, 2.

* Eccles. 8, 11, 12.
Isai. 26, 10;
57, 11.

* Rom. 2, 4.

or, *ye thought I was a' like yeriel.*

* Ps. 90, 8.

* Ps. 27, 6.
Rom. 12, 1.

† Heb. *slachtir o' praise;*
unco stoor:
siclike ver. 14.

‡ Our Inglis an' mae tak this anither gate, an' a wrang gate, wantin ae word *wi'*, that stan's plene i' the Hebrew; an' airtin anither in, that 's no thar

A.C. 1034.

* 2 Sam. 11, 2, 4; 12, 1, &c.

* Verse 9.
Isai. 43, 25;
44, 22.
Col. 2, 14.

* Hebr. 9, 14.
1 John 1, 7.
Rev. 1, 5.

wrang, What hae ye wi' my bidden till do,† or my tryst in yer mouthe till fang;

17 'Sen ye wad ne'er thole a re-bute; an' my bidden ahint yo ye flang?

18 An ye saw the thief-loon at his wark, syne ye hanker'd *till gang wi' him*; an' wha † wrangit their niebor's bed, ye ay be till troke wi' them:

19 Yer mouthe ye hae † fee'd till mischieff; 'an' yer tongue it has flauchtit a lie:

20 Ye sat, an' ye skaithe'd yer brither; on yer mither's son ye pat schamous gree:

21 Siclike ye hae dune, "an' I was whush: * ye thought the ill-thought I was like yerlane. || Bot I 'se threep wi' yo yet;† an' afore yer een, I sal raik yer *wrang-doens* ilk ane.

22 I rede yo, tak thought o' this; a' ye wha think nane o' God: in case be I rive yo in bits, an' nane *be* till redd the road.

23 * Wha offers a † lift o' laud, is *the man* that maks meikle o' me: an' ay whar he airts his gate, wi' God's help I sal gar him see.†

PSALM LI.

David maens sair an unco sair faut, nane but the Lord an' himsel wats o': He owns a'; he wins by wi' a sair pingle; his ain heart, syne, sal be the slachtir-gift.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's; * whan Nathan, God's-seer, gaed till him, an' he had gaen anowre till Bathsheba.

BE gude till me, God, as yer gudeness can be; † i' the feck o' yer rewth, dicht out my wrang: 2 * Reinge me fu' weel, frae my ill-dune deed; an' sine me fu' soun' frae the sin I belang:

3 For my wrang I ken brawly

mysel; an' my sin, *it 's* fu' sikker afore me.

4 'Till yerlane, till yerlane, I 'dune a' the skaith; † an' sic ill I hae wrought i' yer een: † that ye may be rightit, ay whan ye breath; clean-quat i' the rightin ye 'gien.

5 † Ye ken, I was schupen in sin; † an' in wrang, my ain mither she † coft me:

6 † Bot truth ye like weel within; i' the benmaist neuk, ye hae taught me.

7 † Reinge me wi' hysope, an' syne I 'se be braw: wash me, an' syne I 'se be brighter nor snaw.†

8 Gar me hearken *ance mair* till blytheheid an' glee; the banes ye hae broken, mak liltin-free.

9 Yer sight frae my sins, hap at-owre; † an' a' my ill-doens dicht by:

10 Mak a clean heart, O God, for me; an' † trew breath i' my body, perfy.

11 Thring me na but frae yer sight; nor that spreit o' yer ain sae halie, tak ye *ony mair* frae me:

12 The joye o' yer heal-ha'din wair on me yet; an' stoop me *forby wi'* the ghaist that 's fit.†

13 Wrang-gangers *syne* I sal airt yer ain gate; an' wrang-doers a' sal win bak till thee.

14 Redd me frae bluid, O God, thou God o' my ain heal-ha'din; an' my tongue it sal lilt o' yer rightin sae leal.

15 Unsteek ye my lips, O LORD; an' my mouthe yer ain praise sal tell.

16 For, o' slachtir ye na'er thought weel: † tho' I suld gie altar-lades, || siclike ye wad ne'er envy.

17 * God's slachtir-tryst 's a birset ghaist; a birset heart an' a tholin *breast*, O God, ye will ne'er leuk by!

18 Be gude till Zioun, yer ain kin' gate; Jerusalem's wa's big ye:

* Gen. 20, 6;
39, 9.
Lev. 5, 19;
6, 2.

† Luke 15, 21.

* Rom. 3, 4.
/ Job 14, 4.
Ps. 58, 3.
John 3, 6.
Rom. 5, 12.
Eph. 2, 3.

† Job 14, 4.

† Heb. *happit me warrm.*

† Job 38, 36.

† Lev. 14, 4.

6, 49.

Num. 19, 18.

Hebr. 9, 19.

† Isai. 1, 18.

† Verse 1.

† Heb. *right-gaen spreit i' my inside*

† Heb. *willin, or ready, to do what's right*

* Num. 15, 27, 30.
Ps. 40, 6; 50, 8.
Isai. 1, 11.
Jer. 7, 22.
Hos. 6, 6.

† or, *an' I wad gie*: Our Inglis reads here anither gate.

* Ps. 34, 18.
Isai. 57, 15;
66, 2.

|| or, slachters
o' rightous-
ness, or right.
* Ps. 4, 5.
Mal. 3, 3.

19 Syne fair-fa' yer ain || meet
slachtir-gifts: ° the offran an' hail
bleezan lifts; syne knowte on yer
cairn they sal gie!

PSALM LII.

*The liean tongue's like a gleg razor, bot
the Lord can sned it in twa.*

Till the sang-maister: *Maschil o'
David's, whan Doeg the Edomite
gaed ben an' tell't Saul, an' said
till him, David has gaen up till
the houss o' Abimelech?

WHATFOR be sae crouse i'
° mischieff, ye † haughty carl?
the gudeness o' God *tholes* ilka day
lang.

2 ^bYer tongue ettles ill, like the
razor fu' snell; † sneddin sae canny
nane can tell.°

3 Ill mair nor guid ye wad fain;
a lie, nor till say the right: Selah.

4 A' frettin words ye wad fain,
tongue that sae fause can gang. ||

5 Syne sal God ding ye for ay:
he sal birse thee an' harl thee but,
frae *that* howff o' yer ain; an' sal rute
thee out, frae the lan' o' the livin
warl': Selah.

6 The righteous themsels sal glow'r
an' grew; ° an' sneer at him *syne* sal
they: °

7 Aye, this was the carl, tak a
leuk *at him*, wha ne'er made God
his stay; ° bot lippen'd alane till his
gear anew, an' stoopit him ay on
his wrang.

8 ^sBot 'am in the houss o' God,
like the olive that braids fu' braw; †
my tryste, for evir an' ay, I hae set
in God's gudeness a'.

9 I sal lilt evir mair till thee, for
yersel *sic rebute* hae wrought; an'
sal bide by yer name, for afore
yer sants, it's weel that siclike *be*
thought.^b

PSALM LIII.

Anither draught o' the godlowse gowk:

*they'veen rise in David's day; an'
are ay till the fore sen-syne.*
Till the sang-maister on Mahalath:
*Maschil o' David's.

QUO' ° the gowk till himsel,
Thar's nae God ava': far-
gaen are they a'; they 'dune waur
nor ill: ° no ane o' them a' does
weel.

2 God frae the lift leukit owre,
abune the bairns o' the clod; till
see gin ony war wyss, *or ane* that
spier'd eftir God.

3 They had a' gane bak *thegither*; ||
thegither they wrought at wrang:
no ane wrought weel *by anither*; no,
an' it war-na ane. ||

4 Will they ne'er be wyss [*quo*']
God], thae warkers o' *sic* mischieff?
wha eat up my folk, *as* folk eat
bread; an' spier nevir a word for
God?

5 *'Syne* yonder they † sheuk wi'
dread, whar dread might nevir be:
for God himlane has sperfl't the
banes, o' *him* wha camps at thee.
Ye baisit *them syne*, for God himsel
shot them by wi' schamous gree. §

6 O wha sal rax yont frae Zioun
heal-ha'din till Israel a'? Whan
God sal fesh hame *the lave*, o' his
folk *that's been* ay in haud; Jakob
sal lilt wi' pleasur, Israel *syne* sal be
glaid!

PSALM LIV.

*David, uncolie worried an' herried,
flings the weight o' a' ontill God.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:
*Maschil o' David's, whan the
Ziphims gaed, an' quo' they till
Saul, Does-na David hide himsel
wi' us?

SAIF me, O God, by yer name;
an' right-recht me i' yer might.

* A Right-
rede:
Headins, &c.
° Ps. 10, 4;
14, 1.

^b Rom. 3, 10

|| or, *he*, or *it*
was a' gane
bak.

|| or, *no*, *no*
even ane.

° Lev. 26, 17,
36.
Prov. 28, 1.

† Heb. *dree'a*
an unco
dread.

§ This ae
verse, an'
mae o' the
same Psalm,
might be
read many
gates: the
Hebrew's
cramp, an'
jimp clear

A.C. 1061-60.

* Anither
Right-rede:
Headins, &c.
David maun
ay clear
himself, an'
kens brawly
how.
† Sam. 23, 19;
26, 1.

A.C. 1062.

* A Right-
rede:
Headins, &c.
† Sam. 22, 9.

° 1 Sam. 21, 7.

† David can
sneer: he was
ance a herd
himself; Doeg
was forsman
o' the herds.

^b Ps. 50, 19.

† Heb. *warikin*
ayont kennin;
hidlins.

° Ps. 57, 4;
59, 7; 64, 3.

|| or, *tongue o'*
a lie, or *liean*
tongue.

° Ps. 40, 3;
64, 9.

° Ps. 58, 10.

° Ps. 49, 6.

° Hos. 14, 6.

† Heb. *bushy*
green.

^b Ps. 54, 6.

* Ps. 86, 14.

† Heb. *for-*
nemist them.

* Ps. 118, 7.

† Heb. *the*
Laird o' the
lan' s pack
wi' a', or
amang a'
that uphaud
my life.† Or, *he sal*
sen'.

* Ps. 52, 9.

* Ps. 59, 10;
92, 11.† Heb. *mine*
ec, it sal leuk
on mine
emie. Our
Inglish reads
see his desire,
wi' nae leave
frae the
Hebrew.

A.C. 1023.

* Hinmaist
Right-rede
o' David's
but ane, Ps.
142: 3. Snell
an' a' as it is,
ane o' his ain
best makin.* 2 Sam. 16,
7, 8.† Heb. *my*
inside.

2 Harken, O God, till my bidden; lout yer lug till the words o' my mouth.

3 For frem-folk again me win up; an' stoor folk spier eftir my saul; wha ne'er set a God i' their gate: † Selah.

4 Bot oh, ginna God *be* my stoop! *h* an' wi' a' that uphaud my saul, the Laird o' the lan' s *in tret*.†

5 Mischieff || sal come hame on my ill-willers a': i' yer truth, O God, sned them aff!

6 Fu' blythely I 'se offer till thee: till yer name I 'se gie laud; O LORD, for it 's grude:

7 For frae ilka sair strett, he has set me free; *a* an' my sight, it sal light on mineemie!†

PSALM LV.

David, as right is, pleans mair o' fause frein's nor o' foul faes: he bans them till the vera sheugh in God's name; whar a' siclike suld gang, an' himsel weel quat o' them.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:
* Maschil o' David's.

HEARKEN my bidden, O God; hide yersel nane frae my prayer:

2 Tak tent till mysel, an' speak hame till me; I sigh i' my thought, an' I mourn fu' sair:

3 *What* wi' the sugh o' the fae, *what* wi' the ill-man's fang; *a* for they claiver again me mischieff, an' in wuth they would fain do me wrang.

4 My heart, it's dang down i' my † breast; an' the dules o' dead hae come owre me:

5 Dread an' a grue win up on me *now*; an' ane awsome scunner 'll smoor me.

6 An' quo' I—Oh, wha 'll gie me wings like the doo? *syne* wad I flie an' be lown;

7 Aye, *syne* wad I flichter far aff, an' bide by mylane i' the moorlan': Selah!

8 *Syne* frae the blirt an' the blaudin blast, I wad rax me awa an' gang. ||

9 Ding, O LORD, an' synder their tongues; *b* for rievian an' ragin, I 'seen i' the citie.

10 Day an' night, they gang roun,† on her dykes; canker an' kiaugh *are* rise intil her:

11 Mischieff mony feck 's inside o' her *yettis*; guile an' a lie ne'er quat frae her causey.

12 'For it ne'er *was* a fae that scorn'd me, or I cou'd hae thold'd it *a*; nae ill-willer geckit atowre me, or frae him I had slippet awa.

13 Bot yersel, a man like my niebor; *a* a captain, an' ken'd till me:

14 Sae kindly we thought the-gither; an' gaed till God's hous w' glee. ||

15 Death *like* a vice come abune them; till the sheugh lat them gang as they stan':† for ill 's i' the mids o' their dwallins; *ill* 's i' the mids o' their ban'.

16 Mylane, till God I can skreigh; an' the LORD, he sal haud me saif.

17 'Glintin an' gloamin an' height o' the day, I sal pingle an' pray; an' *God*, he sal hearken my scraigh.

18 He sal redd hame my life i' the lown, frae sic stour as I dree *this while*: for in droves they been ay again me. ||

19 God sal hearken an' ding them, *s* wha bides frae langsyne himlane: Selah. Nae flittins *hae they* amang them; syne o' God they think little or nane.

20 He rax't out his han' on his ain lown frien's; § he suddled the tryst he made:

21 *s* His lips pairtit sweeter nor butter, bot his heart it ettled a raid;

† Or, *I wad leuk for an outgate, or a frien' till free me.*

* Jer. 6, 7.

† Heb. *roun*
herrel, abune
her dykes.

* Ps. 41, 9.

* 2 Sam. 16,
23. Ps. 41, 9.† Or, *wi' a*
loud sang
amang the
lave.† Heb. *livin.** Dan. 6, 10.
Acts 3, 1; 10,
3, 9, 30.† Or, *a wheen*
hae been on
my ain ride.

J Deut. 33, 27.

§ The ill-
heartit frien
it was, wha
did a siclike.* Ps. 28, 3;
57, 4; 62, 4;
64, 3; Prov
5, 3, 4.

finer nor oyle gaed his claivers, an' yet they war nakit blades!

22 ^h Fling a' yer || care on the LORD, an' himlane sal haud ye straught; ⁱ he sal ne'er thole sittin for ay, till *fast* the man that does right.

23 Bot yersel sal thring them down, O God, till the wame o' the sheugh! ⁴ Carls o' bluid an' a lie, ¹ sal ne'er live half their days: bot mysel I sal lippen till thee, O God, an' be lown enugh.

PSALM LVI.

David, i' the Carl's han', wi' a stieve heart an' a bauld tongue, tholes the warst o't.

Till the sang-maister on *Jonath-elem-rechokim: *Michtam o' David's; whan the Philistins had haud o' him in Gath.

BE gude till me, ^a God, or the carl 'll glaum me up; ilka day lang, fechtan thrang, he hauds me in feidom fell:

2 Ilka day lang, my ill-willers glaum a grip; for mony *are they*, an' || heigh forby, that warsle on me mysel.

3 The day that I dree, I maun lippen till thee.

4 ^b In God, I sal laud his word: till God I maun lippen me a': 'nane sal I dread, what flesh an' bluid can wark me o' ill ava'. ||

5 Ilka day lang, my words they wrang; a' their thoughts *are* for ill to me.

6 ^d They taigle an' jouk, my rod-dins they leuk, as my life they wad lang till *hae*:^e

7 They lippen till ill, to win by wi' 't still: *bat*, in angir, O God, ding *sic* folk to the grun for ay.

8 My weary turns ye hae tell'd:

my tears, i' yer caup† kep ye; ^f i' yer buik sal they no gang ben?

9 My ill-willers yet sal slak their fit, i' the day *whan* I skreigh till thee: siclike for a truth I ken;† for God himsel's wi me.

10 ^g In God I sal praise *his* word; *his* word I sal praise, in the LORD.

11 I lippen mylane till God: nane sal I dread, what son o' the yird can wark o' *mischieff* till me.

12 Yer ain trysts *are* atowre me, O God; an' praise I suld swap wi' thee.

13 ^h Sen my life ye redd out frae the dead, will ye no keep my feet frae slidin? till airt me right, in God's ain sight; ⁱ i' the light o' the lave that are livin?

PSALM LVII.

David, wi' a spang, wins atowre frae Saul hidlin, an' syne gies till God himsel a' the gloiry an' the gree o' his out-gang.

Till the sang-maister: *Al-Tas-chith: *Michtam o' David's, whan he slippet frae forenenst Saul i' the cove.

BE gude till me, God, ^a be gude till me; for my life lippens a' till yerlane: ^b i' the sconce o' yer wings I sal bide a-wee, till a' *thir* mischiefs are gane.

2 Till the God that's fu' heigh, I sal skreigh; ^c till God that rights a' for mysel:

3 ^d He sal rax frae the lift, an' sal redd me free, frae the haughty carl that wad glaum at me: || Selah. His rewth an' his trewth God can sen' far enugh, *himself*.^e

4 My life's amang lyouns *its lane*; I lye amang bleezan bran's: sons o' the yird, ^f their teeth pikes an' flanes; an' their tongue, a sword sae snell.^g

5 O God, be thou liffit abune the lift; ^h thy gloiry, owre † yirth itsel!

† Heb. leather caup, or crusie.

f Mal. 3, 16.

† Heb. I ken weel.

g Ver. 4.

b Ps. 116, 8.

i Job 33, 30.

A. C. 1062.

*Headin, &c. i Sam. 22, 1; 24, 3. Ps. 142, head-in.

a Ps. 56, 1.

b Ps. 17, 8; 63, 7.

c Ps. 138, 8.

d Ps. 144, 5, 7.

|| or, he sal shame him that wad glaum at me.

e Ps. 40, 11; 43, 3; 61, 7.

f Prov. 30, 14.

g Ps. 55, 21; 64, 3.

b Ver. 11.

Ps. 108, 5.

† Heb. hail yirth.

* Ps. 37, 5. Mat. 6, 25. Luke 12, 22. 1 Pet. 5, 7. || or *hansel*.
† Ps. 37, 24.

* Ps. 5, 6.

† Prov. 10, 27. Eccles. 7, 17.

A. C. 1062.

*Headin, &c. An David war the for-fach'en doo amang far-aff folk himsel, he was a stoer ane. i Sam. 21, 11. Ps. 34, 52.

a Ps. 57, 1.

|| or, frae a heigh place, frae abune; or, O Thou sae Heigh.

b Ver. 10, 11.

c Ps. 118, 6. Isai. 31, 3. Hebr. 13, 6.

|| or, what can flesh an' bluid wark till me?

d Ps. 59, 3; 140, 2.

e Ps. 71, 10.

¹ Ps. 7, 15, 16;
9, 15

6 ¹A net they set for my feet, *waban* my life sae laigh was laid; a sheugh they howkit afore my face; i' the heart o't, *themsels* they slade: Selah.

² Ps. 108, 1,
&c.

7 ¹My heart, it's set, O God; my heart, it's set fu' stieve; *till thee* I maun lilt an' sing:

¹ Ps. 16, 9; 30,
12; 108, 1, 2

8 ¹Wauken, my gloiry, wauken heigh; langspiel an' harp, *fy baste ye, baith*: mysel I maun wauken or morning.

= Ps. 108, 3.

[or, *natiouns*,
on the
mither's
side.

= Ps. 36, 5;
71, 19; 103,
11; 108, 4.

9 ¹I sal lilt till ye, Lord, amang a' the folk; I sal lilt till yersel, amang a' their kin: ||

= Ver. 5.

10 ¹For heigh till the hevins is that rewth o' thine; an' abune the cluds your trewth *can win*.

11 ¹O God, be thou liftit abune the lift; owre a' the yirth, thy gloiry *seen*.

PSALM LVIII.

David pleas wi' the ill-bearded, ill-deedie folk; an' wytes them at will, i' the name o' God, baith righters an' righted.

= *Headins*, &c.
Ps. 57.

Till the sang-maister: * Al-Taschith: * Michtam o' David's.

SAY ye ay the right, *waban* ye thrang thegither? Haud ye by the straught, ye sons o' the lan'?

= Ps. 94, 20.
Isai. 10, 1.

2 At heart, ye can ettle mischieff without swither; ¹on yirth, ye hae weigh'd the weight o' yer han's.

= Ps. 51, 5.

3 ¹Wrang frae the outcome, are a' the wicket; tellin lies, frae the wame they gang gley'd wi' a shog:

= Ps. 140, 3;
Eccles. 10, 11.

† Heb. *as like 's can leuk*.

[or, *asp*,
blackworm,
or *snake* *etkir*.

= Ps. 140, 3.
Jer. 8, 17.

† Heb. *keepin their frukin houts*, till waur the worm, *fu' wrytaly*.

4 ¹Their poison's 'tas fell as the feim o' an ethir; like the ¶worm that hears nane, *an'* that steeks its lug;

5 That 'll hearken nane till the sugh o' the spaefolk, timin their trokins nevir sae trig.†

6 ¹Dirl their teeth, O God, i' the gab o' them; grush the lang teeth o' the lyouns, O LORD:

= Job 4, 10.

7 ¹*Erm sae* lat them thowe, lat them gang like the watirs; ¶his bolt come abune them, an' sae they be clour'd.

† Josh. 7, 5.
[or, *his bolt*,
he sal send:
two Hebrew
readins here.

8 Ilk ane o' *them* gang, like the slug that's ay thowan; ¹like woman's lost fraucht, lat them ne'er see the sun.

= Job 3, 16;
Eccles. 6, 3.

† Heb. *thorns*,
for lightin
the fire: *§ i.e.*
he sal tak
awa the folk,
faster nor
pats frae
bleasan
thorns.

9 Or yer pats *on the fire* hae got word o' the †lowan; sae, a' livin-like, sae bleezan in wuth, §he sal whirl them dune.

= Ps. 52, 6;
64, 10.

= Ps. 68, 23.

10 The gude sal be blythe, whan he ¹sees sic right-rackin; ¹his feet i' the bluid o' the wicket he'll sine:

11 An' the carl sal say—Aye, *thar 's* a †hairst for the righteous: Aye, thar 's a God, out o' doubt, that right-rechts i' the lan'!

† Heb. *frate*

PSALM LIX.

David, sar fast'd wi' a wubeen ill-beartit sornin loons that ettle his skaith, lays a' afore God.

A. C. 1063.

Till the sang-maister: * Al-Taschith: Michtam o' David's; whan Saul gied word, an' they wairdit the houss to fell him.

= *Headins*, &c.
1 Sam. 19, 11.

RAX me, O God, frae my faes; ¹abune my gainstan'ers heize me:

= Ps. 18, 48.

2 Redd me frae them that wad wark *me* ill; an' frae bluidy carls weise me.

3 For leuk, they tak thought for my life; ¹they gather again me, the mighty; *for* nae ill o' my ain, O LORD; nae faut o' mine, *they can wyte me*.

= Ps. 56, 6.

4 Saikless, for ill, they rin an' they redd; ¹they gather again me, the mighty; *for* nae ill o' my ain, O LORD; nae faut o' mine, *they can wyte me*.

= Ps. 44, 23.

† Heb. *till cry to me*, as ane
does whan
he rins till
meet anither.

5 Aye, yersel, O LORD, God o' hosts; God o' Israel, wauken an' wait; till wair *their ain wyte* on the hethen a': pitie nane that †hae pleasur in skaith: Selah.

† Heb. *wake ettle skaith wickedly*, *twi' a will*.

† Heb. *they come bahn*.

6 †They come wi' the gloamin;

^dVerse 14. they gowl like the dog; an' syne they gang roun the brugh;^d
^ePs. 57. 4. 7 Tak tent, what a gurl's i' their
Prov. 12, 18. gab; 'swards *are* atween their lips:
bot wha can hearken the sug?
^f1 Sam. 19, 16; Ps. 2, 4. 8 Bot 'yerlane sal mak light o'
them, LORD; ye sal laugh at the
hethen a':
[†]Heb. *his help* 9 For 'sic help, on yerlane I sal
^aVerse 17. bide; 's for it's God, that's my ain
heigh-ha'.
10 God, his gude-will wins afore
^bPs. 54, 7; me; ^a God, he sal gar me leuk *down*,
92, 11. on them that wad warsle an' waur
me.
^cGen. 4, 12, 15. 11 'Ding them na dead outright,
or the folk 'll forget it sune; *bot*
sperfle them sair i' yer might: O
LORD, our schild, ding them down!
^kProv. 12, 13; 18, 7. 12 ^aThe faut o' their mouthe, the
gab o' their lips; they sal *a'* be taen
i' their pride: for threepin a lie, an'
trokin a lie, they count on *naething*
beside.
ⁱPs. 7, 9. 13 'Waste ye in wuth; waste ye,
an' ding them awa till nought:
^mPs. 83, 18. *synne* sal they ken thar's a God
can fen', till yirth's outmaist en',
[†]Heb. *ends o' the lan'*, or *yirth*. in Jakob: Selah.
14 Lat them come wi' the gloamin
syne; lat them gowl like a dog, an'
gang roun the citie:
ⁿVerse 6. 15 ^aLat them harl about for meat
^aJob 15, 23. till eat; an' 'llthole the hail night, an'
Ps. 109, 10. they're needie.
16 Bot I sal lilt loud o' yer strenth;
an' sal tell yer gude-will i' the
mornin: for ye 'been a stoop till
me; an' a bield to mysel, i' the day
o' *sic* dulefu' sornin.
^pVerse 9, 10. 17 O my strenth, I shall lilt till
thee: ^pfor God is my ain heigh-
ha'din; God is my ain gude-gree!

PSALM LX.

A. C. 1040.

*An the Lord help-na, man may quat
fechtin: an the Lord help weel,*

*brughs maun jouk, an' heigh-towirs
trimmle.*
Till the sang-maister on Shushan-
Eduth: *Michtam o' David's, till
wit; whan he tuilzied wi' the
[†]Syrians *atween* the watirs, an'
wi' the Syrians *forrenst* Zobah:
an' Joab, i' the hame-comin, dang
Edom in the howe o' Saut, *awa*
by twal thousan.

*Headin, &c.
Ps. 80.

[†]Heb. *Aram-
Naharaim,
an' Aram-
Zobah.*
2 Sam. 8, 3,
13.
1 Chron. 18,
3, 12.

^aPs. 44, 9.

[§]Tho' we
hear nae
mair word
o't, thar's
been some
unco sweet
an' rivan o'
the lan' afore
this, that
frightit the
folk—some
yirth-quauk.
^bPs. 71, 20.

^cIsai. 51, 17,
22.
Jer. 25, 15.
^dPs. 20, 5.

^ePs. 108, 6,
an' on till
the end.
David has
haen twice
word frae
God, anent
haudin his
ain wi' the
Syrians.
^for, *ben i'*
his haliness.

^fDeut. 33, 17.
^gGen. 49, 10

^bPs. 108, 9.
^hor, *geck ye
for, or owre
me; as our
Inglistaks't,
bot wi' nae
pitch.*

ⁱPs. 44, 9;
108, 11.

^jor, *an' ye
didna.*

O GOD, ^aye *ance* schot us at-
owre, ye dang us a' syndry in
bits; ye gied uncolie way till wuth;
come hame till us now, *it's blawn
owre*.
2 The yirth ye gar'd reel fu' sair;
ye hae riv'n her amaist in twa: heal
ye *a'* her skelvy scaurs; for scho
jouks an' dinnles *an' a'*.
3 ^aYer folk ye gar'd see rough
wark; 'ye sloken'd oursels wi' the
wine o' wonner:
4 ^aYet ye' gien till wha fear thee,
a flag; afore the truth, till haud
heigh *like* a banner.
5 'That the folk ye loe weel may
win hame out o' thril, help *wi'* yer
right han', an' hear me!

6 Quo' God, 'll whar he bides by
himlane, I maun up: Shechem I 'll
synder in twa, an' redd out the
howe o' Succoth.

7 Gilode, it's mine ain, mine eke
sal Manasseh *be*: ^aEphraim as weel,
my head sal hain; ^aan' Judah gie
laws for me.

8 Moab's but my sinin-cog; ^aowre
Edom I'll fling my shoe: gin ye daur
me, 'll Philistia, *now*!

9 Wha sal airt me the heigh-bigger
brugh? wha sal wise me in owre
till Edom?

10 Winna ye, yerlane, O God,
wha ance schot us a' atowre? 'winna
'ye gang furth, O God, alang
wi' our hosts *till the stour*?

† *or, in Man;*
a canny jouk
o' David's on
the twa
words, that
are grundit
baith on
Ad'm or
Ed'm.

^hPs. 146, 3.
Num. 24, 18.
1 Chron. 19,
13.

† *Heb. a' our
face.*

* *Headins, &c.*

11 *An* ye gie us help frae stretts,
what signifies strenth in Edom? ||
12 ^aWi' God himsel, we 'se do
unco weel; for himlane sal down-
tread our hail fae-dom! †

PSALM LXI.

*The braw herskip o' them wba lippen
till the Lord.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: *
ane o' David's.

HEARKEN, O God, till my
skreigh; tak tent till my
bidden.

2 Frae the yonder-maist neuk o'
the lan', I sal cry till yersel, whan
my heart mislippens: Till the craig
owre heigh for mylane, ye maun
weise me sikker.

3 For ye 'been a stoop till me;
an' a hainin-towir frae the face o'
ill-willer.

4 ^aI maun taigle ay i' that howff
o' thine: ^bI maun lippen me a' in
the scone o' yer fedders: † Selah.

5 For yerlane, O God, hae hear-
ken'd my trysts; o' wha fear thy
name, the gear-gift ye hae gien me.

6 Mony a lang day† hae ye wair'd
on the king; ^ctowmonds o' his are
like hail kith-gettins.

7 He sal bide evir mair afore God
himself: † rewth an' trewth ye maun
sen', for till haud him sikker.^d

8 Syne sae sal I lilt evir mair till
yer name; ^ean' pay ye my trysts, ae
day wi' anither.

PSALM LXII.

*A loun sugb wi' God, an' nae mis-
lipp'nin o' the langest tryst wi' him.*
Till the sang-maister, till Jeduthun: *
ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

SURELY wi' God ^asuld my saul
be lown? frae himlane *has been*
a' my heal-ha'din.

2 ^bSurely himlane's *been* my ha'din

an' † health; my heigh ha'din-up, ^cI
sal nane mislippen.

3 How lang will ye ettle mischief
for a man? ye sal e'en be dead-
schuten, the hail o' ye: ^dlike some
out-schotten dyke, like some ill-
thrawn wa', ye *sal gang*.

4 They tak thought for nought
but till ding him laigh: leasin's
their life; ^ewi' their mouthe they
wiss weel, i' their wame they wiss
ill, till him: Selah.

5 Surely wi' God ||suld my saul be
lown? for lang on himlane I hae
weary't:

6 Surely himlane's *been* my ha'din
an' health: my heigh ha'din-up, I
sal nane be steerit.

7 On God's my heal-ha'din, an'
gloiry guid: my hainin-towir an' my
tryste's in God.

8 Lippen ye till himsel ever mair,
ye folk; ^ftoom out yer hearts afore
him: God, for oursels, *is* a to-flight:
Selah.

9 ^gSurely sons o' the cotter *are*
naught; *an'* sons o' the carl *are* but
leasin? till weigh them on bawks
the twa; *are* they *no* baith lighter
nor naething?

10 Till stouthrief lippen ye nane,
an' o' herriment ne'er mak a bost:
^hon gear, tho' it growes itslane, ye
suld ne'er lat yer heart hae trost.

11 ⁱAnce quo' God *himself*; twice
hae I heard the same: That might
until God *effeirs*.

12 ^kAn' nieborlie-will, O Lord,
effeirs forby till thee; for till ilka
man will ye pay hame, as his ain
han's-wark sal be.

PSALM LXIII.

*God's gree better till his ain folk, nor
wa's o' watir i' the wustlan'.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's; * whan
he taigl't i' the wustlan' o' Judea.

† *Heb. my
health.*

^cPs. 37, 24.

^dIsai. 30, 13.

^ePs. 28, 3.

|| *or, my saul,
be lown; a
sma' differ
frae Verse 1:
may be nae
differ, for a'*

^f1 Sam. 1, 15.
Lam. 2, 19.

^gPs. 39, 5, 11.
Isai. 40, 15,
17.
Rom. 3, 4.

^hJob 31, 25.
Luke 12, 15.
1 Tim. 6, 17.

ⁱJob 33, 14.
^kJob 34, 11.
Prov. 24, 12.
Jer. 22, 19.
Ezek. 9, 27;
33, 20.
Mat. 16, 27.
Rom. 2, 6.
1 Cor. 3, 8.
2 Cor. 5, 10.
Eph. 6, 8.
Col. 3, 25.
1 Peter 1, 17.
Rev. 22, 12.

A.C. 1062-3.

^a1 Sam. 22,
5; 23, 14,
15, 16.

^aPs. 27, 4.

^bPs. 17, 8; 57,
1; 91, 4.

† *Heb. wings.*

† *Heb. days
abune days.*

^cPs. 21, 4.

† *Heb. afore
God's ain
face.*

^dPs. 40, 11.
Prov. 20, 28.

A. C. 1048.

* *Headins, &c.*
1 Chron. 25,
1, 3.

^aPs. 33, 20.

^bVerse 6.

^aPs. 42, 2; 84, 2; 143, 6.

⁺Heb. *want-in waitir*.

[†]Heb. *that I might see ye, &c.*

^b1 Sam. 4, 21.

¹Chron. 16, 11.

^{Ps.} 78, 61.

^cPs. 30, 5.

^aPs. 42, 8;

119, 55;

149, 5.

[†]Heb. *in my wakenin*.

^cPs. 61, 4.

[§]Light shed o' simmer cluds, like feddirs on the lift.

⁺Heb. *it hauds me up, like a staff.*

^{||}or, *gang till hits*: ferst till be sned wi' the swurd, syne till be gien to foxes.

[†]Deut. 6, 13; Isai. 45, 23; 65, 16.

^{Zeph.} 1, 5.

O GOD, ye are God o' my ain; wi' the glintin I sought yersel:

^amy saul, it maun win till thee; my bouk, it clings for yerlane; in a dry drowthy lan', [†]whar nae watirs be:

2 [†]Till see ye again i' yer halie howff; till leuk on yer might an' yer gloiry *syne*.^b

3 ^cFor yer gudeness *is* mair nor life, my lips sal gie laud till thee:

4 Sae blythe maun I bid thee, ay while I live; my loov's I maun lift till that name o' thine.

5 As *wi'* creesh an' *wi'* talch, sal my saul be sta't; an' *wi'* liltin lips sal my mouthe gang free:

6 ^dWhan I think o' yersel on my bed o' *dule*; [†]whan I wauken at night, I sal mind on thee.

7 For ye'veen a stoop till mysel; ^ei' the *§*scaum o' yer wings I sal lilt an' laud.

8 My saul, it hauds eftir ye close; yer right han', till me it's a gad.[†]

9 Bot, my life wha wad herry till dead, lat them gang till yirth's laighest line:

10 Lat them *||*stoit on the nieve o' the swurd; an' be glaum for the foxes *syne*.

11 Bot the king sal be blythe in God; ^fa' that swear by him, fu' blythe sal they be: sae the gab sal be steekit *for ay*, o' them wha can yammir a lie.

PSALM LXIV.

The hame-come o' lies an' ill-willin, on the lean ill-willer himsel.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

HEARKEN, O God, till the sugh o' my sighan; frae dread o' the fae, haud atowre my life.

2 Hap me fu' lown frae the whush o' ill-doers; frae the dinsome thrang o' wha wark mischieff:

3 ^aWha whatt their tongues like

a swurd, *wha* *||*straik out their bolts o' canker'd crack:

4 Till hit the aefauld, in some canny neuk; they hit him fu' snell, an' they dread nae wrack.

5 ^bThey stoop themselfs weel *wi'* the word o' ill; they claiver o' settin girns: *||*Wha sal leuk for them syne? they threep.

6 They ripe out mischieff wi' a will; [†]they ripe an' they ripe, till they're dune. O gin the benmaist neuk, an' heart o' ilk ane, be-na deep!

7 ^cBot God sal sen' them a shaft; fu' snell sal their blaudin be:

8 Their ain tongue, they sal bring on themselfs; ^dwha sees them, ilk ane, they sal flee.

9 An' ^etik mither's-son sal dread, an' God's ain wark they sal tell: na, 'the wark o' his *han'* they sal heed.[§]

10 Lat the righteous be blythe i' the LORD, an' lippen fu' lang till himsel; an' lat a' that are single in heart gie laud wi' a liltin-spell.^f

PSALM LXV.

Nae liltin o' laud at Zioun an God be na thar: na'rest till him, maun be blythest; but his gude-will's at-owre us a': the yirth hersel's fu' fain at his comin.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt an' sang o' David's.

THAR'S a whush for yersel, O God, i' the liltin o' laud at Zioun; till yersel sal the tryst be made-guid:

2 Till yersel, wha can hearken prayer, ^aa' flesh be till airt its road.

3 [†]Words wi' a faut, are owre mony for me; our deeds wi' a faut, ye sal dicht them by.

4 ^bBlythe *abune a'* maun he be, ye wale an' tak hame wi' yersel; he sal bide i' yer fauld's sae fine: ^cbot

^{||}or, *stent*, for *schutin*.

^bProv. 1, 11.

^{||}or, *wha sal see them?*

[†]Heb. *they mak an end to ripe out, wi' ripan*.

^cPs. 7, 12, 13.

^dPs. 31, 11; 52, 6.

[†]Heb. *a' man*

^cPs. 40, 3.

[§]That is, they sal ken brawly it's his ain wark, an' no anither's.

^fPs. 32, 11; 58, 10.

^aIsai. 66, 23.

⁺Heb. *words; o' wurang; or, ill-set words.*

^bPs. 33, 12; 84, 4. Ane, like the Heigh Priest, maun gang ben; bot the lave sal be weel ser't.

^cPs. 36, 8

^aPs. 11, 2; 57, 4.

	we sal be stegh't wi' the gude o' yer houss, that halie biggen o' thine.	feck o' yer might, sal ill-willers o' thine lout like liears afore ye.	
	5 Sair winners, O God, our heal-ha'din, in right ye hae gar'd us ken; tryste till a' ends o' the yirth, an' till them owre the sea that fen:	4 ^b Lout till yersel, sal a' the yirth: loud till yersel sal they lilt; they sal lilt <i>till</i> yer name fu' cheerie: Selah.	^b Ps. 67, 3.
^d Ps. 93, 1.	6 Rightin the hills in his strenth, ^d graith't wi' nae end o' might:	5 ^c Here-awa syne, see the warks o' God; sae dread a' he does till the bairns o' yird:	^c Ps. 46, 8.
^e Ps. 89, 9; 107, 29.	7 ^e Whushin the sugh o' the fludes, the sugh o' their waves, an' the peopill's sigh. ^f	6 ^d He swapit the sea for a bawk o' san'; ^e on fit, they gaed owre the tide: fu' blythe in himsel war we than.†	^d Exod. 14, 21. ^e Josh. 3, 14.
^f Ps. 76, 10. Isai. 17, 12, 13.	8 An' the dwellers on yonder-maist-yird, are fleyed at the trysts ye sen': the outgang o' mornin, <i>the hame-come</i> o' night, ye mak them <i>baith</i> liltin fain. §	7 He hauds ay a heigh han' o' his ain; ^f his een skance atowre on the hethen: lat-na thrawart-loons, that wad fain rebel, mak owre heigh o' themsel: Selah.	† Heb. <i>thar</i> ^f Ps. 11, 4.
§ Far-af folk, baith east an' wast, hae a visit frae God i' their turn.	9 Ye win till the yirth, ^g an' ye drook it; ye seep it fu' saft wi' the † spring-tide o' God: ye lucken their corn i' the growin, whan sae ye hae ready'd the road.	8 Blythe-bid our ain God, O a' ye folk, an' the sugh o' his praise lat them hearken:	
^g Ps. 36, 8; 68, 9, 10; 104, 13.	10 Her furs ye swak wi' a spate-fu'; ye sloken her rigs wi' showers; her braird ye bring blythely awa.	9 Wha hauds ay our life in † livan rife; an' tholes-na our fit till stacher.	† Heb. <i>in lives</i> .
† Heb. <i>rowan</i> <i>wa'ir</i> <i>wi'</i> a <i>spate</i> : Ps. 46, 4.	11 Sae the year ye hae crown'd wi' yer gudeness; an' yer roun-gaens dreep rowth as they gang: §	10 ^g For ye kent us fu' brawlie, O God; ^h ye tried us as siller is tried:	^g Ps. 17, 3. Isai. 48, 10. ^h Zech. 13, 9.
§ That is, frae seed-time till hairst, an' frae winter till simmer, roun.	12 They dreep <i>on</i> the bawks i' the wustlan'; an' the knowes, they are graithit wi' sang:	11 Ye fankit us roun wi' the net; ye pat graith on our lisk like a snude:†	† Heb. <i>hard</i> <i>haudin</i> <i>graith</i> .
† Heb. <i>flocks</i> o' <i>se</i> .	13 The lea's, they are happit wi' † fleeshes; ^h an' the howes, they are theekit wi' corn: they skreigh wi' content o' pleasance; na, wi' joye they're a' liltin thrang.‡	12 ⁱ Carls on our croun ye gar'd ride; ^k we gaed e'en through the fire an' the flude: bot ye brought us till rowthe o' gude.†	ⁱ Isai. 51, 23. ^k Isai. 43, 2.
^b Isai. 55, 12.		13 ⁱ I sal ben till yer houss wi' bleezan gifts; ^m my trysts I maun redd wi' thee:	† Heb. <i>till</i> <i>weel</i> <i>wa-tir</i> <i>d</i> , or <i>fudit</i> <i>lan</i> '. ^j Ps. 100, 4. ^m Eccles. 5, 4.
‡ It maks ane fain, till think on't.		14 What my lips they cam out wi', my ain mouthe spak, whan dule it was sair on me.	
		15 Hansels o' guid I sal heise, wi' the talch o' tups, till thee: o' † knowte an' o' gaits <i>till yersel</i> , sal I mak ane offran free: Selah.	† Heb. <i>knowte</i> <i>wi'</i> <i>gaits</i> .
		16 ⁿ Here-awa <i>syne</i> , an' hearken ye; I sal tell yo, ilk ane wha has dread o' God, what he for my saul has dune:	ⁿ Ps. 34, 11.

PSALM LXVI.

A lilt i' the name o' Jakob's folk, an they kent weel how till lilt it.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

LILT wi' a sugh till God, O a' the yirth:

2 Lilt loud till his name the weight o' its fame; gie himsel a' the weight o' his glory.

3 Quo' ye until God, How awesome in warks o' yer ain! ^a I the

^a Ps. 18, 44.

|| or, in place
o' my tongue.

* Prov. 28, 9.
Isai. 1, 15.
John 9, 31.
James 4, 3.

17 I cry't till himlane wi' my
mouthe; an' his gree was ||aneth
my tongue.

18 *Gin I leuk like mischieff i' my
heart, the LORD wad ne'er hearken
ava' :

19 Bot God surely hearken'd my-
sel; he tentit the sugh o' my ca'.

20 Blythe, blythe may God be;
wha †thol'd ay my bidden wi' him,
an' ne'er took his gude frae me!

PSALM LXVII.

*A lilt o' laud for nieborly folk, till the
God that hauds a' fu' nieborlie.*

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth:*
ane heigh-lilt an' kirk-sang.

GOD be gude till us; aye, an'
be kind till us; *glint his face
on us: Selah.

2 That yer gate may be kent on
the yirth; an' yer health amang a'
the hethen.

3 ^bLat the folk gie ye laud, O
God; lat the folk gie ye laud, the
hail o' them.

4 Lat nieborly kins be blythe an'
lilt: 'for the folk ye sal right i' the
gate *that* 's straught; an' the kins i'
the lan', ye sal niebor them: Selah.

5 Lat the folk gie ye laud, O God;
lat the folk gie ye laud, the hail o'
them.

6 ^dHer outcome the yirth sal mak
guid; an' God, our ain God, sal
blythe-bid us:

7 God, he sal blythe-bid oursels;
an' a' ends o' the yirth sal be fley'd
o' him!

PSALM LXVIII.

*The story o' Jakob's folk whan God
brought them out frae thral, wi'
mony a lilt o' laud for his wonner-
warks than; ettled, aiblins, for the
fittin o' the ark by David.*

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-
lilt o' David's, an' a sang.

GOD ^asal win up; his faes sal
be skail'd; an' his haters
†afore him sal flee.

2 ^bAs the reek blaws owre, ye sal
ding *them* by: 'as wax i' the lowe
gaes awa'; *sae* fast, afore the face o'
God, the warkers o' wrang sal fa'.

3 ^dBot the righteous sal *ay* be
blythe; they sal lowp afore him fu'
fain: na, wi' vera blytheheid they
sal sten'.

4 'Sing ye till God, sing a sang
till his name: 'uphaud wha rides
on the croun o' the lift, *by* that
name o' his ain, by JAH; be blythe
afore him an' a'.

5 ^eFaither o' faitherless folk, an'
righter o' widows *forby*, is God in
his ain halie howff.

6 ^hGod gars the nieborless dwell
at hame; ⁱhe lows the thirl out o'
ban'; ^kbot thrawart loons get leave
till bide, *whar they are*, in a drowthy
lan'.

7 O God, ^lwhan ye fuhred afore
yer folk; whan ye fuhred in the
wustlan': Selah.

8 ^mYirth trimml't hersel; na, the
lifts afore God, they war skailin:
yon Sinai *sheuk* afore God, the God
o' Israel 's *walin*.

9 ⁿYe toom't out a gush o' gude-
will, O God; yer heritage syne, *sae*
uncolie gane, ye stoopit it *ay* frae
failin.

10 That thrang o' yer ain couth
fen i' the same; ^ofrae yer gudeness,
O God, rowth ye made-guid till
the puir^{est}.

11 The Laird ||o' the warl' gied the
word; ane unco gath'ran †soundit.

12 ^pKings o' companies fled out-
right,† an' the hame-keeper pairtit
the riev^{an}.

13 Tho' ye had lien i' yer ain pat-

^a Num. 10, 35

† Heb. *frae*
his face.

^b Isai. 9, 18.
Hos. 13, 3.

^c Ps. 97, 5.
Mic. 1, 4.

^d Ps. 32, 11.

^e Ps. 66, 4.
† Deut. 33, 26.
Verse 33.

^f Ps. 10, 14,
18; 146, 9.

^g 1 Sam. 2, 5.
Ps. 113, 9.

^h Ps. 107, 10;
146, 7.

ⁱ Ps. 107, 34,
40.

^j Judges 4, 14.

^m Exod. 19,
16, 18.
Judg. 5, 4.
Isai. 64, 1, 3.

ⁿ Deut. 11,
11, 12.

^o Ps. 74, 19.

|| or, o' the
lan': see Ps.
2, 4.

† Heb. o' them
that soundit.

^p Num. 31, 8,
9, 54.

† Heb. they
fled, they fled.

§ The gowden doo wi' siller wings, a battle flag. Tho' God's folk had ne'er steer'd frae the neuk, God an' the doo cou'd ding a' afore them; an' God dang kings that 'ippen'd till the doo, whan his ain folk war hidin. Our Inglis wrangs the hail o' this.

¶ Num. 21, 3.

¶ Ps. 114, 4, 6.

¶ Ps. 87, 1; 132, 13, 14.

¶ Deut. 33, 2. 2 Kings 6, 16, 17. Dan. 7, 10. Rev. 9, 16.

¶ Or, in the haliness; or, halie place.

¶ Eph. 4, 8.

¶ Judg. 5, 12.

¶ Or, thirl'd the hame-corners.

¶ Ps. 78, 60.

¶ Deut. 32, 39. Rev. 1, 18; 20, 1.

¶ Ps. 110, 6. Hab. 3, 13.

¶ Num. 21, 33.

¶ Exod. 14, 22.

¶ Ps. 58, 10.

¶ 1 Kings 21, 19.

¶ 1 Chron. 13, 8; 15, 16. Ps. 47, 5.

¶ Or, tangers.

¶ Heb. timbrellin; or, tambourin.

neuk; § the wings o' the doo wi' siller dight, an' her feddirs wi' gowden sheen, *was eneugh*:

14 ¶ Whan Almighty dang kings wi' her *wings*, scho was brighter nor snaw on Salmon.

15 The height o' God, it *was* Bashan height; a heigh amang heights *was* Bashan.

16 ¶ Whatfor lowp ye, ye haughty hills? 'This *is* the hill it likes God still, till dwell in: na, the LORD himsel evir mair ettles it, for his hallan.

17 ¶ God's sleds o' war twenty thousan are; thousans on thousans; the LORD, *as* on Sinai, || a' by himlane, amang them.

18 ¶ Ye hae skail'd the height; ¶ ye hae bun' the ban'; || ye taen hansels on man—aye, the rebel clan; * till haud God the LORD *amang* them.

19 Blythe, blythe be the LORD, the day lang; wha wearies us ay *wi' his blessin*: a God like himsel *is* our ain heal-ha'din: Selah.

20 A God fu' mighty 's this God o' our ain; Salvatioun's God: ¶ an' wi' him *that 's* baith LORD an' Laird, are the outgates frae death *till his peopil*.

21 ¶ Bot God sal ding his ill-willers' croun, an' the hairy scaup o' the man that gangs on, i' *the gate* o' his ain ill-doens.

22 Quo' the LORD, ¶ I maun fesh frae Bashan; ¶ frae the howes o' the sea, I 'se fesh hame:

23 ¶ That yer feet ye might weet, i' the blude o' yer faes; ¶ the tongue o' yer dogs, i' the same.

24 Yer gates, O God, they hae seen; the gates o' my God, o' my King, i' that howff o' his ain sae halie:

25 ¶ Ferst gaed the lilters, syne the ||sang-tilters; the lasses † wi' timbrels atween.

26 O bless ye God, i' the thrang o' the kirks; the LORD, *a' ye wha 's* frae Israel spring. ||

27 Thar *gaed* ¶ young Benjamin, laird o' their ain; princes o' Judah, their council † fine: princes o' Zabalun, princes o' Naphtali *syne*.

28 That God o' yer ain yer strenth sal hain; strenthen, O God, the wark ye hae wrought for ourlane.

29 For that howff o' yer ain, owre Jerus'lem *till be*; ¶ kings o' the folk sal sen' gifts till thee.

30 Wyte the wild brute o' † the bogs; ¶ the thrang o' the knowte, wi' the stirks o' the clans; *till* they lout themselfs a' wi' siller-trokes: ding ye the folk that are fechtan-fain.

31 Gran' eneugh a' frae Ægypt sal come; ¶ Cush, until God, sal † sune rax her han's.

32 Lilt until God, ye kingryks o' yirth; lilt ye fu' loud till the Laird o' the lan': Selah.

33 ¶ Till wha rides, frae langsyne, on the lift o' lifts: Hearken! ¶ he ettles a skreigh, wi' that † ca' o' his ain, sae gran'.

34 Gie the might till himsel, *that 's* God's. His ha'din 's owre Israel heigh; an' his might, *it 's* amang the cluds.

35 ¶ Dreadfu' eneugh, O God, are ye frae yer howffs sae halie. Israel's God himlane, *is the God* that gies strenth, an' might mony feck, till his folk: Blessed be God, ay!

PSALM LXIX.

David, i' the sairest dwaum about the biggen o' God's hous, wytit wi' rievuan an' a' the rest o't, pleans uncolie to God: God sal rax him abune a' siclike, an' his ill-willers a' sal ding ousre.

Till the sang-maister on * Shoshannim: *ane* o' David's.

¶ Deut. 33, 28. Isai. 48, 1. || or, wa't-head o' Israel. § 1 Sam. 9, 21.

† Heb. in purp, or crimson.

b 1 Kings 10, 10, 24, 25. 2 Chron. 32, 23. Ps. 72, 10; 70, 11. Isai. 60, 16, 17.

† Heb. reeds: ettles the wild, outlying folk o' the wustlan', about Babylon. Jer. 51, 32, 33.

¶ Ps. 22, 12.

¶ Ps. 72, 9. Isai. 45, 14. Zeph. 3, 10.

† Heb. rax rinnin.

¶ Ps. 18, 10; 104, 3. Verse 4.

¶ Ps. 29, 3, &c.

† Heb. voice: nae word but ca' in Scots, till niebor't. Voce, frae the Italian, 's but feckless.

¶ Ps. 45, 4.

* Headins, &c. Ps. 45.

^a Verses 2, 14,
15.
Jonah 2, 5.
^b Ps. 40, 2.

^c Ps. 119, 82,
123.

^d John 15, 25.

§ David wad
like ill, his
ain wrang-
doen suld
thraw the
biggen o'
God's houss,
he had sae
sair at heart;
an' has been
wytt wi'
stouthrief
for the same.

^c Ps. 31, 11.
Isai. 53, 3.
John 7, 5.

^f Ps. 119, 139.
John 2, 17.
^g Ps. 89, 50,
51.
Rom. 15, 3.
^b Ps. 35, 13,
14.

[†] Heb. *twi'*
twistin.

[†] 1 Kings 9, 7.

^a Job 30, 9.
Ps. 35, 15; 16.
[†] Heb. *Neginoth*.

[†] Isai. 49, 8;
55, 6.
² Cor. 6, 2.

SAIF me, O God; ^afor the watirs
win hame till the saul.

2 ^b'Am lair't i' the clay sae deep,
nae stanane hae I: I hae won till the
neth-maist flude, an' the spate has
gane owre me braid.

3 'Am forfairn wi' my skreighan;
my hals, it's as dry: 'my een wear
awa, as I wait on my God.

4 Thranger nor hairs on my head,
^dare the folk that ill-will me for
nought; wha gird at me ay, are
mighty; folk that ill-will me for
nought: syne sent I hame, what I
took-na awa. §

5 My folly, O God, ye ken weel
yerlane; an' fauts o' my ain are no
happit frae thee.

6 ^bBot lat nane, for my *faut*, hing
their heads, wha think lang for yer-
sel, O Lord, LORD o' hosts: Lat
nane, O Israel's God, wha seek for
yersel, gang gyte for the sake o'
me.

7 For, for thee I hae tholed the
scorn; schame, it has happit my
face:

8 ^aFrem hae I been till my bre-
ther; no-kent till my ain mither's
sons.

9 ^fFor the kiaugh o' yer houss, it
has glaum'd me up; ^gan' the jeers
o' wha gibet yersel, they *e'en* cam
a' down on me.

10 ^hGin I grat, [†]an' wastit my
life, siclike was a scorn o' my ain:

11 An I cled mysel owre wi' harn,
syne I was a [†]by-word till them:

12 They clavier'd again me, wha
sat i' the yett; ^kwha sweel'd at the
bicker, I *was* their sang-†

13 Bot me, O LORD, my bidden's
yer ain [†]i' the likely time: O God,
i' the feck o' yer gudeness, hearken
me hame; i' the trewth o' heal-
ha'din *that's* thine.

14 Rax me atowre frae the clay,
an' let me nane sink i' *the troch*:

^mfrae my ill-willers ^{a'} lat me gang,
an' eke frae the howe o' the loch.ⁿ

15 Lat-na the spate win atowre
me; an' lat-na the watir-weight
smoor me; nor the heugh steek
her mouthe on me.

16 Hearken me, LORD, for yer
gudeness *is* gude; i' the rowth o'
yer pitie, leuk owre till me.

17 ^aAn' hap-na yer face frae yer
loon *that's* in ban'; whan thar's
stretts at my † yett, fy haste ye, till
hear me.

18 Come in-owre till my saul, rax
her out frae *sic thral*; for my ill-
willers' sake, O wear me!

19 ^hMy scorn ye ken weel, an'
the schame that I *thole*, an' the wyttin
I *dree*; ilk fae that I hae, *they're*
afore ye.

20 *Sic* scorn, it's riv'n my heart:
an' ⁱI weary'd an' pined for a frien'
till 'plean, bot no ane: an' for folk
till speak lown, but fand nane.

21 Poissoun pat they i' my meat;
'an' i' my drowth, they gied me till
drink draegs o' the canker'd wine.

22 'Lat their buird be a girn afore
them; an' their trysts but a net i'
their gate:

23 'Lat their een be smoor'd i' the
mirk, an' their lisks, haud them ay
quaukin:

24 ^uToom out abune them yer
wuth; an' the torne o' yer angir
fang them:

25 ^{*}Wust lat their biggens lye;
an' nae livin bide i' their shielins:

26 For they dang, ^vo' free will,
wham yerlane was dingin; an' till
the stoun o' yer ain woundit folk,
they eke't the fash o' their talkin.†

27 Eke ye ill, till a' ill o' their
ain; ^zan' ne'er lat them ben till yer
rightin:†

28 ^aLat them e'en be dicht out
frae the Buik o' Life, ^ban' nane wi'
the righteous be written.

^m Ps. 144, 7.
ⁿ Verses 1, 2,
15.

^c Ps. 27, 9;
102, 2.

[†] Heb. *myel*.

^f Ps. 22, 6, 7.
Isai. 53, 3.

^g Ps. 142, 4.
Isai. 63, 5.

^h Mat. 27, 34,
48. Mark 15,
23. John 19,
29.

ⁱ Rom. 11, 9,
10.

^j Isai. 6, 9, 10.
John 12, 39.
40.
Rom. 11, 10.

^k 1 Thess. 2,
16.

^l Acts 1, 20.

^m Isai. 53, 4.

[†] Heb. *they*
clavier on to
the sair fash
o' yer ain
woundit
ane; or, wha
ye hae
woundit.

ⁿ Isai. 26, 10.
Rom. 9, 31.

[†] Heb. *right-
ousness, or*
right.

^o Exod. 32,
32.

^p Rev. 13, 8.
^q Ezek. 13, 9.
Luke 10, 20.

29 Bot mylane, sae forfocht'n an' wae, yer heal-ha'din, O God, be my stoop.

30 I sal lilt till God's name wi' a sang; I sal heise him fu' heigh, wi' liltin o' laud:

31 'An' mair till the LORD sal it be, nor a stot, nor a stirk wi' baith horn an' cloot.†

32 'A' lown-livin folk, they sal see; wha spier ay for God, sal be blythe; 'an' the hearts o' ye a' sal thrive.

33 For the LORD he sal hearken the puir; an' his folk in sic thrall, he sal ne'er mislippen.

34 'Lilt till him syne sal the lift an' the lan'; 'the fludes, an' ilk haet that gangs wurblin thro' them.

35 For God sal hand Zioun fu' sikker, an' the towns o' Judah sal big: an' thar sal the folk mak their dwellin, an' sal hand their ain right i' the rig.

36 'An' his thirfolk's ain outcome sal fa' the same; an' a' frien's o' his name, thar sal bide.

PSALM LXX.

A canny plea wi' God, again ill-doers.
Till the sang-maister: *ane* o' David's;
*till keep God in mind.

O GOD, till be skowth to me; LORD, till be stoop to me, haste ye *an' gang*:

2 'Blate an' be-fule'd be they, wha seek the life o' me; hame'ard an' gyte gae they, wha wiss me wrang.

3 'Wha cry Ha, ha! *till me*, fee for their scorn o' me, turn'd bak lat them be:

4 Bot fyke an' be fain in thee, a' wha spier effir thee: an' wha lo'e that health o' thine, ay lat them cry fu' fain, God be on hie!

5 'Bot puir an' forfaim am I, O

God, mak haste to me: strenth o' mine, yett o' mine, ye *are* yerlane; †LORD GOD ALMIGHTY, taigle ye nane!

† Heb. O thou Jehovah.

PSALM LXXI.

David tells a' bow the Lord has guided him; has lauded him loud lang-syne, an' sal laud him ay till be die.

[Wants the headin, altho' it be David's.]

TILL yerlane, O LORD, 'I hae lippen'd; lat me nane hing my head for ay:

2 'In yer righteousness redd me, an' rax me atowre; lout me yer lug fu' laigh, an' wair yer heal-ha'din on me.

3 'Be ye till mysel for a hainin-towir, till win ben to fu' sikkerly ay: ye hae entled till hand me saif; for my craig an' my castel *are* ye.

4 'My God, lat me gang frae the han' o' the wrang; frae the grip o' the goddlowse an' †bluidy carl:

5 For yerlane *are* my tryste, O LORD, my lord; my tryste sen I cam to the warl.†

6 'On yerlane, frae the wame was I flang; frae my mither's bouk ye weise'd me awa;† o' yersel, ay sen syne, 's been my sang.

7 'Like some ferlie was I, till the feck o' the folk;† bot yerlane war my stoop o' strenth:

8 Lat my mouthe be ay filled *wi'* yer laud; *wi'* yer loffheid a' the day lang.

9 'Fling me na by i' the time o' eld; whan my pith wins awa, dinna lea' me till pine.

10 For my ill-willers clavier anent me; wha leuk for my life, they tak thought like ane.

11 God, quo' they, has forlied him: thrang him an' fang him *now*; for till redd him atowre thar's nane.

12 'Be-na far frae mysel, O God; my God, fy haste ye till help me.

A.C. 1023.
Count how often David nam'd him-el an' God theri-ther, an' ken gin be be-na in earnest.

* Ps. 25, 2, 3: 31, 1.

* Ps. 31, 1.

* Ps. 31, 2, 3.

* Ps. 142, 1, 4.

† Heb. wi'/s' wicket.

† Heb. *are* my young days, or youth.

* Ps. 22, 9, 10. Isai. 46, 3.

§ Think ye David was owre same bora! It leuks like; mair nor ance he speaks o't. God's a' braw nurse till his ain.

† Zech. 3, 8.

* Verse 18.

* Ps. 22, 11; 73, 2.

* Ps. 50, 13, 14, 23.

§ Etikes a braw young beast, owre bonie to sell.

* Ps. 34, 2.

* Ps. 22, 26.

* Ps. 96, 11. Isai. 44, 23, 49, 13.

* Isai. 55, 12.

* Ps. 102, 25.

* Ps. 68, head- in. David has pleas o' the kind mair nor ance.

* Ps. 40, 13; 71, 12.

* Ps. 35, 4, 26; 71, 13.

* Ps. 40, 15.

* Ps. 40, 17.

¹ Verse 24.
Ps. 35, 4, 26;
40, 14; 79, 2.

13 'Schame'd *an'* a' glaum'd, be
the faes o' my life; theekit wi' scorn
an' wi' lowe o' the face, be they *a'*
that wad ettle me ill.

14 Bot mysel, ay the mair I sal
bide on thee; *an'* till praise thee,
can ne'er sing my fill.†

15 Yer righteousness, a' the day
lang, my mouthe it sal try till tell;
that health o' yer ain, for the count
o' the same, [†]*it* 's mair than I ken
mysel.

16 I sal fuhre i' the strenth o' the
LORD, my ||Lord; *an'* yer rightous-
ness, nane bot yer ain, I sal ay haud
in guid record.

17 Ye hae taught me, O God,
frae my youth; *an'* yer warks o'
wonner sen-syne, I hae made them
weel-kent enough.

18 'An' now that 'am auld *an'*
grey, O God, mislippen me nane;
till yer might I hae tell'd, till the
folk that are now; †*an'* yer pith,
till a' sal come eftir-hen.

19 "An' yer righteousness, God
sae hie, wha wonners hae wrought:
O God, "what-na *god* sal e'er kythe
like thee!

20 "Yersel, wha hae gar'd me see
stretts mony feck *an'* sair; ye sal
weise me till life †tho' I die; frae
the dreadest howes o' yird, ye sal
e'en †mak me risin-free: §

21 Ye sal double my might *an'*
mair; ye sal graith me a' roun wi'
gude-gree.

22 Syne sal I sing till yersel, †wi'
a' that belongs till the quair; yer
trewth, O my God, I sal tell: wi'
the harp I sal lilt till thee, sae halie
in Israel!

23 My lips sal be fain, whan I
sing till thee; *an'* my life that ye
fee'd frae the dead:

24 An' my tongue the hail day thy
right-rechtin sal tell: [†]for daiver't,
for taiver't are they, wha ettle mis-
chieff till mysel.

PSALM LXXII.

*Nae en' o' wyssheid, an' lofftheid, an'
gudelibeid, an' laud for Solomon: a
fain-hearted faither's bidden for a
braw son's ill to bound.
Ane heigh-lilt: for Solomon.**

WAIR yer rightins, O God,
on the King; *an'* yer right
on the King's ain son:

2 "He sal right-recht yer folk wi'
right; *an'* yer puir anes wi' right-
rechtin, syne.

3 [†]The heights sal bring peace till
the folk; *an'* the knowes intil right-
ousness, than;

4 'He sal right *a'* the puir o' the
folk, *an'* the sons o' the feckless sal
fen'; bot the loon wi' the heavy
han', he sal a' intil slinders sen'.

5 They sal fear thee ay, while the
sun *sal shine*,[†] or the mune †*scharw*
her face; the folk that sal come *an'*
gang.†

6 'He sal fa' like the rain on the
swaith; like the saft dreepin showirs
on the lan'.

7 The righteous, fu' green in his
days sal growe; [†]*an'* peace be enew,
till the mune *i' the lift* sal pine.†§

8 [†]Frae sea till sea sal he ring;
an' eke frae the flude that rowcs,
till the yonder-maist neuks o' the
lan'.

9 [†]Folk that bide i' the drowth,
afore his face sal cour; 'an' a' that
wiss ill till him, they sal lick the
vera stoure.

10 [†]Kings frae Tarshish, *an'* the
isles, till him sal a hansom bring;
kings out o' Sheba *an'* Seba, sal e'en
hae a gift till han'.

11 'No a king, but sal lout till
him; a' the hethen sal thirl till him-
lane:

12 For the feckless that skreighs,
he sal saif;[†] *an'* the puir, and wha
ne'er had a stoop o' his ain:

13 On the weak *an'* forfain he

A. C. 1015.

* The Man o'
peace an'
Quailester.
Leuk Ps. 127
forby. The
biggen o'
God's houss
has been a
lang thought
till David.

† Isai. 11, 2,
3, 4.

† Ps. 85, 10.
Isai. 54, 7.

† Isai. 11, 4.

† Verses 7, 17.
Ps. 89, 30, 37.

† Heb. *afore*
the face o' the
mune.

† Heb. *kith-*
gettin, till
kithgettins.

† 2 Sam. 23, 4.
Ilos. 6, 3.

† Isai. 2, 4.
Dan. 2, 44.
Luke 1, 33.

† Heb. *mune*
sal be nane.

§ Growthy
days *an'*
lown nights
sal he hae.

† Exod. 23, 31.
1 Kings 4, 21,
24.

Ps. 2, 8.

† Ps. 74, 14.

† Isai. 49, 23.
Mic. 7, 17.

† 2 Chron. 9,
21.

Ps. 45, 12;
68, 29.

Isai. 49, 7;
60, 9.

† Isai. 49, 22,
23.

† Job. 29, 12.

† Heb. *sa,*
gang on ay
singin.

† Ps. 40, 5;
139, 17, 18.

† or, *Laird,*
as ye read
whiles

† Verse 9.
This sang, as
ye see, 's
been made
amang the
binnaist
days o'
David.

† Heb. *yer*
arm.

† Ps. 57, 10.

† Ps. 89, 6, 8.

† Ps. 60, 3.

† Heb. *ye sal*
bring me
hame, ye sal
mak me live.

† Heb. *sal*
bring me
hame, sal
mak me rise.

§ N.B. O' this
verse are twa
Hebrew
readins: the
ane gles me,
the ither us.

† Heb. *toi*
sang-gear o'
the harp.

† Verse 13.
He 's haen
an' unco wair
dree a' his
days, wi' ill-
willers; bot
Solomon sal
come abin'
him, *an'* his
heart 's fu'
fain.

* Ps. 116, 15.

§ The pair
man i' the
wustlan' sal
live an' sal
gie till Solo-
mon, &c.;
or, Solomon
sal live, an'
the pair man
ra gie till
him, &c.;
guid politi-
cal economy.

* 1 Kings, 4, 20.

† Corn sal
growe syne
i' the wust-
lan', an' folk
sal thrive i'
the towns;
wys politi-
cal economy.

sal lay fu' light; an' the lives o' the
frienless sal hain.

14 Frae guile an' mischieff he sal
redd their life; * an' their bluid sal
be dear in his sight.

15 Live lang sal he syne, § an' sal
gie till him o' the best o' Sheba's
gowd; evir an' ay for him sal he
pray, an' till him ilka day gie laud.

16 A nieffu' o' corn i' the lan' sal
be, on the head o' the hills *sae toom*:
like Lebanon's sel, its growthe sal
swee; * an' roun the town, like fothir
on yird, they sal blume.†

17 * His name, it sal † stay for evir
an' ay; his name, it sal † win ayont
the sun: † in him sal the folk be
blythe, an' blythe sal they a' bid
himself.

18 * O blythe be the LORD *that 's*
God, the God o' Israel; * wha warks
o' wonner himlane can do.

19 An' blythe be his name sae
gran', a' time that 's to come, unto:
his gloiry fill the hail yirth still;
Amen, an' sae lat it be!

20 The biddens o' David, Jesse's
son, *wi' this lik* they mann endit be. §

* Ps. 89, 36.

† Heb. sal be.

* Heb. sal
broad itself.† Gen. 12, 3;
22, 18.

Jer. 4, 2.

† 1 Chron. 29,
13.

† Ps. 136, 4.

§ This lik
mann hae
been among
the him-
maist, o' its
ain prayerfu'
kin, o'
David's
makin.

[PAIR THREE.]

PSALM LXXIII.

*Ill-doers thrive, an' gang down: God's
folk wi' Himself are fu' town.*
Ane heigh-lilt † o' Asaph's.*

SURELY God till Israel's gude,
till folk wi' a heart *that 's* clean:

2 Bot mysel, my feet maist gaed
awa frae me; my gates, they war
a' but gane.

3 * For I grein'd wi' spite at the
senseless, *whan* I saw the ill-doers
thrive:

4 For nae ban's at their death *hae*
they; an' their fusion 's ay gude be-
lyve.

5 I' the care o' the carl they hae
nae fash; nor they're ne'er i' the
cotton's plight: §

6 Syne pride like a girth, it sweels
them about; an' stouthrief, it cleeds
them tight.

7 * Their een, they stan' out wi'
creesh; they hae mair nor the
thoughts o' the heart:

8 They're lowse, * an' they claiver
o' schamous wrang; they claiver wi'
heads fu' heigh:

9 They rax their mouthe till the
lift; an' their tongue, it gangs yont
the yird:

10 Syne his folk, they come hame
as they gaed; an' watirs, the fu' o'
a caup, are toom'd out till them *wi'*
a sigh. §

11 An' quo' they, * Can God ken
ought? Is thar sense i' the Heighest
ava'?

12 Are-na thae the ill-doers that
thrive; an' double their gear an' a'?

13 * Than, for nought I hae clean'd
my heart, * an' in saiklessness sined
my han's:

14 An' ilka day lang I 'been fash'd
like a fule; an' tho'd ilka mornin'
in ban's!

15 Gin I said I wad say siclike, I
suld wrang the hail kith o' yer kin:

16 * Bot siclike whan I thought
till ken, * *twas* the sairest fash o' my
een:

17 Till ance I wan ben till God's
halie howff; I could think on their
hinmaist, *syne*.

18 * Surely ye set them on slidd'ry

§ They greet
mair nor a
caup-fu', wi'
angr.

† Job 22, 13.
Ps. 10, 11;
94, 7.

† Job 21, 15;
34, 9; 35, 3;
Mal. 3, 14.
† Ps. 26, 6.

† Eccles. 8, 17.

* Ps. 35, 6.

† or, for
Asaph.
* Ps. 50

* Job 21, 7.
Ps. 27, 1.
Jer. 12, 1

§ Ettles care
o' the heigh,
an' plight o'
the laigh:
Ps. 49, 2.

* Job 15, 27.
Ps. 17, 10;
119, 70.

* Hos. 7, 16.

gates; ye dang them aneth intil ruins:

19 Syne how are they *brought*, like a blink, till nought; an' fin' their ain end wi' sic grewins!

20 'Like a dream i' the wauk'nin, O LORD; whan ye wauken, their wraith ye sal slight!

21 Sae, my heart it wrought unco sair; an' I thol'd a snell stoun' i' my lisk:

22 *For mysel, I was senseless an' wantit wit; I was *ane* o' the beiss, i' yer sight.†

23 Bot ay, 'am mylane wi' thee; by my ain right han' ye hae held me:

24 Wi' counsel o' thine, ye sal wear me kin'; an' syne *intil* gloiry help me.

25 O wha sal be mine i' the lift? an' ane by yerlane, upon yirth, I seek nevir:

26 'My bouk an' my heart may gae wa'; *bot* the †strenth o' my heart an' my ha', *is* ay God himlane for evir!^m

27 For ye ken, they maun die wha bide far frae thee; wi' a clour ye can fell them a', wha gang till 'n play lowse frae yersel:

28 Bot mylane, till win hame to God *is* the feck o' a' gude till me: my tryste I hae set on the Lord *that's* LORD, that yer wonner-warks a' I might tell.

PSALM LXXIV.

A lilt o' dule for the waste o' the lan'; an' a plea wi' God, on a' he has tholed an' on a' he has dune, till win hame an' upbaid his ain.

*Maschil o' Asaph's.¶

WHATFOR, O God, hae ye dang us atowre? Maun yer wuth ay reek, 'on the sheep o' yer lan' for evir?

2 Hae min' o' yer kirk, ^bye coft lang-syne: 'the stok o' yer ha'din,

ye fee'd; Mount-Zioun hersel, whar ye bade.

3 O lift up yer feet on †the weary wust; a' the ill the ill-willer's dune, i' the halidom.

4 ^dYer faes haud a sugh i' the mids o' yer kirks; 'trysts o' their ain, they mak trysts *for* God.

5 *A* man was kent, as he rax't fu' heigh †an aix on the tanglet tree:

6 ^fBot now a' her †bawks they ding till bits, at ance wi' mattocks an' mells.

7 They hae flang i' the lowe that howf o' yer ain; ^hthey hae filed wi' stoure on the yird, the neuk whar yer name suld bide.

8 Quo' they to themsel, Lat's ding them a': they hae brunt a' God's kirks i' the lan'.

9 'Trysts o' our ain, we see nae mair; 'no a seer's till the fore; nor ane o' oursels that kens, *or can tell*, how lang!

10 How lang, O God, sal the enemie sneer? that name o' yer ain, sal the ill-willer slight for evir?

11 *Whatfor haud ye bak yer han'? yer ain right han'? Rax but frae aneth yer bosom!

12 'For God *was* my King lang-syne; warkin heal-ha'din in mids o' the yirth.

13 ^mYe synder'd the sea wi' yer might; ⁿye flinder'd the heads o' the †beiss i' the watirs:

14 Yerlane dang leviathan's heads in bits; § ye gied him for meat, till the folk i' the wustlan'.^o

15 Yerlane ^popen'd fountain an' flude; ^qye slakket awa the strick-rowin watirs.

16 Yer ain *is* the day, an' yer ain *is* the night; 'the light an' †light-bringer, ye ettled them baith.

17 The bounds o' the yirth, ye hae settled them a'; 'simmer an' winter, ye made them.

† Heb. *was-ins wi' nae end*.

^d Lam. 2, 7.

^e Mat. 24, 24.
^f 2 Thess. 2, 9.

† Heb. *sixes*
^f 1 Kings 6, 18, 29, 32, 35.

† Heb. *open warks*; bot no till Solomon's day.

^g 2 Kings 25, 9.

^h Ps. 89, 39.

ⁱ 1 Sam. 3, 1.
Amos 8, 11.

^k Lam. 2, 3.

^l Ps. 44, 4.

^m Exod. 14, 21.

ⁿ Isai. 51, 9, 10.
Ezek. 29, 3;
32, 2.

|| or, *whales*: crocodiles an' a' the lave, without doubt.

§ God dang the Egyptians, an' flang their bodies up on the shore.

^o Ps. 72, 9.

^p Exod. 17, 5.
Num. 20, 11.
Ps. 105, 41.
Isai. 48, 21.

^q Jos. 3, 13, &c.

^r Gen. 1, 14, &c.

† Heb. *the sun*.

^s Gen. 8, 22.

¹ Job 20, 8.
Ps. 90, 5.

^a Ps. 92, 6.
Prov. 30, 2.

† Heb. *wi' thee*.

^c Ps. 84, 2;
119, 81.

† Heb. *sticve*
raig.

^m Ps. 16, 5.

ⁿ Exod. 34, 15.
Num. 15, 39.
James 4, 4.

* *Headins*, &c.
|| or, *for Asaph*. Ps. 78.

^a Ps. 95, 7;
100, 3.

^b Deut. 9, 29.

^c Deut. 32, 9.
Jer. 10, 16.

[†] Verse 22.
Rev. 16, 19.

[†] Sang 2, 14.

[†] Heb. *the thrang.*

[†] Ps. 68, 10.

[†] Gen. 17, 7.
Jer. 33, 21.

[†] Verse 18.
Ps. 89, 51.

[†] Headins, &c.
Ps. 57.

[†] or, *for*
Asaph.

[†] Heb. *kirk,*
or fair,
or stated gath'-
ran.

[†] Heb. *dinna*
play the fute.

[†] Zech. 1, 21.

[†] Heb. *frae*
the warristlan'.

[†] Ps. 50, 6;
58, 11.

[†] or, *lays*
ane laigh,
an' sets
ane heigh.

18 'Hae min' how the ill-willer jeers, O LORD; an' folk that are fules, how they scorn yer name.

19 Gie nane to the *ill-deedie* thrang, 'the life o' yer turtle-doo; † the feck o' yer ain, sae forfain, forget-na for evir an' ay. ^v

20 *Hae min' o' the tryst *ye made*; for the neuks o' the yirth sae mirk, wi' the biggens o' stouthrief are fu'.

21 O send-na the feckless hame wi' scorn; lat the puir an' the faitherless laud yer name.

22 Fy up, O God, an' plea yer ain plea; 'hae min' how the witless loon jeers at yersel, day an' daily.

23 Forget-na the sugh o' yer faes; for the steer o' them that wad steer again thee, it 'll rax owre *the lave o' us* haillie.

PSALM LXXV.

A plea wi' fule-folk wastin God's warl', till be wyss, an they wad-na thole wytin at his ain han'.

Till the sang-maister: *Al-Taschith: ane heigh-lilt, *or* sang, || o' Asaph's.

THANKS, O God, gie we till thee, thanks gie we *till yersel*; for the warks o' wonner ye *wair on us*, that yer name's comin hame they tell.

2 An I tak the † thrang in han', right-rechtins mylane I sal gie.

3 The lan' an' her folk are thowan awa; I maun steady her stoops mysel: Selah.

4 Quo' I till the fules, † Will ye no be wyss? an' till warkers o' wrang,

*Rax-na the horn on hie:

5 O rax-na yer horn sae heigh owre a'; an' speak-na wi' *neuk* sae stieve:

6 For neither frae east, nor frae wast, nor † frae southe, *comes* right till hand the gree:

7 ^b Bot God sal be richter; | him-

lane lays laigh, an' himlane 's *wha* can set on hie.^c

8 For a caup 's 'i' the han' o' the LORD; an' the wine it 's fu' red, an' † it 's a' owre-hede: ^c he sal toom frae the same; bot its shairins *syne*, a' ill-doers on yirth, they sal pingle *them* out, an' sal drink.

9 Bot mysel, I sal ay say on; I sal lilt till Jakob's God.

10 ^f A' horns o' ill-doers I'll sned forby: ^s bot the horns o' the right sal stan' heigh.

PSALM LXXVI.

God, whan he gangs till the stour, can do mair nor ane host o' weir.

Till the sang-maister on Neginoth: * ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

WEEL-KENT intil Judah is God; his name 's intil Israel gran':^a

2 Intil Salem 's his howff forby; an' on Zioun, his shielin *stan's*.

3 ^b Yonder dang he † the lowan flight-flanes: the shield, an' the swurd, an' the tuiizie: Selah.

4 O brighter *are ye* yerlane; 'sterker nor heights o' spulzie.

5 ^d The stieve in heart are herry'd an' dune; 'they sleepit their sleep outright: no ane o' them a' their han's cou'd fin', *that war* sic carls o' might.

6 ^f At thy snell wytin, O Jakob's God, baith heigh-sled an' horse war smoor'd.

7 Yersel, yersel, *alane* maun be fear'd; an' wha can thole afore yer face, ane ance yer angir lowes?

8 ^s Frae the lift ye gar'd right be heard; ^b the yirth, scho quaukit an' whush'd:

9 † Whan *ye* raise till the rightin, O God; till hain a' the lown on the lan': Selah.

10 ⁱ Surely the angir o' man, *itsel* sal gie laud till thee; the owrecome

^c 1 Sam. 2, 7.
Dan. 2, 21.

^d Job 21, 20.
Ps. 60, 3.
Jer. 25, 15.
Rev. 14, 10;
16, 19.

^f Heb. *fu' o' a mixing*; *ettle*, *drumlie*, *or* *drug*.

^e Prov. 23, 30.

^f Ps. 101, 8.
Jer. 48, 25.

^s Ps. 89, 17;
148, 14.

^{*} Headins, &c

[†] or, *for*
Asaph.

^a Ps. 48, 1, &c

^b Ps. 46, 9.
Ezek. 39, 9

[†] Heb. *the blessed shafts*
o' the bow.

^c Ezek. 38, 12;
13; 39, 4.

^d Isai. 46, 12.

^e Ps. 13, 3.
Jer. 51, 39.

^f Exod. 15, 1,
21.

^s Ezek. 39, 20.
Nah. 2, 13.
Zech. 12, 4.

^a Ps. 53, 2, 5.
^b 2 Chron. 20,
29.

[†] Heb. *in the ruin*
till right, God.

ⁱ Exod. 9, 16;
18, 11.
Ps. 65, 7.

o' wuth *like his ain*, ye sal e'en haud it tight in ban'.

11 ^aTryst ye an' pay, till the LORD your God; hansels till wha suld be fear'd, 'fesh a' that about him be.

12 He steeks aff the breath o' the foremaist: ^adreid-eneugh, till kings o' the yirth, *is he*.

PSALM LXXVII

Ane unco sair warsle wi' dule an' sorrow: God's kindness canna be gane: for his wonner-warks o' gude are ayont the flude.

Till the sang-maister; till Jeduthun: ^aane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

I SKREIGHT' until God, till I roopit; I skreight' until God, an' he hearken'd till me.

2 I' the day o' my fash, I sought till the LORD; my han' rax't atowre i' the night, an' it quat-na: my saul wad thole nae remede.

3 I minded on God, an' I warsle'd; I sighet fu' sair, an' my spreit was dang throwither: Selah.

4 My een, ye haud them ay waukin; 'am sae daiver'd, I speak-na ae word.

5 ^aThen I thought on the days o' lang-syne; the years o' sae mony byganes:

6 I thought owre my sangs i' the night; ^bI croon'd wi' my heart by its lane, an' my spreit spierit uncolie hame:

7 Will the LORD cast awa for evir? an' ne'er rax his pitie mair?

8 Quat has his kindness for evir? will *his* word wear awa, †whiles folk are?

9 Has God nae mair thought o' rewin? Has he steekit his pitie in pine? Selah.

10 Syne quo' I, This is a' my ain weakness; *no* the years o' the Heighest's right han'! §

11 I suld think on the warks o' the LORD; for I min' o' yer wonners lang-syne:

12 Na, I sigh owre ilk wark o' yer ain; an' I croon on yer deeds wi' a sang.

13 'Yer gate, O God, 's by its-lane; ^awhat-na God 's like *our ain* God ava?

14 Yerlane are the God a wonner can do; yer strenth ye made kent amang peopill a'.

15 'Wi' an arm, ye brought hame yer ain folk; the bairns o' Jakob an' Joseph: Selah.

16 ^sThe watirs, they saw thee, O God; the watirs, they saw thee an' grue'd; they war steer'd, aye, *their* laigest neuks.

17 The cluds, they toom'd owre *wi'* a spate; the lift gied a sraigh athort; an' thae flanes o' yer ain, how they gaed!

18 The reel o' yer thunner *was* †roun; ^syer lightnins, they daizl'd the warl'; the yirth, scho trimml't an' sheuk.

19 ^aYer gate, it *was* ben i' the sea; yer roddins in mony a flude; bot yer fitsteds, they ne'er war knawn.

20 'Ye weisit yer folk like a flock, by Moyses an' Aaron's han'.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

The story o' God's folk an' their hame-comin; how they thraw'd, an' war dang wi' God; their wastin an' their qualin: ane o' the grandest sughs o' lang-syne.

*Maschil o' Asaph's. ||

HEARKEN, my folk, *till* my bidden; lout yer lugs till the words o' my mouthe:

2 ^aMy mouthe I sal rax wi' wyss redin; frae lang-syne, I sal tell yo †the sugh:

3 ^bWhat we hae *a'* hearken'd, an'

^cPs. 73, 17.

^dExod. 15, 11.

^eExod. 6, 6

^fExod. 14, 21.
Ps. 114, 3.
Hab. 3, 2, &c.

† Heb. in the
roun, or
circle o' the
lift, as thun-
ner oft'nest
gangs.

^gPs. 97, 4.

^hHab. 3, 1.
Exod. 14, 28

ⁱPs. 78, 52.
Hos. 12, 13

*Headins, &c.

† or, for
Ataph. Ps. 74.

§ Tak
tent how
wyssly the
sugh o' the
story gangs
on.

^aPs. 49, 4.
Mat. 13, 35.

† Heb. happit-
stories.

^bPs. 44, 1.

^aEccles. 5, 4.
5, 6.

^b2 Chron. 32,
22, 23.
Ps. 68, 29;
89, 7.
^cPs. 68, 35.

*Headins, &c.
Ps. 62.

† or, for
Ataph.

§ Agran',
lown, eerie
sugh has this
sang o' Asa-
ph's—an' it
be his ain.
Mony a
far-raxin
thought
comes ben i'
the makar's
head, when
he lyes
waukin.

^aPs. 143, 5.
Isa. 51, 9.

^bPs. 4, 4.

† Heb. till
hith-gettin
an' hith-
gettin.

§ Lay
by the like o'
this in yer
mind: nae
truer
thought 's in
write.

	ken'd o'; an' our faithers hae tell'd till oursel.	18 'An' they temptit God sair i' their hearts; for their life-sake, till cry for victual to han'.	#Exod. 16, 2.
'Deut. 4, 6; Joel 1, 3.	4 'An' we maun-na hide frae their bairns; tellin' a' till the folk that 's to come, †the praise o' the LORD an' his strenth; an' the wonners he wrought himlane.	19 Na, 'they yammir'd on God; an' quo' they, Will God man a buird i' the wust?	*Num. 11, 14.
† Heb. <i>the praises</i> .	5 'For he ettled a bidden in Jakob, an' settled a tryst in Israel; whilk he gied our faithers in keepin, 'siclike till their weans to tell:	20 'He dang the craig, as we ken, an' watirs cam rowin awa, an' spates they cam but wi' a bock: will he man till gie bread forbye? or ettles he flesch for his folk?	*Exod. 17, 6. Num. 20, 11.
*Ps. 147, 19.	6 'That the folk for till come they might ken <i>them</i> ; an' bairns to be born suld win up, an' tell <i>them</i> to bairns o' their ain:	21 Syne hearken'd the LORD, an' 'was fash't; syne wuth it was kenle'd on Jakob, an' lowe it wan up on Isra'l:	*Num. 11, 1, 10.
'Deut. 4, 9; 6, 7; 11, 19.	7 That their tryste <i>ay</i> on God they might lippen; an' forget-na the doens o' God, but waird weel his biddens <i>ilk ane</i> :	22 For they lippen'd them nane ontill God; nor trysted his ha'din sae heal:	
/Ps. 102, 18.	8 An' be nane like their faithers, 'a reistin an' thrawart kin; a kin never †right i' their heart, 'nor aefauld wi' God i' their mind.	23 Tho' the cluds he had tell'd frae abune; 'an' the yetts o' the lift he unsteekit:	*Gen. 7, 11. Mal. 3, 10.
#Exod. 32, 9; 33, 3; 34, 9. Deut. 9, 6; 13, 31, 27.	9 <i>Sic-like</i> war the lads o' Ephraim: weel dight an' a' †wi' <i>their</i> bows, they turn'd i' the day o' weir:	24 'An' toom'd down atowre them manna till eat; an' corn o' the lift till them streekit.	*Exod. 16, 4. Ps. 105, 40. John 6, 31. 1 Cor. 10, 3.
† Heb. <i>ready</i> .	10 They bade-na the tryst o' God, nor tho'd in his bidden till steer.‡	25 Bread o' the brightest ilk carl cou'd pree; he airtit their gate the fou o' <i>sic</i> victual.	§ <i>For, ilks ane cou'd eat bread o' the mighty ane.</i> Ps. 103, 20.
*Verse 37.	11 His doens an' a' they forgat, an' his wonners he loot them see:	26 <i>Syne</i> 'he wauken'd the east win' aneth the lift; an' steer'd on the southe wi' his mighty ettle:	*Num. 11, 31.
† Heb. <i>lan' o' Misraim</i> : siclike a' through.	12 Siccan a wark, i' their faithers' sight, he wrought intil †Ægyp-lan', an' eke 'ontill Zoan lea'.	27 An' toom'd out abune them flesche like stoure; an' like san' o' the sea, the feather'd-flie:	
*Num. 13, 22. Isai. 19, 11, 13. Ezek. 30, 14.	13 'He synder'd the sea, an' he fuhre'd them owre; 'he dykit the fludes like a knowe:	28 An' drappit <i>it</i> laigh in mids o' their thrang; a' roun about, by the side o' their shielins.	
*Exod. 14, 21.	14 'He airtit them ay wi' a clud by day; an' weise'd them at night wi' the light o' lowe.	29 'An' they ate an' they stegh't till rivan fu'; for he airtit their gate their ain heart's bidden.	*Num. 11, 20.
'Exod. 15, 8. Ps. 33, 7.	15 'Rocks he rave i' the wust; an' sloken'd them weel, as frae dams owre-flowin:	30 Yet they quat-na †frae mair, 'wi' their bite i' their mouthe.	† Heb. <i>frae seeking mair, whiles their bite, &c.</i>
*Exod. 13, 21; 14, 24. Ps. 105, 39.	16 An' he airtit 'spates frae the craig; an' gar'd watirs fa', like fludes that are rowin.	31 Syne cam abune them the lowe o' God's wuth; an' he dang clean dead the burst'n amang them; the brawest o' Israel syne, he †brought down wi' a sugh.‡	*Num. 11, 33. † Heb. <i>doubled down</i> .
*Exod. 17, 6. Num. 20, 11. 1 Cor. 10, 4.	17 Bot ay they gaed on, till miscarrie wi' him; 'till wear out the Highest, in that drowthy lan'.	32 Wi' a', 'they miscarry'd ay waur; an' they lippened nane till his wonners.	§ Like enough: they killed themsel wi' sic schamous eatin.
*Deut. 9, 21. Ps. 105, 41.			*Num. 14; 16; 17.
*Ps. 95, 8.			

* Num. 14, 29.

33 'Sae their days he wure by
intil want o' pith; an' their years
wi' nae end o' tholin.

d Hos. 5, 15.

34 ^d Yet ay as he dang them, they
spier'd for himsel; an' wad turn, an'
win eftir God:

c Deut. 32, 4.

35 An' mindit syne ^c that God *was*
their Rock; an' God owre a', their
hame-bringer.

f Ezek. 33, 31.

36 ^f Bot fair war they ay till him-
sel wi' their mouthe; an' fause wi'
their tongues until him.

e Verse 8

37 For their heart, ^e it was ne'er
that sikker wi' him; an' they ne'er
keepit true till his tryst.

b Num. 14, 18.

38 ^b Bot sae kin' as he *was*, he wan
by *their* faut; an' dang *them* na clean:

i Isai. 48, 9.

ⁱ na, fu' o' en he airtit awa his wuth;
^a an' wauken'd-na a' his angir.

a 1 Kings 21, 29.

i Gen. 6, 3.

Ps. 103, 14, 16.

m Job. 7, 7, 16.

39 For ^a 'he mindit that they *war*
but flesch; ^m a breath that gangs by,
an' again comes nevir!

n Ps. 99, 9, 10.

Isai. 7, 13.

Eph. 4, 30.

40 Sae aften ⁿ 's they thraw'd wi'
him thro' the wust; an' fash'd him
sair in that gateless grun'.

o Num. 14, 22.

41 ^o An' ay they gaed bak, an'
they temptit God; an' they boundit
the Halie Ane o' Israel.

p Ps. 105, 27, &c.

42 They thought nane on his han',
^p nor the day he rax't them out-owre
frae strett:

q Exod. 7, 20.

Ps. 105, 29.

r Exod. 8, 24.

Ps. 105, 31.

t Heb. a

driftin

thrang.

u Exod. 8, 6.

v Heb. an'

icho, i.e. the

puddock,

turrough,

&c.

x Exod. 10, 13.

Ps. 105, 34.

y Exod. 9, 23.

Ps. 105, 33.

z The vine-

stok hang on

the plane-

tree, syne a'

wad come

down thegi-

ther.

aa Exod. 9, 23.

Ps. 105, 32.

ab Heb. livin

gear.

43 ^q Whan he lowse'd a' his won-
ners on Ægypt-*lan'*; an' his ferlies,
on Zoan strath:

44 ^r An' chaingit their watirs till
bluid; an' their burns, that they
daur-na drink.

45 ^t He sent them † a flight, an' it
glau'm'd them up; an' the puddock,
† that wrought them sair:

46 ^x An' their braird wair'd he on
the kailworm; an' on the locust, the
feck o' their care.

47 ^y He dang down their vine-
stoks wi' hail-*stones*; an' their plane-
trees wi' shoggles o' ice. §

48 ^{aa} An' he steekit their beiss to
the hail; an' their † stockin till
fiery slaughts:

49 He airtit amang them the lowe
o' his wuth, slaughter, an' feime, an'
smoorin-drift, thae ill erran'-ridders
o' his.

50 He thought on a gate for his
angir; he hain'd-na their saul frae
dead; bot he steekit † their life to
the plague:

51 ^a An' he dang ilka first-born
in Ægypt; † the tapmaist pickle o'
strenth in the howffs o' Ham! *

52 ^b Bot he fuhr'd his ain folk like
sheep; an' weise'd them awa, like
a flock in the desert:

53 An' he restit them thar i' the
lown; an' they fash'd themsel nane
wi' dread: ^b bot the sea, their ill-
willers it smoor'd:

54 Bot them he gar'd fuhre till
his halirude-side; that height o' *his*
ain, ^c he coft wi' his ain right han':

55 An' drave out afore them the
folk o' *the lan'*; ^d an' rightit their
haddin by line, an' gar'd dwell i' the
howffs o' the *hethen* the clans o'
Israel's *wearns*.

56 Bot they temptit an' wearied the
God was abune; an' thae trysts o'
his ain, they ne'er keepit:

57 An' they thraw'd an' they lied,
like their faithers *lang-syne*; ^e like a
† throwless bow, they slippit:

58 ^f An' they angir'd him sair wi'
their heights; an' wrought him † till
lowe wi' their scoopit eidols.

59 God heard o' siclike, an' fu'
angrie was he; an' he turn'd him
atowre frae Isra'l:

60 ^g An' quat syne his dwellin in
Shiloh; the howff he had ettled wi'
man:

61 ^h An' his might he pat by intil
thirldom; an' his gree, in the ill-
willer's han'.

62 An' steekit his folk till the
sword; an' was stoor till his heri-
tage syne:

63 His ain youngsters, the lowe

|| or, a' that
was livin o'
theirs; beast
an' body.

* Exod. 9, 3, 6.

† Exod. 12,

29.

Ps. 105, 36.

† Heb. the

vera head.

≈ Ps. 106, 22.

§ Ps. 77, 20.

§ Exod. 14,

27, 28; 15, 10.

¶ Ps. 44, 3.

¶ Josh. 13, 7.

Ps. 136, 21,

22.

¶ Hos. 7, 16.

† Heb. *fauc*,

or *urang-*

iel.

§ Deut. 32,

16, 21.

¶ 1 Sam. 4, 11.

Jer. 7, 12, 14;

26, 6, 9.

¶ Judges 18,

30.

¹ Jer. 7, 34;
16, 9; 25, 10.
^a 1 Sam. 4, 11.

¹ Job 27, 15.
Ezek. 24, 23.

^m Ps. 44, 23.

ⁿ Isai. 42, 13.

^e 1 Sam. 5, 6;
12; 6, 4.

^p Ps. 57, 2.

§ Ettles the
highest an'
the laigest;
the lift an'
the lan'.

^q 1 Sam. 16,
11.

[†] Heb. *youes
in lam'* or *in
milk*: leuk
Gen. 33, 13.
Isai. 40, 11.

^r 2 Sam. 5, 2
1 Chron. 11, 2.

[†] Heb. *intil
the lotoun*.

|| or, *for
Asaph*.

^a Ps. 74, 7.

^b Mic. 3, 12.

^c Jer. 7, 33.

[†] Heb. *yird,
or lan'*.

snacket up; ⁱan' his dochtirs war
thought o' nae mair:

64 ^kHis priests, they gaed down
wi' the swurd; ⁱan' his widows, they
grat-na a tear.

65 ^mSyne wauken'd the LORD, like
a sleeper; ⁿlike a wight, whan he
rowts wi' wine:

66 ^oAn' dang his ill-willers abune
the houghs; an' wair'd them nae
end o' schame.

67 An' awa wi' the shielin o'
Joseph; an' wad nane o' the bluid
o' Ephraim:

68 Bot he wale'd out the kin o'
Jehudah; Mount-Zioun, ^phe liked
the same.

69 An' he bigget his halie howff,
§ like the heighest *abune the lan'*;
§ like the yirth *hersel* he laid it, fu'
deep, evir mair *till stan'*.

70 ^qAn' he lightit on David his
thirlman, an' took him frae the faulds
o' sheep:

71 Frae gaen eftir [†]the milkers
he sent him, ^rin Jakob till gang wi'
his folk; an' in Israel, his hirsle *till
keep*:

72 An' he fed them as right's his
ain heart; an' wi' the canny turn
o' his han's, he wise'd them the
lownest airt.†

PSALM LXXIX.

*An unco sair' plaint on a' the ill that's
been wrought by ill-willers on Jeru-
salem: How lang can God thole the
like? Will be no come hame, an'
redd his folk frae sic berryment?*
Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

THE hethen, O God, hae won
ben till yer ha'din; ^athe howff
o' yer halidom filed hae they; ^bJeru-
s'lem, in bourocks they sweel'd.

2 ^cThey hae gien the dead-bouk
o' yer thirlfolk, *for* meat till the bird
i' the lift; the flesch o' yer sants, till
the brute o' the field.†

3 Jerus'lem round, their bluid they
hae toom'd, like watir; ^dan' nane
till yird *it* by.

4 ^eA geck are we till our niebors;
a snirt an' a sneer, till wha round
us fen.

5 ^fHow lang, O LORD? Will ye
kennle for ay? an' that angir o'
thine, maun it lowe like fire?

6 ^gToom out yer tene on the he-
then, *folk* that ne'er kent yersel; an'
ontil the kingryks *enew*, that ne'er
gied a sraigh till yer name:

7 For Jakob, they ^heten him up;
an' herried that hame o' his ain.

8 ^hWyte nae mair on oursels, || our
ain wrang-doens lang-syne: lat yer
rewth win afore us, or lang; for
we're sairly down-cruppen *this while*.

9 Help us, O God, our heal-
ha'din, for the sake o' yer ain gude
name; an' rax us atowre, an' put
right on our wrang, an' a' for the
gude o' yer name.

10 ⁱWhatfor suld the hethen say,
What *is* this God o' theirs? Lat
him be kent till the hethen, an'
that in sight o' our een; whan the
bluid o' yer thirlfolk that skailit
was, *by them* sal hae answer'd been.

11 ^kLat the sigh o' the weary thirl
win ben afore yer sight; like that
mighty arm o' yer ain, redd the
bairns o' dead frae *sic plight*.

12 An' gie hame till our niebors
forby, ^lseven-fauld i' their bosom
ben, ^mthae jeers o' their ain, O
LORD, wi' the whilk they been jeer-
in yerlane.

13 ⁿBot oursels yer ain folk, an'
the flock o' yer lan', sal gie laud
evir mair till thee: frae ae kith-end
till anither, thy praises owre-tell
sal we.

PSALM LXXX.

*How God plantit a vine-stok, ca'd
Israel; how the beiss o' the woods*

^d Ps. 141, 7;
Jer. 14, 16;
16, 4;
Rev. 11, 9;
^e Ps. 44, 13;
80, 6

^f Ps. 74, 1, 9;
10; 89, 46.

^g Jer. 10, 25.

^b Isai. 64, 9

|| or, *the
wurang doens
o' our fore-
folks*.

ⁱ Ps. 42, 10;
115, 2.

^k Ps. 102, 20

^l Gen. 4, 15.
Isai. 65, 6, 7.
Jer. 32, 18.
Luke 6, 38.
^m Ps. 74, 22.

ⁿ Ps. 95, 7;
100, 3.

GUIDE TILL THE MAP.

TREB-RUTE: ~~Israel~~.

I. JUDAH.

1. CALEB: 2. BOAZ: 3. DAVID.
i. Hebron: ii. Debir.

II. REUBEN.

1. HANOCH: 2. CARM: 3. PALLU.
i. Shibmah.
* *Nebo*.

III. BENJAMIN.

1. BELA: 2. ACHIA: 3. EHUD:
4. SAUL: 5. AMOS.
i. Jericho: ii. Jerusalem.

IV. SIMEOUN.

- i. JACHIN: 2. JAMIN.
i. Ziklag: ii. Barshebah:
Gath—[out-lyin town.]

V. GAD.

1. JOEL.
i. Ramoth
— *Jabbok-Watir*.

VI. EPHRAIM.

1. JOSHUA: 2. JEROBOAM.
i. Samaria.
* *Ebal*: ** *Gerizim*.

VII. DAN.

1. SAMSON.
i. Ajalon, or Elon: ii. Jaffa, or Joppa.

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.

1. ELISHA.
i. Tephua, or Tapuah: ii. Megiddo

VIII. MANASSEH—HALF.

1. MACHIR: 2. JAIR.
i. Ashtoreth.
* *Hermion*,

IX. ISSACHAR.

1. PHUA: 2. TOLA.
i. Jesreel.
* *Carmel*.

X. ZEBULON.

1. ALLON: 2. JONAH.
i. Dothain.
*Height no named—abins Tabor, wrang
set down.*

XI. NAPHTALI.

1. BARAK.
i. Dan—[a town.]

XII. ASHER.

1. JIMNA.
i. Accho: ii. Tyre.
* *Lebanon*.

S E A S

- * *THE GRAN' SEA*, or Mediterranean.
1. Watir o' Merom, or o' the Height.
2. Sea o' Cinnereth, or Genesareth.
3. Sea o' Saut, ca'd the Dead Sea.
= Jordan-Watir.
— Jabbok-Watir.

[*Till the Auld Map are neither figures nor a guide: whar but ae Leaf's named till a
tribe, we put nae figure on't.*]

*Map, frae German Hebrew draught.
Halle-Magdeburg: 1741.*

*Headin', &c.
Ps. 45; 69.
|| or, for
Asaph.
Ps. 45; 69.

* Ps. 77, 20.
* Exod. 25,
20.
1 Sam. 4. 4.
2 Sam. 6, 2.
Ps. 99, 1.
* Deut. 33, 2.
Ps. 50, 2; 94, 1.
* Num. 2,
18-23.

* Ver. 7, 19.
Lam. 5, 21.
† Heb. an'
gar.
/ Ps. 4, 6

* Ps. 42, 5;
102, 9.

† Heb. three
measur.
* Ps. 44, 13;
79, 4.

* Verse 3, 19.

† Heb. an'
gar.

* Isai. 5, 1, 7.
Jer. 2, 21.
Ezek. 15, 6;
17, 6; 19, 10.
/ Ps. 44, 2.

* Ps. 72, 8.

* Ps. 89, 40,
41.
Isai. 5, 5.
Nah. 2, 2.

therout wastit it; how God maun
come hame, an' sort it.

Till the sang-maister on Shoshan-
nim-Eduth; * ane heigh-lilt o'
Asaph's. ||

SHEEP-HERD o' Israel, heark-
Sen: weisin Joseph on ^alike a
flock; ^bsittin atween the cherubs,
^cO will ye no glint furth!

2 ^dIn face o' Ephraim an' o' Ben-
jamin, an' ^ecke o' Manasseh himsel';
wauken that might o' yer ain, an'
steer for heal-ha'din till us.

3 ^fO weise us hame again, God;
† gar yer face ^ggie a glint, an' we're
saif'd.

4 How lang, LORD God o' hosts,
will ye reek at the pray'r o' yer
folk?

5 ^hBread o' tears ye hae gien them
till eat; an' wi' tears ye hae sloken'd
their drouth, † abune measur.

6 ⁱTill our niebors, ye made us a
facht; an' our ill-willers laugh till
themsels.

7 ^jWeise us hame again, O God
o' hosts; † gar yer face gie a glint,
an' we're saif'd.

8 ^kA vine-stok ye brought out o'
Ægypt; ^lye dang the hethen at-
owre, an' ye plantit her.

9 Rowth ye made a' fornenst her,
† an' rutit her weel i' the grun'; an'
^msyne scho couth fill the lan'.

10 The heights, they war scaum'd
wi' her schadowe; her beughs, ⁿthey
war cedars o' God:

11 Till the sea, scho rax't yont
her suckers; ^otill the watirs, her
fast-growin rods.

12 Whatfor hae ye ^pdang down
her dykins; that ilka gate-ganger
can rive her awa?

13 The boar frae the frith, he can
stamp her; an' the beast o' the fell,
he can glaum her at will.

14 Hame again, O God o' hosts;

* tak a leuk frae the lift, an' see; an'
visit this vine:

15 An' the haddin yer right han'
has plantit; an' † the growthe ye
made stieve for yersel.

16 Wi' fire it ^q's been kennled, an'
haggit; ^rat the glow'r o' yer face,
they dwine.

17 ^sO gin yer han' war atowre,
on the Man o' yer ain right han';
atowre on the ^tae son o' Adam, for
yer ain ye ettled till stan'.

18 Syne, frae thee, we suld ne'er
fa' awa; lat us live, an' we'll cry
on yer name.

19 ^uWeise us hame again, LORD
God o' hosts; gar yer face gie a
glint, an' we're hain'd.

PSALM LXXXI.

*What Israel suld ay hae dune, an' what
Israel might ay hae been, gin Israel
had but tholed wi' the guidin o' the
LORD their God.*

Till the sang-maister on Gittith; *
ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

LILT loud until God, our strenth;
till the God o' Jakob sing:

2 Tak a lilt, an' rax owre the drum;
the cheerie harp, wi' the string. †

3 Tout loud on the horn at new
mune; at the tryst; on the day o'
our blythe ado.

4 ^vFor siclike ^w's been a statute in
Israel; a right wi' Jakob's God:

5 A bidden he made it till Joseph,
whan he fuhr'd atowre Ægypt-lan';
^xan' speech I kent nought o', I heard.

6 ^yHis shouther I lowse'd frae the
lade; ^zhis loofs, frae the caudron
they slakket.

7 ^{aa}Ye cry't i' the grip, an' I lowse'd
ye awa; ^{ab}I spak hame till ye syne,
i' the thunn'ry neuk: ^{ac}at the watirs
† o' Warsle, I try'd ye: Selah.

8 ^{ad}Hearken, my folk, for I 'se

* Isai. 63, 15.

† Heb. on the
son: siclike
as in ver. 7

* Ps. 76, 7.

* Ps. 89, 21

* Verses 3, 7.

* Headin', &c.
Ps. 8.
|| or, for
Asaph.

† Heb. tangin
gear.

* Lev. 23, 24.
Num. 10, 10.

* Ps. 114, 1.
* Isai. 9, 4;
10, 27.
* Exod. 1, 14.
* Exod. 2, 23;
14, 10.
Ps. 50, 15.
/ Exod. 19,
19.

* Exod. 17,
6, 7.
Num. 20, 13.
† Heb. Meri-
bah.

* Ps. 50, 7.

threep wi' yersel; Isra'l, gin ye wad
but hearken till me:

9 Nane sal thar be, a frem god
wi' thee; nor till nae unco god sal
ye lout an' bid.

10 'Mylane am the LORD, yer ain
God, wha brought ye frae Ægypt-
lan': rax open yer mouthe wi' a
will, an' syne I sal pang 't for thee. §

11 Bot my folk wad hear nane
till my cry; an' Israel wad nane o'
mysel:

12 ^aSae I e'en gied them owre till
†their thrawnness o' heart; an' they
gaed, as they liket themsel.

13 'O gin my folk had but heark-
en'd till me; gin Israel had fuhred
my ain gates:

14 In a blink, their ill-willers I'd
brought till the grun'; and rax'd
roun my han' on their faes.

15 ^mWha misliket the LORD, suld
†hae loutit till him; bot for evir an'
ay, their ain time suld hae been.

16 ⁿHe had †plenish'd them syne
wi' the best o' the wheat; ^aan' e'en
†frae the hinney-craig, I had steghit
thee!

PSALM LXXXII.

*Right-rechtin in Israel has gaen sair
wrang; God himsel maun be her
right-rechter.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

GOD ^astan's i' the thrang o' the
mighty; he rights amang ^a'
the gods.

2 How lang will ye right wi' a
wrang; ^ban' the face o' ill-doers
up-haud? Selah.

3 The feckless an' faithless,
right; till the down-dang an' puir,
do nae wrang:

4 'The feckless an' frail, sen' them
cannae name; frae the ill-doers' han's
lat *them* gang.

5 They ken-na, and care-na awa';

i' the mirk, they gang stevlin on:
^aa' the founds o' the yirth are at
thraw.†

6 'I said Ye *war* gods, mysel; an'
sons o' the Heighest, †ilk ane:

7 Bot yet ye maun die, like the
†laighest loon; an' like ane o' the
foremaist, fa'.

8 Win up, O God; right-recht the
lan'; ^efor yerlane, maun tak feof
o' the hethen a'.

PSALM LXXXIII.

*Some gath'ran o' the niebor folk till mak
awa wi' Israel; the Makar wytes
them i' the name o' God, till be a'
dang by like stoure.*

A sang an' ane heigh-lilt o' Asaph's. ||

O GOD, ^abe-na whush; be-na
quiet; be-na lown, O God.

2 For leuk, yer ill-willers wauken
a din; an' yer haters rax up the
head:

3 Again yer ain folk, they 'taen
canny thought; ^ban' ettle mischieff
on wha lye i' that neuk o' thine.†

4 Quo' they, Come awa; 'lat 's
sned them by, frae amang the folk;
that the name o' Isra'l be nae langer
in mind!

5 For their heart they hae packit
thegither; again thee, they hae sned-
den a tryst:

6 ^aEdom's howffs an' the Ish-
ma'lites; Moab an' the Hagarenes;
7 Gebal, an' Ammon, an' Amalek;
Philistins, wi' dwellers in Tyre:

8 Assy as weel, was in pack wi'
them; an' they †stoopit the bairns
o' Lot. Selah.

9 Bot do ye until them, as *till*
^c'Midian; ^fas *till* Sisera, as *till* Ja-
bin, awa by the Kison flude:

10 They war clean done awa at
En-dor; ^ethey war *dang like* dung
on the yird.

11 Mak the best amang them,

^d Ps. 11, 3.
† Heb. *rhoggit*.

^e Exod. 22, 9.
John 10, 34.
† Heb. *a' ye*.

† Heb. *man o'*
the yird.

^f Ps. 49, 12.
Ezek. 31, 14.

^e Ps. 2, 8.

|| or, *for*
Asaph.
^a Ps. 28, 1;
35, 22; 109, 1.

^b Ps. 27, 5;
31, 20.
† Heb. *happit*
anes.

^c Jer. 11, 19;
31, 36.

^d 2 Chron. 20,
1; 10, 11.

† Heb. *war*
an arm till.

^e Judges 7,
22.

^f Judges 4, 15,
24; 5, 21.
^e 2 Kings 9,
37.
Zeph. 1, 17.

ⁱ Exod. 20, 2.

§ It was
whiles owre
weel fill'd:
Ps. 78, 30, 31.

^k Acts 7, 42;
14, 16.
Rom. 1, 24.

† Heb.
thrawnness
o' their heart.

ⁱ Deut. 5, 29;
10, 12, 13.
Isai. 43, 18.

^m Ps. 18, 44;
66, 3.

† Heb. *loutit*
like liars.

ⁿ Deut. 32,
13, 14.
Ps. 147, 14.

† Heb. *gar'd*
them eat o'
the fat o'
wheat.

^o Job 29, 6.

|| or, *hinney*
frae the craig,
gien enough
till thee.

|| or, *for*
Asaph.

^a 2 Chron.
19, 6.
Eccles. 5, 8.

^b Deut. 1, 17;
10, 17.
2 Chron. 19, 7.

^c Prov. 24, 11.

^b Judges 7, 25.
^c Judges 8, 12, 21.

[†] Heb. Ettles shielin an' sheep-lan' thegither.

^a Isai. 17, 13, 14.

[†] Heb. frightit ay on an' on.

^c Ps. 59, 13.

A. C. 1023.

^{*} Headins, &c. Ps. 8.
[†] or, of.

^a Ps. 42, 1, 2; 63, 1; 73, 26; 119, 20.

^b Ps. 65, 4.

[§] The blythe birds sing till God, withouten dread, on the vera slachtir-stane. They maunna be steer'd.

^a like Oreb, an' like Zeeb; ⁱ an' like Zebah, an' e'en like Zalmunnah, their foremaist ilk ane.

12 Wha said, Lat us glaum for ourselfs, the [†]hirsell an' a' o' God.

13 ^a My God, mak them a' like a triinle; like fothir afore the win'.

14 As lowe licks up the wood; an' a bleeze, as it kennles the hills:

15 Sae drive ye them wi' yer onding; an' wi' yer swirlin blast, gar them cling.

16 Fill-fu' their faces wi' scorn, or they seek for yer name, O LORD.

17 Scham'd lat them be, an' [†]lang frightit; an' daiver'd, an' whamm'l'd dune.

18 'Synne sal they ken that yersel, ^{wi'} that name o' yer ain, JEHOVAH, are heighest the hail yirth abune!

PSALM LXXXIV.

How loesome are the dwellins o' God: blythe the bit birds i' the biggen; bot blythe abune a' is man; an' blythe owre the lave, wha see God in Zioun.

Till the sang-maister on Gittith: * ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

HOW loesome thae howffs o' thine, LORD o' hosts!

2 ^a My life langs sair, an' wearies awa, || for the LORD's ain fauldins sae fine; my heart an' my bouk, they skreigh out fu' fain, for God, for the livin God!

3 The vera flight-flier, scho wales a bit hous; an' the swallow a nest for hersel, whar her birds scho may lippen fu' snod; yer ain slachtir-cairns, O LORD, my King an' my God.

4 ^b Blythe dwellers are *thae* i' that hous o' yer ain; they maun ay be liltin till thee: Selah. §

5 *Bot blythe abune a' been man;*

his strenth's i' yersel alane: i' their heart, are thae gates o' *thine*. ‡

6 Gaen thro' || ^c the dulesome dale, they e'en mak the same a wa'l; || an' the dreepin rain itsel, cleeds *them wi'* blessings abune.

7 Frae strenth till strenth, they win on; they leuk till see God in Zioun.

8 Harken my bidden, LORD God o' hosts; hearken, thou God o' Jakob: Selah.

9 ^a Schild o' our ain, leuk hereawa, God; leuk atowre on the face o' yer Chrystit.

10 For better's ae day i' thae faulds o' thine, nor a thousan: fainer I'd jouk at the yett o' God's hous, nor be howff'd in ha's o' wrangdoen.

11 'For a sun an' a schild, 's the LORD God himlane; gree an' gloiry the LORD can len': ^c an' ought *that's* gude he winna hain, frae them that gang aefauld on.

12 ^b Blythe be the man, O LORD o' hosts, till yerlane that lippens himself!

(1) Ane kens-na, amang sae mony readins, how till redd the gate. Our Inglis reads nae wysser nor the lave, an' they differ uncolic, ane frae anither. Baith here an' in verse 5, we hae ettled David, that was sae gran' a makar an' kent weel what he said, suld speak for himsel. Leuk again, an' see gin it be-na baith wyss an' wyss-like.

PSALM LXXXV.

A cheerie lilt for the hame-come o' God wi' gude-will: his folk maun be wyss eftirben.

Till the sang-maister: * ane heigh-lilt || for the sons o' Korah.

YE hae rew'd on yer lan', O LORD; ye hae [†]lowse'd the thirldom o' Jakob!

2 ^a Ye hae redd by the wrang o' yer folk; ye hae happit up a' their misdoens: Selah.

3 Ye hae swakket frae a' yer

[†] Cramp enough He-brew. Leuk, till ettle, that man's better an' blyther nor the birds wi' a'—as said Chryst, Mat. 6, 26.

|| or, the dal o' Baca, or o' greetin, or o' mulberry trees.

^c 2 Sam. 5, 22, 23.

|| or, the maister, or the learner, theek, or is theekit wi' blessings; or, the rain theek the dubs. (1)

^d Gen. 15, 1.

^c Gen. 15, 1. Ps. 119, 114. Prov. 2, 7.

^f Ps. 34, 9, 10

^g Ps. 2, 12.

^{*} Ps. 42, headin || or, of.

[†] Heb. brought hame: leuk Ps. 68, 18.

^a Ps. 32, 1.

* Ps. 80, 7

wuth; ye hae quat frae the lowe o' yer angir.

4 ^b Weise us hame again, God our heal-ha'din; an' hae dune wi' yer angir on us.

5 Will ye lowe on us ay, evir mair? Will ye rax yer ill-will, frae ae kith-gettin till anither?

6 Will ye ne'er come hame, till gie life till us? that yer folk may be blythe in thee!

7 O LORD, lat us see yer ain gude-ness; an' yer heal-ha'din, wair't on oursel!

* Zech. 9, 10.

8 I maun hearken what God the LORD will speak *syne*: 'for peace he sal speak till his folk, till his sants an' a'; bot till folly, they maunna win hame.

* Zech. 2, 5.

9 Surely nar's his heal-ha'din till wha fear himsel; ^d that gloiry may bide in our lan'.

* Ps. 72, 3.
Isai. 32, 17.

10 Rewth an' trewth hae forga-ther'd wi' ither; 'the right an' the lown, they hae kiss'd, the twa.

* Isai. 45, 8

11 ^f Trewth schutes like the blade frae the grun'; an' the right, it leuks owre frae the lift.

* Ps. 84, 11.

12 ^e Syne the LORD, he sal gie us *what's* gude; ^a an' our lan' sal be guid wi' her gift.

* Ps. 67, 6.

* Ps. 89, 14.

13 ⁱ The right, it sal fuhre afore him; an' sal airt us the gate o' his feet

PSALM LXXXVI

Ane unco sair plea o' David's wi' the Lord, wha's far abune a' ither gods, till unn bame till him an' help him

Ane heart's-bode o' David's.

LOUT laigh yer lug, O LORD; ^b hearken ye till me, for puir an' forfairn am mysel.

2 Tak tent o' my life, for 'am a' yer ain: heal ye yer ain thirlman,

O my God, wha lippens himsel till yerlane.

3 Rew kindly on me, O LORD, for a' the day lang I hae skreigh't till yersel.

4 The saul o' yer servan' fu' blyth lat it be; ^a for till yerlane, O LORD, rax I up my saul:

5 ^b For gude, O LORD, *are* ye a' yerlane, an' o' pitie fou; in rewth abune a', till wha cry on thee.

6 Hearken, O LORD, till my bidden; an' thole at the sraigh o' my pray'rs.

7 'In the day o' my fash, I maun cry till yersel; for yersel can speak hame till me fair.

8 ^d Nane like yersel amang a' the gods; [†] nor nae warks like yer ain, O LORD:

9 ^f A' kins ye hae made, they maun come, an' lout laigh afore thee, O LORD; an' maun e'en gie laud till yer name.

10 For gran' a' yerlane, *are* thou; ^a an' warks o' wonner, ye wrought yersel: ^b O God, ye are God alane!

11 ⁱ Weise me, O LORD, yer ain gate; *syne* sal I fuhre i' yer trewth: an' my heart, till fear yer name, haud it weel thegither.

12 *For* wi' a' my heart I maun praise yersel, O LORD my God; an' gie laud till yer name for evir.

13 For yer rewth ontill me, it's *been* wonner grit; an' ye redd out my saul frae the graiff aneth.

14 [†] A wheen haughty gods again me raise; ^a an' a thrang o' ill-doers sought eftir my life; an' ne'er set yersel afore them.

15 ^b Bot yerlane, O LORD, *are* a God fou o' pitie, an' kind; frae angir far, an' in rewth an' in trewth, abune mind.

16 Leuk atowre till mysel, an' hae pitie on me; gie strenth o' yer ain till yer loon *that's* in ban': ^a an' saif ye the son o' yer maiden.

* Ps. 25, 1;
143, 8.* Verse 15.
Ps. 145, 9.
Joel 2, 13.

* Ps. 50, 15.

* Exod. 15,
11.
Ps. 89, 6.† Heb. *nane*
like yer ain
works.

* Deut. 3, 24.

* Ps. 22, 31;
102, 18.
Isai. 43, 7.* Ps. 72, 19;
77, 14.* Deut. 6, 4;
32, 39.Isai. 37, 16;
44, 6.Mark 12, 29.
1 Cor. 8, 4.
Eph. 4, 6.* Ps. 25, 4;
27, 11; 119,
33; 143, 8.† Or, O God,
the haughty
ones hae
risen.

* Ps. 54, 3.

* Exod. 34, 6.
Num. 14, 18.
Neh. 9, 17.Verse 5.
Ps. 103, 8.111, 4; 112,
4, 7; 145, 8.Joel 2, 13.
† Heb. *many*
fauld.

* Ps. 116, 16.

^b Intil
this Psalm,
it's whiles
LORD, an
whiles LAIRD;
in verses 1,
6, 11, 17, it
stans LORD,
intil the
lave LAIRD;
but eyles a'
ane

17 Tryst me some ferlie for gude,
that my haters may see 't, an' be
scham'd: for yerlane, O LORD, hae
baith stoopit an' bield't me finely.

PSALM LXXXVII.

*God cares mair for Zioun, nor the lave
o' the world forby; a' that sal count
wi' him, maun count till be born
tharby.*

Ane heigh-lilt or sang || for the sons
o' Korah.

1 or, of.

* Ps. 48, 1.

SAE sikker 's his found ^aon the
halie heights!

* Ps. 78, 67,
68.

2 ^bThe LORD loes the yetts o'
Zioun, mair nor Jakob's shielias a'.

3 Siccan ferlies are tell't o' thee,
brugh o' God's *walun*: Selah:

* Ps. 89, 1a.

4 'Rahab an' Babel, I 'se name,
till wha ken ought o' me: thar 's
Philistie frem, an' thar 's Tyre; alang
wi' *the lan* o' Cush: †some loon, he
was born i' the same.

* Heb. *ony-
body*.

5 Bot till Zioun sal *ay* be said,
†Man eftir man was born in her:
an' Himsel, wha 's Heighest o' a',
he sal establish her.

* Heb. *mighy
man an'
mighy man*,
far abune a'
loons frae
Cush.

* Ps. 22, 3a.

6 ^dThe LORD he sal count, whan
he jots the folk, that siclike was
born tharin: Selah.

7 An' the lilters *themsels* like fifers
sal be; § ilk wa'll-spring o' mine 's
intil thee!

§ Unco loud
an' clear, till
tell sic news.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

*Heman liltis in dule, an' the sairest
heart-threepin wi' God: neither
light nor likan ava'.*

Ane heigh-lilt or sang || for the sons
o' Korah; till the sang-maister
on *Mahalath Leannoth: *Mas-
chil o' Heman the Ezrahite.

1 or, of.

* *Headins, &c.*
1 Kings 4, 31.
1 Chron. 2, 6.

LORD God o' my ain heal-
ha'din, a' day hae I sighet fu'
sair; an' a' night, afore thee, forby.
2 Lat my bidden win ben till yer
presence; lout yer lug till my weary
cry.

3 For my saul it 's been steghit
wi' sorrows; an' my life wins awa
till the graiff.

4 'Am countit wi' them that gang
down till the heugh; ^a'am e'en like
some carl wi' nae mair o' pith: §

* Ps. 31, 12.

§ Able
enough
ance, bot
clean by
now.

5 Lowse'd frae my ban's wi' the
dead; like the slachtir'd, wha lye
for the yirdin; that yersel winna
mind ony mair, an' they're e'en sned
awa frae yer hirdin.

6 Ye hae slang me †aneth, i' the
sheugh; i' the mirkest gloams, i' the
laighest heughs.

† Heb. *sheugh*
o' the howes

7 Yer wuth, it dings owre me
abune; an' ^byer angir-spates a', ye
hae brusten on *me*: Selah.

* Ps. 42, 7.

8 'My friens, ye hae schuten them
far frae mysel; ye hae made me
their scunner: ^aam steekit close ben,
an' sal ne'er win but.

* Job 19, 13.
Ps. 31, 11;
142, 4.

9 ^dMy ee wears awa wi' dule; I
hae skreigh't till yerlane, O LORD,
a' day; 'I hae braidet my looves,
fornest ye.

* Ps. 38, 10.

* Job 11, 13.
Ps. 143, 6.

10 ^fWill ye wair wonner-warks
on the dead? sal ghaists win atowre
an' praise thee? Selah.

* Ps. 6, 5;
30, 9; 115,
17; 118, 17
Isai. 38, 18

11 Sal yer rewth be tell't owre
i' the graiff? yer trewth, amang
mouls an' wastry?

12 ^aSal yer ferlies be kent i' the
mirk? ^bor yer right, i' the land o'
nae mind?

* Job 10, 21
Ps. 143, 3.

* Ps. 31, 12.

13 Bot mysel, I maun sclaigh till
ye, LORD: 'an' i' the mornin ere,
sal my bidden win hame afore ye. §

* Ps. 5, 3.

§ Or God
waukens,
Heman's
bidden sal
be afore him.

14 Whatfor, O LORD, schute ye
by my saul? *an'* hap ye yer face
frae me?

15 Forfochten am I, an' 'am e'en
i' the dead-thraw; sen a callant *I*
was, I hae thol'd yer on-dings, ^a*an'*
kenna *nae langer* how till dree.

* Job 6, 4.

16 Yer angrie tornes hae travell'd
owre me; yer awsome dreids, they
hae sned me down:

17 They fankit me roun ||ilk day,

† or, a' the
day lang.

¹Ps. 31, 11;
³⁸, 11.

like watir; they wan up about me,
a' at ae tide.

18 'Jo an' frien' hae ye schuten
clean frae me; an' wha kent me
narest, in mirk till bide.

PSALM LXXXIX.

*What God has trystit till David, an'
till a' that are David's ain; an'
tbo' David be uncely tried, how God
maun ay bide by his word. Blythe
may they a' be wba fen like David.*

*Maschil | o' Ethan the Ezrahite.

THE rewths o' the LORD evir
mair I maun sing; frae ae
† life's end till anither, thy trewth
I se mak kent wi' my mouthe.

2 For rewth, quo' I, sal be bigget
for ay; ^athy trewth, i' the lifts ye
sal set.

3 ^bI hae snedden a tryst wi' my
walit; ^cI hae sworn until David,
my thirl:

4 ^dI sal stablish yer out-come for
evir; ^ean' frae ae kith end till an-
ither, that thron o' yer ain I sal big:
Selah.

5 ^fAn' the hevins sal gie laud till
yer wonner-warks, LORD; an' yer
trewth, i' the thrang o' the sants.

6 ^gFor wha i' the lift sal stan' wi'
the LORD? ^hor kythe wi' the LORD,
amang sons o' † the mighty?

7 ⁱA God fu' dread, i' the thrang
o' the gude; an' eke till be fear'd,
o' a' that forgather round him.

8 LORD God o' mony-might, wha
's like yersel, sic a mighty Lord? an'
yer truth, that wins a' about ye?

9 ^jYerlane, ye can swee owre the
height o' the sea; i' the heize o' its
waves, ye can lay them.

10 ^kRahab ye ^ldang, like a slach-
tir'd loon; wi' the arm o' yer might
ye drave yer ill-willers.

11 Yer ain ^mare 'the hevins, an' the
yirth ⁿis yer ain; the warld an' its
walth, ye hae made them sikker.

12 The north an' the soutne, ye
hae schuppen them baith: Tabor
an' Hermon sal lilt at yer name.

13 Yer ain ^ois an arm wi' might
an' a'; sterk is yer han', an' fu'
heigh yer right han'.

14 ^pRight an' right-redden ^qare
skowth for yer thron; ^rrewth an'
trewth haud the gate afore ye.

15 Fu' blythe may the folk be,
wha ken the cheerie sang; ^si' the
light o' thy ain face, O LORD, their
gate they ^tay sal gang.

16 I that name o' thine, the lee-
lang day, sal they be liltin free;
an' in that righteousness o' thine, sal
they be hadden hie.

17 For the gudeliheid o' a' their
might, ^uare ye yersel ^valone; ^wan' intil
that gude-will o' thine, ye sal heize
our horn abune.

18 For till the LORD, our schild
^xeffers; an' till Israel's Halie Ane,
our King.

19 Syne spak ye, ^y†wi' the seer's
sight, till him was dear to thee; an'
help ontill a mighty ane I hae lip-
pened, quo' ye: a weel-waled ^zwight
frae 'mang the folk, I hae setten
him on hie.

20 ^{aa}E'en David's sel, I fand him
out, my ain lealman ^{ab}till be; an' wi'
the oyle o' halieness, chrystit him-
sel hae I.

21 ^{ac}An' sae my han', wi' him sal
stan'; an' my arm his stoop sal be.

22 ^{ad}On him the fae nae fash sal
lay; nor mischieff's son him wrang:
23 ^{ae}Afore his face, I'll ding his
faes; an' cloure wha wiss him ill:

24 ^{af}Bot my trewth an' my rewth,
they ^{ag}sal bide wi' himsel; an' his horn,
^{ah}in my name, sal be strang.

25 ^{ai}His han' I'll e'en set i' the
sea; an' his right han' in braid-
rowin fludes.

26 Till mysel he sal cry, my

*Headins, &c

[or, for; an'
leuks unco
like David's
ain, tho' it
be sae gien
till Ethan:
some tak it
for ane o'
Jeremiah's,
an' the LXXX
read Ethan
the Israelite.
1 Kings 4, 31.
1 Chron. 2, 6.

† Heb. *kith-
gettin* an'
kithgettin.

^aPs. 119, 89.

^b1 Kings 8,
16.

^c2 Sam. 7,
11, &c.

^dVerses 29,
36.

^eSiclike as
in verse 1.

^fPs. 19, 1.

^gPs. 71, 19;
86, 8; 113, 5.

† Heb. *the
gods*.

^hPs. 76, 11.

ⁱPs. 65, 7.

! or, ye may
ca' *Argyp*.

^kExod. 14,
26.

^lPs. 87, 4.
Isai. 30, 7.

^mGen. 1, 1.
Ps. 24, 1; 50,
12.

ⁿPs. 97, 2.

^oPs. 85, 13.

^pNum. 10, 10;
23, 21.

^qThe gift o'
sang 's a
God's gift,
an' wymly
han'd, heals
the folk.

^rVer. 24.
Ps. 75, 10;
132, 17.

^sSight comes
whiles wi'
sang, as till
David him-
sel it did.

^t1 Sam. 16,
1, 12.

^uPs. 80, 17.

^v2 Sam. 7, 10.

^w2 Sam. 7, 9.
^xPs. 61, 7.

^yVer. 17.

† Heb. *brigh-
tit*.

^zPs. 72, 8;
80, 11.

† His face
syne could be
till the
north: Tak
a leak o' the
map.

* Heb. *rock o' my heal-ha'din.*

* Ps. 2, 7.

* Isai. 55, 3.

* Ver. 4, 36.

* Isai. 9, 7.

Jer. 33, 17.

* Deut. 11, 21.

* 2 Sam. 7, 14.

* 2 Sam. 7, 14.

* 2 Sam. 7, 15.

† Heb. *sip.*

* Amos 4, 2.

* 2 Sam. 7, 16.

Luke 1, 33.

John 12, 34.

Ver. 4, 29.

† Heb. *suld be.*

* Ps. 72, 5, 17.

† Heb. *an' the true teller.*

* Ps. 74, 7.

Faither *are* ye; my God, an' † my hainin rock.

27 Syne sae the auld son I sal mak him; * abune a' kings o' the lan'.

28 ^aEvir mair my gude-will, for him I sal hain; an' my tryst, wi' himsel it sal stan'.

29 ^bHis outcome for ay I sal e'en gar stay; 'an' his thron, like the days o' the lift.^d

30 ^cGin his weans hae nae mind o' my law; an' gin they winna gang i' my right:

31 Gin they saddle the trysts I made; an' nane by my biddens will haud:

32 ^fTheir ain wrang-doens syne I sal snod wi' the rod; an' their folly, wi' mony a blaud.

33 ^gBot my kindness frae him I sal ne'er tak awa; nor mislippen my tryst o' truth:

34 Lightly my tryst sal I nevir; nor steer what gaed but frae my mouthe.†

35 ^hAnce hae I sworn by my haliness; till David whatfor suld I lie?

36 ⁱThat his outcome †suld bide for evir; ^kan' his thron like the sun, afore me:

37 Like the mune, evir mair suld be sikker; †an' what 's true, i' the lift sae hie: Selah.

38 Bot yersel, ye hae airtit awa, an' misguidit *us* sair hae ye; wi' yer chrystit, ye 'taen the ill thraw.

39 Yer ain lealman's tryst, ye disown'd it; 'his crown ye hae filed i' the stoure:

40 A' his dykes ye hae wrakit till ruins; ^mhis strenths ye hae wastit awa:†

41 A' that gang by the gate, they can rive him; he 's a geck till his niebors a':

42 His ill-willers' right han' ye hae heizet; an' fu' blythe ye hae made a' his faes:

43 Na, the face o' his swurd, ye hae cuisten; an' in tuiizie, ye stoop him nae mair:

44 The skance o' his gloiry ye keppit; an' his thron ye brought down till the lair:†

45 The days o' his youth ye hae snedden; ye hae happit him owre wi' care: Selah.

46 ⁿHow lang, O LORD? will ye hide for evir? ^oyer wuth, maun it lowe like a fire?

47 ^pHae min' o' mylane; †but a blink *I can bain.* Ilk bairn o' the yird; whatfor hae ye made him for nought?

48 ^qWha sae stieve can live, 'an' dead shanna †prieve? wha can redd but his life, frae the grip o' the graiff? Selah.

49 O whar *are* yer thoughts, ance sae kind, O LORD? 'till David ye swure i' yer truth?†

50 O LORD, hae min' o' yer thirl-folk's pine; 'I bear 't i' my breast, frae the feck o' the hethen a':

51 ^rHow yer ill-willers jeer, O LORD; how yer chrystit's ain gates they misca'!

52 *Bot* blythe be the LORD, evir mair: Amen, an' sae lat it fa'!

^m Ps. 80, 12.

† Heb. *setten them a' wust*

† Heb. *yird on grun.*

ⁿ Ps. 79, 5.

^o Ps. 78, 63.

^p Ps. 39, 5; 119, 84.

† Heb. *what-na blink*: the lave 's awantin.

^q Ps. 49, 9.

^r Hebr. 11, 5.

† Heb. *see.*

ⁱ 2 Sam. 7, 15.

Isai. 55, 3.

^f Ps. 54, 5.

^u Ps. 69, 9.

^r Ps. 74, 22.

[PAIRT FOUR.]

[*Intil this an' the hinmaist Pairt, as ye sal see, are mony Psalms wi' nae headins o' their ain, an' by what makar 's no kent. The LXX., or Septuagint, as they're ca'd, hae gien headins till a wheen o' them; an' we tak sic help frae them [in braggets] as they can gie.*]

PSALM XC.

Man's like the gerse, an' his days like a tide: he comes an' he gangs, bot he canna bide.

* Deut. 33, 1.

* Ane heart's bode o' Moses, the ae Man o' God.

* Deut. 33, 27.
Ezek. 11, 10.

OUR ^ahame Ye 'been ay, yer-lane, O LORD; †frae ae life's end till anither.

† Heb. *frae kithgettin an' kithgettin*.

* Prov. 8, 25.

2 ^bOr the heights war shot but, or the yirth an' the world ye had schuppen; na, frae ae langsyne till anither, *hae Ye been God.*

† Gen. 3, 19.
Eccles. 12, 7.

3 Man ye fesh roun till naething; aye, ye say 'Hame again, Sons o' the yird!

* 2 Pet. 3, 8.

4 ^aFor a thousan year i' yer sight, are the gliff o' a bygone day; or e'en as a steer i' the night.

* Ps. 73, 20.

† Ps. 103, 15.
Isai. 40, 6.

5 'Ye hae drookit them a' in a dwaum; §i' the mornin are they, as the winnle-strae dwaffles:

* Ps. 92, 7.

6 §I' the mornin, it braids an' it dwaffles; or night, it lies mawn an' winn.

* Ps. 50, 21.

§ A' that 's weak in our bodies.

* Ps. 19, 12.

7 For in yer angir, we're a' forfochten; an' in yer wuth, are we dang clean dune.

8 ^bOur fauts ye hae setten fornenst ye; §our 'weel-happit *sins*, i' the glint o' yer glow'r.

† Heb. *thought fu' croon*.

9 For ilk day o' our ain drees by in yer angir; an' our years wear awa, like †the sugh o' a sang.

10 The days o' our years, seeventy year o' them a'; or wi' meikle pith, aughty year they may gang: bot a weary warsle 's their feck wi' a'; for a gliff it gaes by, an' we flichter hame.

† Heb. *ill count*.

* Ps. 39, 4.

11 Wha daur mean the weight o' yer angir? e'en sae as ye're trystit, yer angir maun *be*. †

12 ^aTill count our days, gar us ken the better; an' airt *our* heart the gate o' *sic* lear.

13 Hame again, LORD, how lang

sal ye swither? an' ay on yer thirlfolk rew the mair:

14 Stegh us fu' ere wi' *rowth* o' yer pitie; syne sal we lilt, an' be blythe a' our days.

15 Mak us blythe, †for sae lang's ye hae dang us; an' the years we hae seen but ill: †

† Heb. *for the days*—till wit, in *Ægypt*.

16 Lat yer wark be but seen on yer thirlfolk; on their bairns, yer gudeliheid *still*:

† 400 year: an' mae nor twice as many they might hae been blythe, an' they wad hae tholed guidin.

17 'An' the will o' the LORD our God be amang us; an' the wark o' our han's, till oursels mak it guid: O the wark o' our han's, mak it guid till *oursel*. §

† Ps. 27, 4.

§ An' till nae *Ægyptian* riever.

PSALM XCI.

Nane sae sikker as wha bide wi' the Lord: The ill-man himsel kens that fu' weel.

[By wha, 's no said: maist like by David.]

WHA ^alyes i' the lown o' the Heighest, he sal bide i' the bield o' the Stievest:

* Ps. 27, 5.

2 ^bHe may say, || Wi' the LORD, is my to-fa' an' craig; my God, I maun lippen him liefest.

* Ps. 142, 5.
|| or, I'll say.

3 'For, frae the hunter's girn he sal quat ye; an' e'en frae the sugh o' a' ill: §

* Ps. 124, 7.
§ The hunter aiblins shue'd the birds in owre till his girn.

4 ^aHe sal hap ye atowre wi' his feathers; an' ye'se lippen aneth his wings: his truth sal be shaltir an' schild.

† Ps. 17, 8;
57, 1; 61, 4.

5 'Nane sal ye dread, frae the fright o' the night; nor the flane, as it flies the day thro':

* Job 5, 19, &c.
Ps. 121, 6.
Prov. 3, 23.
Isai. 43, 2.

6 Frae the ill that gangs i' the gloamin; frae the †wastin, *whan* noontide 's fou.

† Heb. *wastin* it *wastes*.

7 A thousan sal stacher aside ye; an' ten thousan at thy richt han'; bot it shanna win nar till thee.

8 ^aBut a glisk wi' yer een ye sal wair †on't; an' the fairin o' ill folk sal see.

† Ps. 37, 34.
† Heb. *sal jimp*; or, but only *leak* wi' yer een.

* Ps. 90, 1.

9 For ye made the LORD, my ain to-fa', ⁸an' the Highest owre a', yer bield;

10 Ill, it sal ne'er befa' ye, nor mischieff win nar till yer shiel.

[†] Ps. 34, 7;
71, 3.
Mat. 4, 6.
Luke 4, 10.
[†] Heb. in a' yer gates.

11 ^hFor his ain erran-rinners he'll weise ye; till tent ye, [†]whare'er ye gang:

[†] Job 5, 23.
Ps. 37, 24.
[‡] or, ye ding yer fit on.

12 On their loov's, fu' heigh they sal heize ye, [†]in case be [‡]yer fit tak a stane.

13 Ye sal gang owre the lyoun an' ethir; the lyoun's whalp an' grit ethir, ye sal thring them baith down yerlane.

14 For ay in mysel he had pleasur, syne sae I sal redd him hame; heigh by himlane I sal set him, for weel has he kent my name.

* Ps. 50, 15.

15 ^hHe sal cry till mysel, an' I'll tent him; mylane sal be wi' him in dree: I sal rax him atowre frae cumber, an' eke sal gie him the gree.

* Ps. 50, 23.

16 Wi' nae en' o' days I sal stegh him; [†]an' ^athat's in my heal-ha'din, I sal ^{e'en} gar him leuk an' see.

PSALM XCII.

How ill-doers a' are sned by like the gerss, bot the righteous braid braww like the trees.

Ane heigh-lilt or sang, for the Quattin-Day. [By wha, 's no said.]

* Ps. 147, 1.

IT'S ^agude till gie laud to the LORD; an' till lilt to thy name, Thou Highest:

[†] Heb. intil the lang nights.

2 Till tell yer gude-gree i' the mornin gray; an' yer truth, [†]whan the nights are dreigheest:

[†] Heb. ontill the Higgatoun: leuk Hradinz.

3 On the lume wi' the tensome thairms, an' eke on the langspiel's sel; [†]wi' the lown-gaen sugh o' a sang, *alang* wi' the harp *sae snell*.

^b Ps. 40, 5;
139, 17.

4 For sae blythe 's ye made me wi' yer wonner-wark, LORD; i' the warks o' yer hans, I sal roose mysel.

5 ^bHow mighty, O LORD, are yer

doens; ^cunco deep, are thae thoughts o' thine!

6 ^dThe carl, *that's* a brute, canna ken *them*; the gowk, o' sic-like has nae min'.

* Ps. 94, 8.

7 ^cWhan ill-doers braid like the gerss; an' ^aa' that do wrang growe green: *it's* ay till be wastit are they.

^c Job 12, 6;
21, 7.
Jer. 12, 1, 2
Mal. 3, 15.

8 ^fBot yerlane, O LORD, *are* fu' heigh for ay!

* Ps. 56, 2.

9 Syne sae, O LORD, yer ill-willers; syne sae, yer ill-willers sal gang: sperflit sal they be *thegither*, ^aa' that are warkers o' wrang.

10 ^eBot my horn, like the reem's, ye sal straighten; my auld age, wi' oyle sal be green: ||

* Ps. 89, 17, 24.

11 ^hMy ee sal leuk owre my ill-willers; o' ill folk that steer up again me, my lugs they sal hearken the mean.

|| or, I sal be drookit wi' green oyle.

^h Ps. 54, 7;
59, 10;
112, 8.

12 ⁱThe righteous sal blume like the palm-tree; like the cedar o' Lebanon, braid:

ⁱ Isai. 65, 22
Hos. 14, 5.

13 Wha are set i' the LORD's ain biggen; they sal blume i' the faulds o' our God:

14 Ay on till grey hairs, they sal carry; sappy an' green sal they be:

15 Till tell that JEHOVAH is ae-fauld: ^hmy rock, an' ⁱwi' nae wrang intil him, *is he*.

^h Deut. 32, 4
ⁱ Rom. 9, 14

PSALM XCIII.

The thron o' the Lord's abune fechtan folk, an' warstin watirs; Jehovah's gran', owre sea an' lan'.

[For the day afore the Quattin-Day, whan the yirth was founded: ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

JEHOVAH'S sel, ^ahe 's king: ^bwi' might he's cled, he's cled; ^cJEHOVAH 's graith'd wi' might: ^dthe world forby, 's fu' sikker sted; atowre it winna swing.

^a Ps. 96, 10;
97, 1; 99, 1
Isai. 52, 7.

* Ps. 104, 1.

* Ps. 65, 6.

* Ps. 96, 10.

* Ps. 45, 6.

Prov. 8, 22,

&c.

2 ^eYer thron, sen-syne, 's fu' stieve; frae ayont lang-syne, yerlane.

3 The fludes hae rax't, O LORD;

|| or, *waver*.

the fludes hae rax't their din; the
fludes hae rax't their might : ||

4 Abune the din o' mony a watir-
breinge; abune the breinge o' seas,
the LORD 's fu' grand in height.

5 Yer trysts, they're unco sure;
an' halieness weel sets yer hous,
O LORD, nae end o' days till *fu*bre.

PSALM XCIV.

*A lang plea wi' ill-doers, on what God
maun think an' do wi' them. Nae
thron o' mischief, nor lawfu' wrang,
the warst o' a' wrangs, can be his.*

[By wha 's no said: thought till be
by David.*]

GOD o' wrakin, O JEHOVAH;
G^a God o' wrakin, glint atowre:

2 ^bUp, yerlane, the 'yirth's right-
rechter; till the proud, gie double
owre.

3 How lang, O LORD, sal evil
warkers; how lang sal ill folk haud
the gree?

4 They clash an' claiver heartless
mischief;^d they crack fu' crouse,
a' that wark a lie.

5 Yer folk, LORD, they wear them
clean dune; an' yer haddin, they
waste it awa:

6 The widow an' wander'd, till
death they ding; an' the orphans,
†till dead they draw:

7 'An' the LORD, quo' they, sal
ne'er see *the like*; nor Jakob's God
ken ava'.

8 ^fTak tent, ye brutes amang folk;
an' ye cuifs, will ye ne'er be wyss?

9 ^gWha plantit the lug, sal he no
hear? wha shapit the ee, sal he tak
nae notice?

10 Wha schules the hethen, sal he
no fleech; wha insenses mankind
wi' thought?

11 ^h*Aye*, the LORD kens weel the
thought o' ilk chiel; that *the best o'*
them *a' are* but nought.

12 'Weel for the wight ye hae
taught, O LORD; an' e'en frae yer
law gien him lear:

13 For lown till himsel, in the
days o' ill; or the sheugh for ill-
doers be bare.†

14 ⁱFor the LORD winna tine his
ain folk; nor his haddin, he winna
forlie 't:

15 Bot rightin sal win back till
right; syne a' aefauld in heart, sal
be wi' t.‡

16 Wha sal rise for mysel on
the wicked? wha sal help me, wi'
warkers o' wrang?

17 An the LORD *had-na been* my
up-ha'din; my life, maist a whush
it had lain:

18 Bot my fit, whan I said it had
slippet; yer gude-will, O LORD,
made me strang:

19 In the thrang o' my thoughts
within me, yer comforts, they made
me fu' fain.

20 'Sal the thron o' mischief,^m
that ettles sic fash || on the law, be
wi' thee?

21 They rin on the life o' the
rightous; an' the bluid o' the saik-
less, they winna free.†

22 Bot the LORD till mylane is
heigh-ha'din; an' my God 's a stieve
craig till me:

23 'An' sal coup on themsels their
wrang-doen; an' †whan they sned,
sal sned them awa: *Aye*, JEHOVAH
that 's God o' our ain, *a' siclike* he
sal sned them in twa.

PSALM XCV.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord, an' a word
o' gude guidin till Israel.*

[By wha 's no said here.*]

HEREAWA folk, lat us lilt to
the LORD; 'fu' loud lat us

ⁱ 1 Cor. 11, 32.
Hebr. 12, 5.
&c.

† Heb. *horuk-
il*, or *ready*.

^h 1 Sam. 12,
22.
Rom. 11, 1, 2.

§ Whan law
an' what's
right gang
thegither,
folk may be
weel con-
tent.

* Ca'd in the
LXX. for the
fourth day o'
the Sabbath.

^a Deut. 32, 35.
Nah. 1, 2.

^b Ps. 7, 6.

^c Gen. 18, 25.

^d Ps. 31, 18
Jude 15.

† Heb. ettles
to fell like a
river.

^e Ps. 10, 11,
13.

^f Ps. 73, 22;
92, 6.

^g Exod. 4, 11.
Prov. 20, 12.

^h 1 Cor. 3, 20.

ⁱ Amos 6, 3.

^m Ps. 58, 2.
Isai. 10, 1.

|| or, *wi' the
law, or abune
the law.*

† Heb. *they
doom till
dead.*

ⁿ Ps. 7, 16.

† Heb. ettles
i' their ain
ineddin, or
clourin o'
ither folk.
God sal med
themsels
clean awa.

* Leuk Hebr.
4, 7.

^a Ps. 100, 1.

† Heb. till the
cast o' his
face.

† Ps. 96, 4;
97, 9; 135, 5.

† Heb. a' the
rod.

lilt to the craig o' our ain heal-
ha'din.

2 Lat us †ben afore him wi' a lilt
o' laud; wi' sangs fu' heigh, lat us
lilt until him.

3 ^b For a God unco grand *is* the
LORD; an' a king fu' gran', owre
the †lave o' gods.

4 In that han' o' his, *are* the howes
o' the yirth; an' his ain are the
heights o' the hills:

5 Whase ain *is* the sea, for he
made it himsel; an' the dry *lan'*, his
han's gied it shape.

6 O hereawa *syne*, lat us lout an'
beck; lat us laigh on our knees, till
the LORD our Makar.

7 For himlane, he *is* God o' our
ain; 'an' oursels the folk o' his hirs-
sel; an' eke the flock o' his han':
^d Gin his cry, but the day, ye wad
hear till.

8 O haud-na yer hearts sae dour,
'as ance in the weary warsle; as
ance in the day o' thrav, in that
gateless grun', *ye daur'd till*:

9 ^f Whan yer faithers they tempit,
they tried me sair; an' my warks o'
wonner they saw still.

10 Forty year lang I was fash'd
wi' the kin: Syne quo' I, the folk
gang aogle, i' thae hearts o' their
ain; an' gates o' mine, they ken
nought o':

11 An' I swure in my wuth till
them syne, my rest they suld ne'er
win ben to. §

PSALM XCVI.

*A sang o' laud, at the hame-comin o'
the Lord till his ain balidom.*

[Ane o' David's; whan his hous
was bigget eftir captivity, quo'
the LXX.]

SING ^a ye till the LORD a new
sang; sing ye till the LORD,
the hail yirth:

2 Sing ye till the LORD, blythe-
bid his name; tell ye his heal-ha'din,
frae day till day.

3 Tell owre amang the folk the
weight o' his gree; amang a' the
folk, his warks o' wonner.

4 ^b For grand 's the LORD, 'an' fu'
gran'ly lauded: ^d himlane till be
fear'd abune a' the gods.

5 ^e For a' gods o' the hethen *are*
gods o' nought; ^f bot the LORD *him-*
lane, it was, wrought the hevins.

6 Gloiry an' gree *are* thegither
afore him; might an' what 's braw,
in his halie howff.

7 Gie ye till the LORD, ye out-
come o' the folk; gie ye till the
LORD, gudeliheid an' might:

8 ^e Gie ye till the LORD, the gloiry
† beha'din his name; tak a hansom,
an' ben till his chaumers:

9 Lout laigh till the LORD, ^b in
braws o' the best; † quak ye afore
him, the hail yirth:

10 Quo' ye amang the folk, ⁱ The
LORD he 's king; the world eke fu'
sikker is, that it suld ne'er be steerit:
the folk ^k he sal guide *himself*, wi' his
ain righteous guidins.

11 ⁱ The lifts, lat them laugh; an'
the yirth, lat it blythen: ^m the sea,
lat it rant, an' its plenishin a':

12 The field lat it sling, an' ilk
haet that 's inside o't; aye! ilk stok
o' the wood, lat it lilt *an'* sing:

13 Afore the LORD, for he comin
is; for he 's comin till right the
lan': ⁿ he sal right-recht the world
intil righteousness, an' the folk intil
truth *that* 's his ain.

PSALM XCVII.

*Another heigh-lilt at the Lord's hame-
comin: Zioun, abune a', suld be glad.*
[For David; whan the lan' was lip-
pened till himsel, quo' the LXX.]

^b Ps. 145, 3.

^c Ps. 18, 3.

^d Ps. 95, 3.

^e See Jer. 10.

11, 12.

^f Ps. 115, 15.

^g Ps. 29, 1, 2.

† Heb. o' his

name.

^b Ps. 29, 2;

110, 3.

† Heb. *weel*

atten by, or

o' haliness, or

o' the halit-

horuff.

ⁱ Ps. 93, 1.

97, 1.

^k Ps. 98, 9.

ⁱ Ps. 69, 34.

^m Ps. 98, 7,

&c.

ⁿ Ps. 67, 4.

Rev. 19, 11.

^c Ps. 79, 13;
80, 1; 100, 3.

^d Hebr. 3, 7;
4, 7.

^e Exod. 17,
2, 7.
Num. 14, 22;
20, 13;
Deut. 6, 16.

^f Ps. 78, 18,
40, 56.
1 Cor. 10, 9.

§ Forty year
gang till ae
kichgettin.
The Lord
tholed sae
lang, an'
syne got
weel quat o'
them.

¶ An' a
braw lilt it is.

^a 1 Chron. 16,
23.
Ps. 33, 3.

* Ps. 96, 10.

* Kings 8,

14.
Ps. 18, 11.

* Ps. 89, 14.

* Dan. 7, 10.

* Ps. 77, 18;
104, 32.

† Judg. 5, 5.
Mic. 1, 4.
Nah. 1, 5.

* Ps. 19, 1;
50, 6.

* Exod. 20, 4.
Lev. 26, 1.
Deut. 5, 8.

* Hebr. 1, 6.

* Ps. 95, 3;
96, 4.

* Ps. 34, 14;
101, 3.
Amos 5, 15.
Rom. 12, 9.

* Ps. 112, 4.

* Ps. 33, 1.

* Ps. 30, 4.

|| or, *holiness*.

§ The mair
liltin at
Zioun, the
better they
wad mind
God's house.

THE LORD, ^ahe's King, lat the
yirth be blythe; ^{an'} the feck
o' the isles be fain.

2 ^bCluds ^{an'} mirk, they gather
round him; ^cright ^{an'} right-rechtin
stoop his thron.

3 ^dLowe afore him gangs, ^{an'}
kennles his ill-willers roun' about:

4 ^eHis lightnins lighten did the
world; ^{syne} the yirth, it saw ^{an'}
sheuk.

5 Frae afore the LORD the heights,
like wax ^fthey thowe'd awa; frae
afore the face o' ^{him}, ^{that} 's Laird
o' the yirth ^{an'} a'.

6 ^gThe lifts, they lat wit o' his
right; his gloiry, a' folk can see:

7 ^hBe scham'd a' wha jouk till
ane idol; wha crack sae crouselly
o' gods o' nought: ⁱlout laigh till
himself, a' gods ^{that} be.

8 Zioun hearken'd, ^{an'} ^{syne} was
fu' fain: fu' blythe war the dochtirs
o' Judah, for thae right-rechtins,
LORD, o' thine.

9 For heigh abune a' the yirth, are
ye, O LORD, yerlane: ^aan' uncolie
heigh till be ha'din, a' ither gods
abune.

10 Wha loe the LORD, ^{ye} maun
thole nae ill: the sauls o' his sanctit
anes wairds he weel; frae the han'
o' ill-doers he redds them.

11 ^mThar 're a seed-time o' light
for the righteous; ^{an'} joie for the
aefauld in heart:

12 ⁿBe blythe in the LORD, ye
rightous; ^{an'} lilt, till keep mind o'
his || halie pairt. §

PSALM XCVIII.

*Another lilt o' laud to the Lord, fu'
heigh an' gran', by a' sea an' lan'.*
Ane heigh-lilt. [By wha, 's no said.]

SING ^aye till the LORD a new
sang; for warks o' wonner
himlane has dune: ^bhis ain right

han', ^{an'} his halie arm, it wrought
him salvioun.

2 ^cIn sight o' the hethen folk, the
LORD lat his health be kent; ^{an'}
that right o' his ain, he made plene.

3 He had mind o' his rewth ^{an'}
his trewth, till Israel's houss ^{forby};
a' neuks o' the lan' the heal-ha'din,
o' ^{him} ^{that} 's our God, they hae
seen.

4 Wauken a din till the LORD, O
a' the yirth: skreigh, ^{an'} lowp, ^{an'}
lilt ye ^{afore} ^{him}.

5 Lilt till the LORD wi' the harp;
wi' the harp, ^{an'} the sugh o' a psalm:

6 Wi' horns, ^{an'} the tout o' a
swesch; mak a din afore the LORD,
the King.

7 ^dThe sea lat it rant, ^{an'} its plen-
ishin a'; the world, ^{an'} a' that won
tharin: †

8 Lat the rowin fludes ding ^{their}
looves thegither; § the craigs fu'
heigh, lat them lilt ^{an'} croon:

9 Afore the LORD; ^{for} he's comin
till right the lan': he sal right-recht
the world intil righteousness, ^{an'} the
folk wi' the † straight o' his han'!

PSALM XCIX.

*God's heigh owre a'; baith gude an'
ill suld fear him.*

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

THE LORD ^ahe's King, the folk
they maun gee; ^bhe sits in the
cherubs, the yirth it maun swee:

2 The LORD intil Zioun, he's
grand ^{an'} a'; ^{an'} atowre a' the he-
then, he's hie:

3 Yer name they maun laud, sae
mighty it is; ^{an'} sae dread, by || its-
lane setten by.

4 ^eAn' the King, his ain might's
ay fain o' the right; yerlane ye hae
ettled the straight ^{an'} the right; §
^{an'} righteousness sel, ye hae wrought
it out, in Jakob.

* Isai. 52, 10.

* Ps. 96, 11.

† The Medi-
terranean
Sea, ^{an'} the
outside
world.

§ The Tigris
an' Euphra-
tes ran close
till ane an-
ther; wi'
Hermion an'
Tabor
between them
an' the sea.

* Ps. 96, 10, 13.

† Heb. *twi*
straight deal-
ins.

* Ps. 93, 1.

* Exod. 25,
22.
Ps. 18, 10;
80, 1.

|| or, *himlane*
setten by; or,
halie.

* Job 36, 5.

§ God's might
's ay right.

^d Verse 9.

^c Chron.
28, 2.

/ Jer. 15, 1.

† Heb. cry'd
out his name.

^e Exod. 33, 9.

^b Num. 14,
20.

Jer. 46, 28.
Zeph. 3, 7.

ⁱ Leuk till
Exod. 32, 2,
&c.

Num. 20, 12,
24.

Deut. 9, 20.

^a Verse 5.

5 ^dThe LORD our God, ye maun
heize him hie; 'an' laigh at his fit-
brod, lout maun ye; *for* he's halie.

6 ^fMoyse an' Aaron, wi' priests
o' his; an' Samuel, wi' them †his
name wha did reeze: they cry't till
the LORD, and he spak till them.

7 ^gIn the rack o' the clud, he spak
till themlane; his bidden they bade,
an' the tryst he gied them.

8 O LORD our God, ye spak till
them hame; ^ha God ye war *ay* that
tholed wi' themlane; 'bot their ill-
ettled thoughts, ye cam down on.

9 The LORD our God, ^kye maun
heize him hie; an' laigh at his halie
hill lout ye: for the LORD our God,
he's halie.

PSALM C.

*We're a' but the sheep o' God's lan',
an' the flock o' God's han': a' livin'
folk, they suld laud him.*

A lilt o' laud.* [Ane o' David's,
quo' the LXX.]

* Ps. 145.
Headin.

^a Ps. 95, 1.

SKREIGH ^atill the LORD, the
hail yirth, maun ye:

2 Beck till the LORD wi' blythe-
heid an' a'; ben afore him, wi' a
sang o' glee.

^b Ps. 119, 73;
139, 13;
149, 2.

Eph. 2, 10.

^c Ps. 95, 7.
Ezek. 34, 30,
31.

^d Ps. 66, 13.

3 Ken ye fu' weel, the LORD he's
God: ^bhimlane, *it was*, made us;
oursel *made-na* we: 'his folk are
we *syne*, an' eke o' his hirsle the fe.

4 ^dBen till his yetts wi' laud; till
his faulds, wi' a lilt sae hie: lilt ye
laud till himsel; *an'* that name o'
his ain, bless ye.

^e Ps. 136, 1,
&c.

5 For gude *is* the LORD; 'his
gudewill's for ay: an' frae ae life's
en'till anither, that truth o' his ain,
it sal be.

PSALM CI.

*How David maun right his hous, or
the Lord come till see him: an' it
wad thole mendin.*

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

WHAT's gude an' what's
right, I maun sing; O LORD,
I maun lilt till thee:

2 I maun guide mysel weel in a
aefauld gate, an' ance ye come ben
till me; †wi' a heart that's ane, in
my hous at hame, the gate I sal
gang *maun be*.

† Heb. wi'
singleness o'
heart.

3 I sal ne'er set afore my een, †ae
word o' mischieff ava'; ^alean wark
I hate, ^bit sal ne'er be wi' me at a':

† Heb. word
o' Belial.

^a Ps. 97, 10.
^b Ps. 125, 5.

4 The heart that's ill, sal gae
frae me still; †an' what's wrang,
I winna knaw.

† or, *wrang-
doer*.

5 Wha hidlins lies on his niebor,
siclike I maun sned him by; 'the
skeigh o' the een, an' the hoven
heart, siclike I sal †ne'er envy.

^c Ps. 18, 27.
Prov. 6, 17.

6 My een on the leal o' the lan'
sal leuk, till ay gar them bide wi'
me; wha gangs i' the aefauld gate,
siclike my ain loon sal be. §

† Heb. *sal
jimp thole*.

7 Wha warks at sliddery wark,
sal ne'er bide in biggen o' mine;
wha claivers a lowk o' lies, sal ne'er
stan' afore my een.

§ He maun
hae wyas an'
honest chal-
mer-childs.

8 ^dOr mornin light I sal ding, a'
ill in the lan' *that be*; 'till sned frae
the brugh o' the LORD, a' that wark
iniquitie.

^d Ps. 75, 10.
Jer. 21, 12.

^e Ps. 48, 2, 8.

PSALM CII.

*Israel maun-na tine heart: Zioun sal
be bigget or lang, an' the Lord her
helper sal bide evir mair.*

A bidden for the feckless, whan
forfochten he is, an' tooms out
his sigh afore the Lord.

HEARKEN, LORD, till my bid-
den; my skreigh, lat it win
till thee:

2 ^aHide-na yer face frae me, i' the
day *whan* I thole sic dree: lout me
yer lug, i' the day *whan* I skreigh;
fy haste ye, speak hame till me.

^a Ps. 27, 9;
69, 17.

3 ^bFor my days wear awa †like
the reek; 'an' my banes like the
hearth-stane are brunt:

^b James 4, 14.
† or, *intil
reek*: twa
Hebrew
readina.

^c Joh 30, 30.

* Job 19, 20.

Lam. 4, 8.

* Job. 30, 29.

† Or, *peccans, hissing, hissing, hissing*; some bird that cries lang an' sair in the wust.

† Or, *mad, cruel, ill-nature.*

* Ps. 42, 3; 80, 5.

* Ps. 109, 23; 144, 4.

Eccles. 6, 12.

* Isai. 40, 6.

James 1, 10.

* Lam. 5, 19.

* Ps. 135, 13.

† Heb. *till birth as' kithgettin.*

* Ps. 79, 1.

* Ps. 22, 31.

Isai. 43, 21.

† Heb. *sal Hallelujah.*

* Ps. 14, 2; 33, 13.

4 My heart, like the fothir, 's baith mawn an' winn; that my bread I forget till break:

5 Wi' the weary sigh o' my greetin, 'my bane wi' my bouk 's acquaint.

6 'Am e'en like the [whaup i' the wustlan'; an' the howlet in gateless grun':

7 'Am wankrife, an' e'en like the sparrow, *that* bides on the riggin its-lane.

8 Ilk day, my ill-willers they jeer me; thae [ranter, at me they can swear:

9 For stoure, e'en as bread, I hae eaten; 'an' my sowp, I hae jaup'd wi' a tear.

10 In face o' yer gluff an' yer angir; for ye heiz'd me, an' dang me down:

11 'My day like the shadowe, it dwinnles; 'an' e'en like the fothir, 'am winn:

12 'Bot yerlane, LORD, sal bide for evir; 'an' guid-mind o' yersel, †till the hinmaist kin.

13 Ye sal up, an' think sair on Zioun; for the time till hae pitie on her, for the time that was trystit has come.

14 For yer leal-folk, 'her stanes they are fain o'; an' her stoure they tak kindly in han':

15 An' the hethen, the LORD's name sal quak at; an' yer gloiry, a' kings o' the lan'.

16 Whan the LORD fa's till biggen o' Zioun; he sal kythe in his gudelieid a':

17 He sal turn till the prayer o' the feckless; an' their bidden, sal nane put awa:

18 Siclike sal be pen'd for the kin eftirhend; 'an' folk till be schupen †sal gie land till JAH.

19 For the LORD, 'he cou'd glint frae his halie height; frae the lift to the lan', leukit owre:

20 'Till hearken the sigh o' the shackle'd wight; an' for Death's bairns, till lowse the door:

21 Till tell, athort Zioun, the LORD's ain name; in Jerus'lem, his praise till accord:

22 In the thrang o' the folk, whan they gather like ane; an' the king-ryks, till ser' the LORD.

23 He wastit my pith on the gate; he sned aff a *wheen* o' my days:

24 'Quo' I, O my God, †tak me nane clean awa, wi' but half o' my days in *han'*: †frae ae life's end till anither, thae years o' yer ain *they stan'*.

25 'Frae afore †time's bound, the yirth ye did found; an' the lifts *are* the wark o' yer han's.

26 'Siclike, they gae dune, bot yersel ye bide on; ilk aye, like a dud, they wear by: like cleedin, ye shift them atowre; an' shiftet *cleedin* they lye.

27 Bot yerlane *are* †the same 's ye *war than*; an' yer years, they sal ne'er wear awa:

28 'Yer thirl-folk's weans, they sal bide on the bit; an' their out-come, afore ye sal stan'.

PSALM CIII.

How the gudeness o' God brings us bame frae the graiff: Tho' we gang like the gerss, God bides wi' our bairns, an' has min' o' his tryst ever mair.

Ane o' David's.

MY saul, 'ye maun blythe-bid the LORD; and a' in mysel, that name o' his ain sae halie:

2 My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD; an' forget-na his gates, a' sae kindly:

3 'Wha rews upon a' yer wrang; an' yer dowie turns a, 'wha heals them:

4 'Wha redds but yer life frae

* Ps. 79, 11.

* Isai. 58, 10.

† Heb. *lift me up.*

† Heb. *until kithgettin as' kithgettin.*

* Hebr. 1, 10.

† Heb. *the faces o' time, or o' man.*

* Isai. 51, 6; 66, 17;

Rom. 8, 20.

2 Pet. 3, 7;

10, 11.

† Heb. *the verae one, or himsel.*

* Ps. 69, 36.

* Ps. 104, 1; 146, 1.

* Ps. 130, 8.
Mat. 9, 2, 6.
Mark 2, 11.
Luke 7, 47.

: Ps. 5, 12.

the moul; 'wha cheeks ye wi' gude gree an' kindness:

d Isai. 40, 31.

5 Yer mouthe wha has plenish'd wi' gude; ^dyer youth, like the earn's, it has doublet.

c Ps. 146, 7.

6 'The LORD can do a' that's right; an' what's right, for a' that are pingled:

f Ps. 147, 19.

7 ^fTill Moyses, his gates he made plain; till Israel's weans, his wonners.

e Exod. 34, 6.

Num. 14, 18.

Deut. 5, 10.

Neh. 9, 17.

Ps. 86, 15.

Jer. 32, 18.

† Heb. *mony*

fauld.

b Ps. 30, 5.

Isai. 57, 16.

Jer. 3, 5.

Mic. 7, 18.

† Ezra 9, 13.

e Eph. 3, 18.

8 ^eFrienly an' kind *is* the LORD; lang or he lowes, and in tholin, †ayont a' measur:

9 ^hHe winna gang flytin for ay; nor haud *his ill-will* for evir.

10 'He wrought-na till us as our fauts *had been*; an' pay'd us na hame, like our ain ill-doens:

11 ^aBot e'en as the lifts are atowre the lan'; sae heigh hauds his pitie owre them that fear him.

12 Sae far as the east lies awa frae the wast; sae far frae oursel's has he rax't our wrange-doens:

† Mal. 3, 17.

13 'Sae sair as a faither can rew on *his* weans; sae sair rews the LORD on them that fear him.

|| or, *the gate*o' *our mak-*

ing.

m Ps. 78, 39.

n Ps. 90, 5.

o Job 14, 1, 2.

James 1, 10,

11.

14 For himlane, he kens weel || how he wrought oursel; ^mhe has mind we *are* nought but stoure.

15 Man, *as he stan's*, ⁿhis days *are* like gerss; ^olike a flowir o' the field, he grows:

16 For the win' it wins owre him, an' gane is he: || ^pthe bit neuk *whar* *he stude*, sal ken nought o' || him mair.

|| or, *it: man*o' *the flowir*.

p Job 7, 10;

20, 9.

17 Bot the rewth o' the LORD, on wha fear himsel, *is* frae ae langsyne till anither; an' that right o' his ain, ^qtill bairns' bairns;

e Exod. 20, 6.

c Deut. 7, 9.

† Heb. *till*wark *them*

out.

18 'O' wha bide by his tryst, an' his biddens hae min' o', †till tak them in han' without swither.

19 The LORD, in the lift, ^rhe has stoopit his thron; an' his kingryk, it raxes owre a'.

20 'O blythe-bid the LORD, †ye wha rin for himsel; sae wight in might, wi' his will in han', till hearken the sugh o' his word:

21 O blythe-bid the LORD, 'a' ye his hosts; 'loons o' his, *an'* that do his pleasur:

22 O blythe-bid the LORD, a' warks o' his ain; in ilk neuk o' his realm: My saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD.

† Ps. 148, 2.

† Heb. *his ain erran-*
rinnars.

† Dan. 7, 9,

10.

Hebr. 1, 14.

PSALM CIV.

A gude word for God's wark on the world: how wyssly it 's wrought; how gran'ly it 's sortit; how kindly it 's a' airtit an' ordered for baith beast an' body.

[Ane o' David's, quo' the LXX.]

MY saul, ye maun blythe-bid the LORD: LORD God o' my ain, †sae grand as ye hain; ^agloiry an' gree ye put on.

2 ^bLight ye dight on like a cleuk; ^cthe lift, like a hingin, ye streek:

3 ^dStoopin his bauks on the fludes; ^eettlin his carriage the cluds; ^fon the wings o' the win' makin speed:

4 ^gErrand-rinnars he maks o' the blasts; an' loons o' his ain, the bleeze o' lowe.

5 ^hWha settled the yirth on her founs; nevir mair sen-syne suld scho steer:

6 'The deep ye flang owre't, like a hap; the watirs they stude on the hills: §

7 ⁱAt yer wytin, they shifted an' gaed; at the sugh o' yer thunner, they skail'd:

8 Till the heights they wan up, by the howes they cam down, till the bit ye had scoop't for themlane:

9 'An' a †gavel ye bigger they ne'er wan atowre; ^mthat the yirth they suld-na win bak till cover.

10 Wha *syne* sent the wa'll-springs

§ Tak the twa first chapters o' Genesis wi' ye as ye gang, an' ye'll be wysser.

† Heb. *sae*grand *as ye*mak *yersel.*

a Ps. 93, 1.

b Dan. 7, 9.

c Isai. 40, 22,

45, 12.

d Amos 9, 6.

e Isai. 19, 1.

f Ps. 18, 10.

g Hebr. 1, 7.

h Job 26, 7;

38, 4.

i Ps. 24, 2;

136, 6.

§ Gen. 7, 19.

§ When the

world first

was founded.

m Gen. 8, 1.

† Ps. 33, 7.

Jer. 5, 22.

† The vera

Hebrew

word, *gebal.*

m Gen. 9, 11,

15.

† Heb. *wild asses*; a' o' the horse kind.

° Ps. 147, 8.

° Ps. 65, 9.

° Gen. 1, 29, 30; 3, 18; 9, 3.

† or, *for serin man*.

° Judg. 9, 13. Ps. 23, 5. Prov. 31, 6, 7.

† or, *wi' oyle*.

° Num. 24, 6.

° Gen. 1, 14.

° Isai. 45, 7.

° Job 38, 39. Joel 1, 20.

° Prov. 3, 19.

intil the howe glens, that airt them atween the hills:

11 Sae drink they can gie, till ilk beast o' the lea: † wild naigies, they sloken their fills:

12 Atowre them, the birds o' the lift hae their howff; wha send their bit sang frae the beughs.

13 ° The heights he can seep frae his chaumers: ° wi' the rowth o' yer warks, the hail yirth it's fou.

14 ° Gerss he gars growe for the beiss; and yerb ||wi' the care o' man, till fesh bread *for himsel* frae the yird:

15 ° An' wine *that* can blythen man's heart, till brighten *his* leuks ||mair nor oyle; an' bread, till man's heart that gies pith.

16 The trees o' the LORD are weel sappit; the cedars o' Lebanon's *sel*, ° siclike as he plantit himlane:

17 Whar-amang, the flight-fliers they big; the stork, intil firs, *bigs* her houss:

18 The heights, for the heigh-climbin gait; an' the craigs for the cunies, a howff.

19 ° Wha ettled the mune for the tides; the sun kens his ain gaen-about.

20 Mirk ye bring on, an' it's night; whan ilk beast o' the wood, it wins out: °

21 ° The lyouns' whalps, they can skreigh till rive; an' they seek their ain bite frae God.

22 The sun, he wins up, they harl themsels hame; an' ben i' their boles they lye lown.

23 But gaes man till the wark o' his han'; an' his labor, till comes the gloam.

24 ° O how mony-fauld, LORD, are yer warks; in sic wyssheid ye wrought them a': the yirth, o' yer outcome it's fou.

25 Siclike is the mighty sea, an'

sae braid as scho raxes awa: whar the wurblers rowe, ayont countin; livin creaturs, † the grit wi' the sma'.

26 Thar boats, they can airt their gate; leviathan's sel ye hae schupen, till play himsel ben i' the *spate*.

27 ° Ilk ane, they a' lippen till thee; that † in time ye gie *them* their meat:

28 What ye gie them, they harl thegither; yer loof ye braid brawly out, they're plenish'd fu' weel *wi'* guid.

29 Ye but hap yer face, they're dang daiver'd; ° ye steek aff their breath, they can blaw nae mair; an' hame they gang syne till their stoure.

30 ° Yer ain breath ye send but, they're wrought again *syne*; an' the face of the yird, ye mak owre. §

31 Gree till the LORD evir mair; the LORD be fu' fain in his warks!

32 Wha leuks on the lan', an' it dinnes; ° wha but lights on the heights, an' they reek.

33 ° I sal sing till the LORD, while I live; I sal lift till my God, sae lang as I † last ava':

34 My thought on himsel, it sal please me weel; wi' the LORD, I'se be blythe an' a'.

35 Frae the yirth, lat wrangdoers wear by; an' ill-folk, nae mair o' them be: *bot* blythe-bid the LORD, O my saul; † an' praise till JEHOVAH gie ye.

† Heb. *thr. sma' wi' the grit*.

° Ps. 136, 25; 145, 15; 147, 9.

† Heb. *in their ain saison*.

° Job 34, 14, 15. Ps. 146, 4. Eccles. 12, 7.

° Isai. 32, 15. Ezek. 37, 9.

§ Frae ae year till anither; or lang-syne, eftir siclike as the fude.

° Ps. 144, 5.

° Ps. 63, 4; 146, 2.

† Heb. *mysel dy*.

† Heb. *Hallelujah*.

PSALM CV.

Twa lang lits o' laud—an' here, an' anither in the niest Psalm: Ettled for the out-come o' Abraham, till mind them o' a' the Lord had dune i' their faithers' days.

[Hallelujah, quo' the LXX.*]

GIE ° laud till the LORD, cry loud till his name: mak his warks weel kent till the hethen:

* This headin they tak frae the himmalt verse.

° 1 Chron. 16, 8. Isai. 12, 4.

	2 Sing ye till him, lilt loud till him; be fu' fain atowre a' his wonners:	cam roun'; the word o' the LORD †gied him clearin.	† Heb. <i>clear'd him</i> .
	3 Gie laud till his halie name; the heart o' ilk ane be blythe, that spiers for JEHOVAH's sel.	20 *The king he gar'd sen', an' he lousd him than; the head o' the folk, an' he free'd him:	* Gen. 41, 14.
	4 Spier weel for the LORD an' his strenth; spier ye for his face an' a':	21 *Laird he made him, owre that houss o' his ain; an' guider o' a' that belanged him:	* Gen. 41, 40.
	5 Keep min' o' the wonners he wrought; thae ferlies o' his, an' the rightins <i>gaed</i> but frae his mouthe:	22 Till thirl his foremaist, whan-e'er he like'd; an' he taught a' their grey-heads mense-dom.	
	6 Ye out-come o' Abraham, his loon <i>sae</i> leal; an' ye bairns o' Jakob, his walit.	23 †Israel syne, he gaed till Mizraam; an' Jakob, he tholed †in the land o' Ham.	† Gen. 46, 6. † Ps. 78, 51; 106, 22.
	7 Himlane, he 's the LORD our ain God; the hail yirth atowre, are his rightins.	24 An' <i>the LORD</i> , †he lucken'd his folk fu' weel; an' sterker he made them nor a' their faes:	† Exod. 1, 7.
	8 He had min' o' his tryst, ay sen-syne; the word he bade be for years, a guid thousan:	25 †Their heart <i>syne</i> †it turn'd, till ill-will his ain folk; till play fause among them <i>war</i> his servans.	† Exod. 1, 8. ‡ or, <i>he turn'd their heart</i> .
† Gen. 17, 2; 22, 16; 26, 3; 28, 13; 35, 11. Luke 1, 73. Hebr. 6, 17.	9 †The <i>tryst</i> , that he sned wi' Abra'am; an' the aith, until Izaak he swore:	26 †Moyse, his leal-man, he sent; an' Aaron, he wale'd for himsel:	† Exod. 3, 10; 4, 12, 14.
† Gen. 13, 15; 15, 18.	10 An' for law made it sikker wi' Jakob; till Israel, a tryst evir mair:	27 †His †will they made plain till the folk; an' ferlies in the land o' Ham.	† Exod. 7; 8; 9. Ps. 78, 43.
† Gen. 34, 30. Deut. 7, 7; 26, 5.	11 †Till say, To yersel I foreset the lan'; Canaan, for yer march an' fa':	28 *Mirk he brought on, an' fu' mirk it was; †an' they thraw'd-na at siclike his will:	† Heb. <i>the sword o' his sign</i> . * Exod. 10, 22.
† Hebr. 11, 9.	12 †Whan, till count, they war nane to the fore; an' but 'gangrel athort it an' a':	29 *Their watirs he swappit in bluid; an' their fish, i' <i>the flude</i> , he cou'd fell.	† Ps. 99, 7. * Exod. 7, 20.
	13 An' they haingled frae folk to folk; frae a kingryk, an' syne till a clan.	30 †Puddocks in spates, †their lan' it pat out; in the chaumers belangin their kings:	* Exod. 8, 6. † Heb. <i>spaw'd them out waterin</i> .
† Gen. 35, 5. † Gen. 12, 17; 20, 3, 7.	14 †Yet tholed he the yird-born till fash them nane; †aye, kings, for their sakes, he cou'd ban:	31 †He spak, an' o' flies cam ane unco drift; <i>it was</i> lice athort a' their reenge:	† Exod. 8, 17. 24.
	15 Ye maun-na lay han' on my Chrystit; till my seers, ye maun do nae wrang!	32 †He swappit them hail <i>for</i> rain; <i>wi'</i> bleezes o' lowe on their lan':	† Exod. 9, 23.
† Gen. 41, 54. † Lev. 26, 26. Isai. 3, 1. Ezek. 4, 16.	16 †He cry't syne for dearth on the lan'; an' he brak †the hail stok o' bread:	33 †An' he dang baith their vine-stoks an' †figs; an' he slinder'd the tree on their band: §	† Ps. 78, 47. † Heb. <i>their figtrees</i> .
† Gen. 45, 5; 50, 20.	17 †He airtit afore them a man <i>wi' a'</i> ; †Joseph was troket †for guid.	34 †He spak, an' the locust scho cam; an' the worm, an' that ayont count, on the swaird:	§ Infield an' outfield, baith war dang.
† Gen. 37, 28. ‡ or, <i>till ser</i> ; or, <i>till be thirl</i> .	18 †They birset his feet wi' the clamp; his life, it gaed ben intil airn:	35 An' they glaum'd a' the green on their grun'; an' they sorn'd on the frute o' their yaird.	† Exod. 10, 4. 13.
† Gen. 39, 20; 40, 15.	19 Ay till the boun' <i>or</i> his word		

Exod. 12.
29.
Ps. 78, 51.
1 Gen. 49, 3.
Exod. 12, 35.

36 'Syne he dang ilk first-born i' their lan'; 'the tapmaist o' a' their might:
37 'Bot *his folk* he fush out, wi' siller an' gowd; an' was-na intil their tribes, *sae meikle* 's a weary wight.

Exod. 12, 35.

38 'Blythe was Mizraam, as they fuhre'd them awa; for a dread o' sic *folk* had come owre them a'.

Exod. 13, 21.

39 'The clud he rax't out, for a hingin; an' the lowe, till gie light at night:

Exod. 16, 12.
Ps. 78, 24.
25.

40 'They sought, an' he airtit them quails; 'an' he steght them, wi' bread frae the lift:

Exod. 17, 6.
Num. 20, 11.
Ps. 78, 16.
1 Cor. 10, 4.

41 'He racket the craig, an' the watirs cam but; they gaed i' the wust, *like* a drift.

Gen. 15, 14.

42 For he mindet 'his halie word, 'till Abr'ham his lealman *sae true*.

1 or, *Abraham's sel*.

43 An' he fuhre'd furth his folk wi' joie; his wale'd anes, wi' blytheheid enew:

Deut. 6, 10.
11.
Josh. 13, 7.

44 'An' he wair'd on themsel the lan's o' the folk; an' the cost o' the folk, they did fa':

Deut. 4, 1.
40; 6, 21-25.

45 'That sae, they might bide by his statuts, an' waird weel his biddens an' a': †O, ye maun gie laud till JAH!

† Heb. *Hallelujah*.

PSALM CVI.

Mair laud till the Lord; an' mair word o' what God did for his folk, an' bow they throw'd wi' him ay i' the wust.
Hallelujah.*

* Some tak this for aff-gang till verze 1.

1 Chron. 16, 34.

1 or, *it's gude*.

Ps. 107, 1;
118, 1.
136, 1.

GIE 'laud till the LORD, for 'he 's gude; 'for his gude-ness it tholes evir mair.

2 Wha can put words on the warks o' the LORD? *wha* can set furth a' his praise?

3 Blythe be they a', wha haud weel by the straught; *the wight* that does right †at ilk turnin.

† Heb. *at a' times, or ilks time*.

Ps. 119, 152.

4 'Hae min' o' me, LORD, whan

ye rew on yer folk; visit me wi' yer ain heal-ha'din:

5 Till see what 's gude, wi' yer walit; till be fain wi' the joie o' yer folk; till lilt wi' yer ain heritage.

6 We gaed wrang wi' our faithers an' a'; 'we did ill, we gaed uncolie wrang:

1 Kings 8, 47.
Dan. 9, 5.

7 Our forebears in Mizra'm, they kent-na yer warks; till yer mony-fauld gude-ness they gie'd nae heed; 'bot they angir'd *him* on till the sea, till the sea o' the tangle *sae red*.

Exod. 14, 11, 12.
§ Ca'd *raph* 'the He-brew, i.e. *tangle*, or *tangly*; aiblins o' a *red-brown*, an' plenty o't.

8 Bot he heal'd them *for a'*, for his ain name's sake; 'till mak kent what-na might was his.

Exod. 9, 16.
Exod. 14, 21.
Ps. 18, 15.

9 'An' he wytit that tangly sea, an' it swakket awa; 'an' he airtit them syne through the trochs; aye, e'en as on drowthy lan':

Isai. 63, 11, 12, 13.

10 An' he hain'd them sae, frae the ill-willers' han'; an' coft them frae the han' o' the enemie.

Exod. 14, 27; 15, 5.

11 'The watirs, they whamle'd thae faes o' their ain; 'bot ane o' them-sels was-na taigled.

1 or, *no ane o' them*—the *Aegyptians*—*was till the fore*.

12 'Syne they lippen'd that word o' his ain; an' laud till himsel they lilit.

Exod. 14, 31; 15, 1.

13 'Bot sae sune, they quat min' o' his warks; an' waited-na weel on his guidin.

Exod. 15, 24; 17, 2.

14 'An' †they grein'd, an' they yirn'd in the wust; they temptit the Mighty, in that gyte grun':

Num. 11, 4, 35.
Ps. 78, 18.
1 Cor. 10, 6.

15 'An' he gied them the weight o' their will; bot hungir sent ben till their saul.

† Heb. *they grined a grimin*.
Num. 11, 31.

16 'Moyses, niest, they envy'd i' the camp; an' Aaron, set-by till the LORD:

Num. 16, 1

17 'Bot the yirth, scho raxit, an' Dathan scho glaum'd; an' sweet'd owre the core o' Abiram:

Num. 16, 31.
Deut. 11, 6.

18 'Syne a bleeze, it brak out i' their thrang; an' the lowe, it lick'd up the ill-doers.

Num. 16, 35, 46.

^aExod. 32, 4.

19 'They schupit a stirk intil Horeb; an' they loutit till slaughtit gowd:

¹Jer. 2, 11.
¹Rom. 1, 23.

20 'Sae they swappit what was their ain gloiry, till the mak o' the gerss-thriv'n knowte:

21 God they forgat, their heal-ha'din; wha wrought sic grand warks in Mizra'm:

¹Ps. 78, 51;
105, 23, 27.

22 The wonners he wrought in Ham's lan'; 'an' the ferlies, by yon tangle-tide.

^aExod. 32,
10, 11, 32.
Deut. 9, 19;
10, 10.

23 'He spak syne o' fellin them a', had-na Moyses, his ain walit wight, 'stude weel i' the slap afore him; till airt his angir awa, that it suld-na win but till smoor them.

^aEzek. 13,
5; 22, 30.

24 Na, 'they lightlied the loesome lan'; his ain word they did-na put tryste in:

¹Jer. 3, 19.

25 'Bot they yammir'd on i' their howffs; they wad hearken nane †till JEHOVAH.

^aNum. 14,
2, 27.

† Heb. *till the
rough or cry o'
Jehowah.*

26 'Syne he rax't his ain han' heigh again them; till ding them clean owre, i' the wust:

^aExod. 16, 8.
Num. 14, 33.
Ps. 95, 11.
Ezek. 20, 15.

27 ^bTill ding their seed by, amang folk; an' till sperffe them clean owre the kintras.

^bPs. 44, 11.
Ezek. 20, 23.

28 They yoket them syne till Baal-Peor;^c they pree'd at †the feasts o' the dead:

^cNum. 25, 2,
3; 31, 16.
Deut. 32, 17.
Hos. 9, 10.
Rev. 2, 14.

29 They angir'd *him* sair wi' their doens; an' the plague, it brak out on them braid:

† Heb. *the
slachtirins
till, or o'.*

30 'Syne Phineas stude, an' cam down wi' the law; an' *sae* the mischieff, it was stay'd:

^aNum. 25, 7

31 An' siclike sal be countit till him for guid wark, †frae life's end till life's end, for ay.

† Heb. *frae
kithgettin till
kithgettin, ay
on.*

32 'At the watirs o' warsle they fash'd *him* sair; an' till Moyses cam ill, for their sakes:

^cNum. 20, 3,
13.
Deut. 3, 26.

33 ^fFor his thought, they dang

^fNum. 20, 10.



throwither a'; an' owre fast spak he syne wi' his lips.

^gJud. 1, 21,
27.

^aDeut. 7, 2.

34 'They dang-na the folk, ^athe LORD bade them ding;

35 Bot slaughtit themsels wi' the hethen, an' syne took a swatch frae their warks:

¹Jud. 2, 2;
3, 5, 6.
Isai. 2, 6.

36 An' thirl'd themsels down till

their eidols, ^aan' they war a girn i' their gate:

^aExod. 23,
33.
Deut. 7, 16.

37 Na, 'they slachtir'd their sons an' their dochters, till gods o' the vera mischieff.†

¹2 Kings 16, 3
Isai. 57, 5.
Ezek. 16, 20;
20, 26.
1 Cor. 10, 20.

38 An' they skail'd the saikless blude; blude o' their sons an' their dochters they slachtir'd, till waefu'

† Heb. *till
deith.*

^m Num. 35,
33.
† Heb. *bludes*.

ⁿ Lev. 17, 7.
Num. 15, 39.

^o Jud. 2, 16.

gods o' Canaan; ^man' the lan', it
was filed wi' †blude.

39 Syne sae war they filed, wi'
sic warks o' their ain; ⁿan' play'd-
lowse, wi' their ill-ettled thoughts:

40 An' sae was the wuth o' the
LORD, kennled again his ain folk;
till he grew'd at his ain heritage:

41 An' syne gied them owre till
the hethen's han'; an' wha liket
them ill, war their maisters:

42 An' their ill-willers thringet
them down; an' aneth their han'
they war broken.

43 ^oMair nor ance he rax't them
atowre; bot they angir'd *him* ay wi'
their counsels, an' syne they cam
laigh wi' their sin.

44 Bot he leukit ay sair on their
dule; ^pwhan he hearken'd them
yammir an' a':

45 ^qAn' mindet his tryst wi' them-
sel, an' pitied them syne; like that
mony-fauld gudeness o' his:

46 ^rAn' †set them in pitie's place,
afore a' that could mak them thirls.

47 ^rHeal us, LORD God o' our ain,
an' gather us out frae the hethen; till
gie laud till yer halie name, till be
fain in liltin yer praises.

48 Blythe be the LORD, Israel's
God, frae ae langsyne till anither;
an' lat a' the folk say Amen:

HALLELUJAH!

^p Jud. 3, 9;
4, 3; 6, 7;
10, 10.

^q Lev. 26, 41,
42.
Deut. 30, 1.

^r Ezra 9, 9.
Jer. 42, 12.

† Heb. *set
them till
pitie's*

^r Chron. 16
35, 36.

[PAIRT FIVE.]

PSALM CVII.

*A lilt o' laud till the Lord, for his
gudeness till a' that thole; an' till
Israel abune the lave.*

[By wha's no said, nor kent.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for he's
gude; for his gudeness, it *bides*
for evir:

2 Lat the bought o' the LORD say
siclike; wham he coft frae the han'
o' ill-willer:

3 An' weised them thegither frae
ilka lan'; frae east an' frae wast,
frae north an' †frae southe.

4 They wander'd athort the wust,
on an unco en'less gate; nae town
they could light on, till bide in:

5 Hungry an' drouthy baith, their
life it wure out o' them pynin:

6 Than they sigh'd till the LORD
i' their strett, *an'* he redd them frae
a' their cumber;^b

7 An' airtit them right on a road

that was straught, till gang till a
town to bide in.

8 ^cThey suld laud the LORD for
his gudeness; an' his warks o' won-
ner till sons o' men:

9 For he plenishes weel the yirnin
will; an' the hungry saul, he steghs
wi' guid.

10 Wha bide i' the mirk, an' the
gloom o' dead; ^dwha are taigled wi'
†lades o' airn:

11 For they fought at the words
o' God, ^ean' lightlied the thoughts
o' the Heighest:

12 An' he brak their heart wi' a
lade; they stacher'd, an' nane till
stay:

13 Than they sigh'd till the LORD
i' their stretts; *an'* he heal'd them
frae a' their cumber:^f

14 ^gHe fuhr'd them atowre frae
the mirk an' dead-gloom; an' the
ban's *that bun'* them, he synder'd.

^c Verses 15,
21, 31.

^d Job 36, 8.
† Heb. *lades
an' airn*.

^e Ps. 73, 24;
119, 24.

^f Verses 6,
19, 28.

^g Ps. 68, 6;
146, 7.

^a Ps. 106, 1;
118, 1; 136, 1.

† Heb. *frae
the sea*.

^b Verses 13,
19, 28.
Hos. 5, 15.

^b Verses 8,
21, 31

15 ^a They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonner till sons o' men:

16 For he flinders the yetts o' brass; an' sneds the couples o' airn.

17 Fules wi' their senseless gate, an' eke their wrang-doen, maun thole:

¹ Job 33, 20.

18 ^a 'A' kin' o' victual their life taks ill; ^a an' syne they come down till death's doors:

^a Ps. 9, 13;
88, 3.

19 ^a 'Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; he heals them frae ^a their cumber:

¹ Verses 6, 13,
28.

20 ^m His word he sends but, an' he heals them; an' harls *them* atowre frae [†] the moults.

^m Ps. 147, 15,
18.
Mat. 8, 8.

[†] Heb. *their ain moults, or wastings.*

21 ^a They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonner till sons o' men:

^a Verses 8,
15, 31.

22 ^o An' [†] offer a weight o' praise; an' keep min' o' his warks wi' a sang.

^o Lev. 7, 12.
Ps. 50, 14.
Hebr. 13, 15.

[†] Heb. *slachtir slachtirins o' praise.*

23 Wha gang till the sea in ships, an' hae do on the watirs wide;

24 Siclike they can see the warks o' the LORD, an' his wonners in that deep tide.

[†] Heb. *he sets the breath o' the blast.*

25 Quo' he, an' [†] he ettles a blast; an' it heizes its watirs heigh:

26 They gang up till the lift, they gang down till the laigh; [†] their life's like till thowe wi' dread:

[†] Ps. 22, 14;
119, 28.
Nah. 2, 10.

27 They stacher an' swee, like some drukken carl; an' ^a [†] their wit's i' their mouthe:

[†] Heb. *their wit, it's gorbled up.*

28 ^a 'Syne they sigh till the LORD i' their stretts; an' he redds them atowre frae their cumber:

^a Verses 6,
13, 19.

29 ^a 'The steer he brings down, till a sugh fu' lown; an' the bringe o' the watir bides.

^a Mat. 8, 26.

30 Fu' blythe are they syne, sae lown an' fine; an' he airts them in owre till their loesome haven.

31 ^a 'They suld laud the LORD *for* his gudeness; an' his warks o' wonner till sons o' men:

^a Verses 8,
15, 21.

32 They suld heize him heigh, i' the thrang o' the folk; an' eke frae the elders' seat, they suld laud himlane.

33 Rowin-fludes he can turn till a desert; and watir-gates, till drowthy grun':

34 Frutefu' yird, till a lowk o' saut; an' ^a for the ill o' wha bide tharon.

35 ^a 'Bot the wust he can turn till a [†] stankit burn; an' drowthy lan', till watir-rins:

¹ Ps. 114, 8
Isai. 41, 18.

[†] Heb. *stank o' watirs.*

36 An' thar he gars hungry folk till stay; an' they ettle a town, till bide intil.

37 An' they saw the leas, an' they set the vine-trees; an' frute they mak syne, wi' an out-come still:

38 ^a An' he blythe-bids them than, an' they growe fu' gran'; an' their beiss, they dinna fa'-by wi' ill.

^a Exod. 1, 7.

39 They dwinnle or lang, and down they gang; an' ^a wi' a weight o' mischief an' dule.

40 ^a He can toom out scorn on the foremaist; an' sends them till dauner on [†] gateless grun':

^a Job 12, 21,
24.

[†] Heb. *loom lan' wi' nae road.*

41 ^a 'Bot he heizes the puir, frae the laighest lade; ^a an' wi' folk like a flock, he sets *him* on.

^a 1 Sam. 2, 8
Ps. 113, 7, 8.

^a Ps. 78, 52.

42 ^a The righteous sal leuk, an' fu' fain sal they be; ^b an' ^a wrang-doen syne [†] her tongue sal tack:

^a Job 22, 19.

^b Job 5, 16.
Prov. 10, 11

43 ^a 'Wha's wyss an' taks tent, siclike till see; the gudewill o' the LORD fu' plain sal mak.

[†] Heb. *sal steek her gab.*

^c Ps. 64, 9.
Jer. 9, 12.
Hos. 14, 9.

PSALM CVIII.

An God gang-na but till the stour, kings wad be wysser at hame; The bail o' Canaan maun be David's.

A sang or heigh-lilt o' David's. [Brawly made, wi' sma' differ, frae the LVII. an' the LX., as ye may see.]

* Ps. 57, 7.

MY heart, 'it's set, O God; I maun sing; an' e'en wī my glory play:

* Ps. 57, 8.

2 'Wauken langspiel, an' *wauken* harp; mysel I maun wauken, or blink o' day.

† Heb. *not-come on the mither's side.*

3 I maun land ye, Lord, amang hethen folk; an' list till yersel, amang †niebor kin:

* Ps. 57, 5, 11.

4 For heigh abune herin, yer gudeness *gangs*; an' yer trewth, till the cluds it *can win*:

* Ps. 60, 5.

5 'O God, be thou listit abune the list; owre a' the yirth, thy glory *sees*.

† or, *has in his holiness.*

6 'That the folk ye loe weel, may be lowse'd out o' thril; help *wi'* yer right-han', an' hear me.

7 Quo' God, †whar he bides by himlane, I maun up: Shechem I'll synder in twa, an' redd out the howe o' Succoth.

; *Leak till what's said at Ps. 60, 8.*
* Ps. 60, 9.

8 Gilode, it's mine ain, Manasseh mine *and he*; Ephraim as weel, my head sal hain; an' Judah gie laws for me.

9 Moab's but my sinin-cog; owre Edom, I'll fling my shoe: †I maun daun ye, Philistia, *now*!

10 'Wha sal airt me the weel-bigget brugh? wha sal weise me in owre till Edom?

† or, *an' ye daunt.*

11 Winna ye, O God, *who* ance schot us atowre? †winna ye gang furth, O God, along wī our hosts till the *stour*?

† or, *in morn;*
leak at Ps. 60, 11.

12 *An* ye gie us help frae stretts, what signifies strenth in Edom? †

* Ps. 60, 12.

13 'Wī God himsel, we 'se do unco weel; for himlane sal down-tread our hail faedom! †

† Heb. *our force.*

PSALM CIX.

The man who kens-na how till do gude, sal ne'er hae gude till ken: an unco sair wytn he thules.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-list o' David's.

GOD o' my landin, 'be-na sae *whinsh*:

* Ps. 89, 1.

2 For the mouthe o' mischieff, an' the lean mouthe, hae rax't themsel baith agin me: they crack at mysel, wī a tongue that lies.

* Ps. 69, 4.
John 15, 25.

3 Wī ill-willed chavers, they wrought me roun; 'an' fought at me saikless, *the twa*:

4 For gudewill o' mine, they're ill-willers to me; tho' I *flent'd them wi'* prayer an' a':

* Ps. 35, 7.
12: 34, 35.

5 'An' ill they gied me for gude; an' spire, for the luve I *gied them*.

6 Set ye the mischieff owre himsel; 'an' the deil be on his right han':

* Zech. 3, 1.

7 At his rightin, lat him be the wrang; 'an' his bidden, for ill lat it stan':

* Prov. 28, 9.

8 His days, o' nae count lat them be; 'an' his turn lat anither try:

* Acts 1, 24.
* Exod. 22, 24.

9 'Faitherless *ay* be his weans; an' his wife a widow, *forby*.

10 His weans, lat them harl about an' seek; an' yirn frae their howffs sae drear:

* Job 5, 5.
18, 9.

11 'Lat the ockerer rax owre ilk haet that was his; an' frem folk lay han's on his gear:

12 Nane lat there be till him pie to gie; an' nane for his orphans till spier.

* Job 18, 19.

13 'The last o' his line, be till death condign; their name, frae the niest kin dight out:

* Exod. 20, 5.

14 'Be the ill o' his faithers in mind wī the Lord; an' his mither's misfaim no forgot:

† Heb. *right afore the Lord.*

15 Ay lat them be, †whar the Lord can see; †tho' mind o' them 'quat frae the yirth.

† or, *let him quat mind o' them.*

16 For he ne'er had min' till do gude; bot he herried the feckless wight; an' the weak an' the wastit heart, be *ettled* till do to dead:

* Job 18, 17.
Ps. 34, 16.

17 'An' syne, sen he fiket till swear, e'en lat it come till himsel; an' ne'er had the will to blythe-bid, far lat it bide frae him still:

* Ezek. 35, 6.

18 And e'en as he happit him owre, wi' an aith, like some dud o' his ain; lat it win like a spate till his wame; an' like oyle, lat it seep in his bane:

19 Lat it be till him *syne*, like the cleedin that haps; an' the graith, he draws weel round himlane.

20 Siclike, frae the LORD, be the darg o' my faes; an' o' them wha speak ill o' my saul. §

§ David cou'd ne'er thole the ill-heartit, nor the ill-doer.

21 Bot yerlane, O LORD, my Lord, do ye a' *that's right* for me: for yer ain name's sake, for it's gude; in yer kindness, O redd me free.

22 For puir an' forfainr *am* I a'; an' my heart, i' the midds o' me, 's dune:

* Ps. 102, 11; 144, 4.

23 * Like the gloam as it flits, I gae by; like the locust, I swee up an' down.

† Heb. *wi' hungerin*.

24 My knees they can knoit, † am sae toom; an' my body, it wears out o' bouk:

* Ps. 22, 7. Mat. 27, 39.

25 Syne, ° I been a jeer till them; wha saw me, their head they sheuk.

26 Stoop me, LORD God o' my ain; heal me, for that gudeness o' thine:

27 Syne sal they ken, that siclike 's yer ain han'; that yerlane, O LORD, did it *syne*.

28 E'en lat them ban, bot blythe-bid ye yerlane; lat them up, an they will, cuisten down be they still; bot yer leal-man, fu' fain lat him be.

29 Lat my ill-willers ay, be cled wi' dismay; an' thick like a cleuk, theeket owre wi' their scorn be they.

30 Unco loud till the LORD, I 'se gie laud wi' my mouthe; an' in midds o' the thrang, gie him praise:

* Ps. 16, 8; 73: 23; 110, 5; 121, 8.

31 † For he stan's at the han' o' the feckless man; till haud him soun' frae † the *lawless* loons, wad gie law till end his days.

† Heb. *lawless* o' his life.

PSALM CX.

The Lord's Chrystit sal be king an' a', owre an' ayont Melchizedek.
Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

QUO' the ° LORD till that Lord o' mine, Sit ye on my ain right han'; till I mak ill-willers o' thine, a brod for yer feet till stan':

2 The rod o' yer might frae Zioun, the LORD, he sal rax 't himself; in midds o' a' yer ill-willers, haud ye the gree fu' snell.

3 † Folk wi' a will, *sal be* thine, i' the day o' yer might an' a'; 'wi' braws sae meet, the dewy weet, o' yer bairn-time sweet, frae the lap o' the light || sal fa'. §

4 The LORD's taen a tryst, an' he winna gae frae 't; ° Yersel *sal be* priest on Melchizedek's gate, lang enough:

5 The LORD, ° on yer ain right han', sal ding kings in the ° day o' his wuth:

6 He sal redd amang hethen folk; wi' the dead, he sal pang *the sheugh*: ° he sal clour the crown, owre lan' out o' boun':

7 † Frae the burn || he gaes by, he sal drink whan he 's dry; an' syne rax his head fu' heigh.

* Mat. 22, 44. Mark 12, 40. Luke 20, 42. Acts 2, 34. 1 Cor. 15, 25. Hebr. 1, 13. 1 Pet. 3, 22. Leuk Ps. 45, 6, 7.

† Jud. 5, 2. || or, *hansels an' a'.*

* Ps. 96, 9. || or, *till ger-tel.*

§ Twal gates, nae fewer, o' turnin this ae verse ye may count: i' the best buiks; some right, some wrang.

* Hebr. 5, 6; 7, 17, 21. Leuk Zech. 6, 13.

* Ps. 16, 8.

† Ps. 2, 5. Rev. 11, 18.

* Ps. 68, 21. Hab. 3, 13.

† Jud. 7, 5, 6. || or, *on the gate.*

PSALM CXI.

The warks o' the Lord are loesome an' gran'; an' the truth o' his mouthe ever mair sal stan'.

Hallelujah. [Ane.]

THE LORD I maun laud, wi' a' my heart; i' the thrang o' the righteous, an' kirk itsel.

2 Fu' grand *are* the warks o' the LORD; till be spier'd for, by a' that loe them.

3 Bright an' braw, his wark it 's a'; an' his righteousness stan's till nae endin.

4 Min' o' his warks sae grand, he

☞ Tak tent till the orderin o' thir three Hallelujah lites: (1.) God's gude; (2.) Gude folk are like God; (3.) They're baith unco gude till the feckless.

^a Ps. 36, 5;
103, 8.

made guid for ay; ^athoughtfu' an' kind in **JEHOVAH**.

5 Guid he can gie, till wha fear himsel; his tryst he has min' o' for evir.

6 The might o' his warks till his folk he made plain; till gie them the lan' o' the hethen.

7 The warks o' his han's, they're trewth an' right; ^ban' sikkerness' sel, a' his biddens:

^b Ps. 19, 7.

^c Isai. 40, 8.
Mat. 5, 18.

8 'Fu' stievly they stan' for evir an' ay; wrought in truth an' aefauldness.

9 Redden he sent till his folk; his tryst he bade be for evir; halie an' awsome, his name *is*.

^d Deut. 4, 6.
Job 28, 28.
Prov. 1, 7; 9, 10.
Eccles. 12, 13.
^e or, *guid speed*.

10 'The height o' what's wyss, *is* the dread o' the **LORD**; ^fheedfu' guid's wi' guid-warkers a'; an' his laud, it sal last for evir.

PSALM CXII

The guid a gude man can do, an folk wad bot think on 't! God's the God o' guid-warks, and o' a' guid-warkers.

^g (2.)
Gude folk are like God.

^a Ps. 128, 1.

Hallelujah. [Twa.]

BLYTHE ^amay the man be *that* fears the **LORD**; an' likes weel till bide by his biddens:

2 His out-come an' a' sal be gran' in the lan'; the race o' the righteous is blessed.

3 Rowth an' plenty *sal be* in his hous; an' his right, it sal ay be fu' sikkerr.

^b Job 11, 17.
Ps. 97, 11.

4 ^bLight i' the mirkness, wins up for the right; he's gude, an' he's kind, an' he's righteous.

^c Ps. 37, 26.
Luke 6, 35.

5 'The man that's gude can be kind, an' can lend; an' ay keeps his word at the rightin.

^d Does-na forget his ain tryst; or, is ay in guid mind wi' his nieborn.

6 For nevir sae lang, he winna gae wrang; ^eay in guid enough mind, *is* the righteous.

^f Prov. 10, 7.

7 At the sugh o' mischieff, nae

dread has he; stieve stan's his heart in **JEHOVAH**.

8 Sae sikkerr's his heart *is*, ^anae dread can he hae; till he sees ^ffar ayont a' his cumber.

9 ^fHe sends far an' near, he can gie till the puir; ^ghis righteousness stan's for evir; ^han' in gloiry his horn sal be heigher.

10 'The ill-doer sal see, an' sal fyke; ⁱhe sal grush wi' his teeth, ^jan' sal thowe frae the dyke: ^kthe will o' the wicked sal dwinnle.

^c Prov. 1, 33;
3, 33.

^l or, *owre his ill-willers*.

^m 2 Cor. 9, 9.

ⁿ Deut. 24, 13.

^o Ps. 75, 10.

^p Luke 13, 28

^q Ps. 37, 12.

^r Ps. 58, 7, 8.

^s Prov. 10, 28.

PSALM CXIII.

Another lilt o' laud. The Lord leuks owre the heighest; the Lord leuks down till the laighest.

Hallelujah. [Three.]

LAUD ye the **LORD**, ye folk o' his ain; laud ye the name o' **JEHOVAH**.

^t (3.)
God an' God's folk are gude till the feckless.

2 ^aSae blythe may the name o' **JEHOVAH** be; frae the now, till nae end o' time comin.

^u Dan. 2, 20.

3 ^bFrae the sun's gaen abune, till the time he gaes down, the name o' the **LORD**'s to be laudit.

^v Isai. 59, 19.
Mal. 1, 11.

4 Owre a' the hethen, **JEHOVAH**'s heigh; ^cowre the lift itsel, his gloiry.

^w Ps. 8, 1.

5 ^dWha's like the **LORD**, that's God o' our ain; wha sets him sae heigh in his biggen?

^x Ps. 89, 6.

6 'Wha louts him sae laigh till leuk wi' *his een*, on the lift an' the lan' *aneth him*!

^y Ps. 138, 6.
Isai. 57, 15.

7 ^fHe lifts the forfairn frae the stoure; he raxes the puir frae the ^gase-pit:

^z 1 Sam. 2, 8.
Ps. 107, 41.

8 ^hTill set *him* along wi' the best; along wi' the best o' his kinsfolk.

^{aa} The vera Hebrew, *ashphit*.

9 ⁱThe wanter he sets in a hous o' her ain; ^jan' *een* maks her blythe, the mither o' weans. Hallelujah!

^{ab} 1 Sam. 2, 5.
Ps. 68, 6.

PSALM CXIV.

Whan the Lord steers, bow the yirth

* Frae this, on till the 119, it'sel among the lave, are a' ca'd Halle-lujahs by the LXX.

* Exod. 13, 3.

* Ps. 81, 5.

* Exod. 6, 7;

19, 6.

Deut. 27, 9.

* Exod. 14,

21.

Ps. 77, 16.

* Josh. 3, 13,

16.

* Ps. 29, 6,

68, 16.

† Heb. *hairis*

o' the flock.

* Hab. 3, 8.

maun dinnee; heights an' bowes can trimmle baith.

[By wha 's no said.*]

WHAN ^aIsrael wan but frae Mizra'm; ^ban' Jakob's houss frae folk that war frem:

2 ^cJudah's sel was his halie howff; an' Israel *was* his kingryk *than*.

3 ^dThe sea, it saw, an' swakket awa; ^eJordan gaed bak in dams:

4 ^fThe hills, they lap like thrawart tups; the knowes, like speanin lams.†

5 ^gWhat *ail'd* ye, Sea, ye swakket sae; Jordan, that ye gaed wrang?

6 Hills, *that* ye lap like warslin tups; an' ye knowes, like speanin lams?

7 At sight o' the LORD, Yirth, ye maun steer; at the sight o' Jakob's GUDE:

8 ^hWha swappit the wust for a †stank sae clear; the flint, for a †watir-flude!

PSALM CXV.

Like draws to like, the warld owre: Fulish folk maun hae feckless gods; folk that ken better, hae God the Lord.

[By wha 's no said.]

NO ^atill oursels, LORD, no till us; bot a' till that name o' yer ain, for yer gudeness an' *e'en* for yer trewth, gie the gloiry.

2 ^bWhat-for suld the hethen say, Whar syne *is* that God they aught?

3 ^cBot that God o' our ain, ^d's i' the lift by himlane; what he liket himsel, he has wrought.

4 ^eTheir eidols are siller an' gowd; the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

5 Thar's a mouthe o' their ain, bot they canna speak; an' een o' their ain, bot they see-na:

6 They hae lugs o' their ain, bot

they canna hear; an' a nose o' their ain, bot they smell-na:

7 Han's hae they, bot they han'le nane; an' feet, bot they winna steer: no a sugh hae they, ben their craig.

8 ^fLike themselfs are *the folk*, wha can mak sic gear; an' a' that lippen till them!

9 ^gLippen ye till the LORD, O Israel; their stoop an' their schild's himlane.^h

10 O Aaron's houss, lippen ye till the LORD; their stoop an' their schild is he:

11 Wha fear the LORD, lippen ye till the LORD; their stoop an' their schild he'll be.

12 The LORD has guid min' o' oursel: he sal bless an' blythe-bid the houss o' Isr'el; Aaron's houss blythe-bid sal he:

13 ⁱHe sal blythe-bid a' wha fear the LORD; the sma', wi' the heigh o' degree.

14 The LORD sal mak mair o' ye, ay; mak ye mair, an' mak mair o' yer weans!

15 O blythe be ye a' in the LORD, ^jwha made baith the lift an' the lan':

16 The lift, *aye* the lift, it's the LORD's; bot the lan' he has gien till men's sons.

17 ^kThe dead can gie nae Halle-lujahs; nor nane wha gang down till the lown:

18 ^lBot oursel, we maun blythe-bid JEHOVAH; frae the now an' for evir an' ay: †Laud HIMLANE.

PSALM CXVI.

The Lord's the stievest stoop in a' stretts: Folk maun speak as they think, tho' they're whiles wrang: We're behadden to the LORD himlane, for a' that's gude an' true.

[By wha 's no said.]

* Ps. 135, 18.
Hab. 2, 18,
19.

^fLeuk Ps.
118, 2, 3, 4;
135, 19, 20.

^gPs. 33, 20.
Prov. 30, 5.

^bPs. 128, 1, 4.

ⁱPs. 95, 5;
96, 6.

^kPs. 6, 5; 88,
10, 11, 12.
Isai. 38, 18.

^lDan. 2, 20.

† Heb. *Halle-lujah*.

^bExod. 17, 6.
Num. 20, 11.
Ps. 107, 35.

† Heb. *loch o' watirs*.

† Heb. *een o' watirs*.

^aLeuk Isai.
48, 11.
Ezek. 36, 32.

^bPs. 42, 3,
10; 79, 10.
Joel 2, 17.

^c1 Chron. 16,
26.

Ps. 135, 6.
Dan. 4, 35.

^dDeut. 4, 28.
Ps. 135, 15.
Jer. 10, 3.

THE LORD I loe weel, for he hearkens, till the sugh o' my biddens an' a':

2 For he louts his lug to mysel; I maun skreigh, †sae lang as 'am livin ava'.

† Heb. a' my days.

^a Ps. 18, 5, 6.

3 ^aThe dules o' dead wan about me; an' the stouns o' the lang-hame sought me sair: hamper an' cumber, I kenn'd them baith:

4 Syne I skreigh'd, i' the name o' the LORD; Ah now, O LORD! redd my life frae skaith.

5 The LORD, he 's fu' gude an' fu' righteous; our God, he 's fu' kindly an' a':

6 The LORD, he leuks weel to the weakly; forfochten was I, and he heal'd me a'.

† Heb. yer ain lozun.

^b Ps. 13, 6.

7 Haud ye hame †to the lown again, O my saul; ^bfor the LORD 's been fu' gude to yerlane:

^c Ps. 56, 13.

8 ^cFor my life, ye wrought but frae the dead; my een frae a tear, my feet †frae the birse o' a stane.

† Heb. frae a sair shog, or dinne.

^d Ps. 27, 13.

9 E'en sae sal I fuhre, ^dwi' the LORD to the fore, in the lan' o' livin men.

^e 2 Cor. 4, 13.

10 ^eI trystit sae weel, I spak sae leal; wi' mylane, I was sairly dang thro':

^f Ps. 31, 22.

11 ^fAn' quo' I my ain gate, whan I cou'd-na wait, †No ae yird-born loon o' them 's true.^g

† Heb. ilk ane, the yird-born, a lie.

^h Rom. 3, 4.

12 What syne sal I gie, till the LORD for a fee, ^hfor his double o' gude to mysel?

13 The stoup o' heal-ha'din I'll heize fu' hie, an' the †name o' the LORD sal out-tell:

† Heb. sal skreigh i' the name o' the Lord.

ⁱ Verse 18. Ps. 22, 25.

14 ⁱMy trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a'.

^j Ps. 72, 14.

15 ^jSair i' the sight o' the LORD, ^jis the dead o' the folk he loes weel.

^k Ps. 143, 12.

16 Hae pitie, LORD; ^kyer ain loon am I: yer loon, mylane; ^k'yer ain

^l Ps. 86, 16.

maiden's son: my thirlban's, ye lowse'd them *forby*.

17 ^mAn offer: o' laud I maun lift till thee; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun cry.

^m Lev. 7, 12.

18 ⁿMy trysts till the LORD, I maun e'en mak them guid; aye, in face o' his peopil a':

ⁿ Verse 14.

19 In the fauld's o' the LORD's ain houss; in the midds o' yersel, Jerusalem: †Ye maun e'en gie laud till JAH.

† Heb. Hallelujah.

PSALM CXVII.

A lilt o' laud for a' livin folk.

[By wha 's no said.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, O a' ye folk; laud ye Himsel, a' niebor kin:

^a Rom. 15, 11.

2 For heigh owre oursel, 's his gudeness gran'; an' the truth o' the LORD for ay *sal win*: Hallelujah!

PSALM CXVIII.

Wha, sae weel as his ain, can ken the gudeness o' God: i' the field an' the fauld, he stoops them; his han' maks their houss an' hame.

[By wha 's no said.]

GIE ^alaud till the LORD, for he 's gude; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay.

^a 1 Chron. 16, 8. Ps. 106, 1; 107, 1; 136, 1.

2 ^bLat Israel say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay:

^b Leuk till Ps. 115, 9, &c.

3 Lat Aaron's houss say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay:

4 Lat wha fear the LORD say siclike; for his gudeness, it *tholes* for ay.

^c Ps. 120, 1.

5 ^cI skreigh'd till the LORD in stretts; ^dan' wi' scowth, the LORD hearken'd till me.

^d Ps. 18, 19.

6 ^eThe LORD himsel 's on my side; I care-na what man does till me:

^e Ps. 27, 1; 56, 4, 11. Isai. 51, 12. Hebr. 13, 6.

7 ^fThe LORD 's wi' my frien's, forby; atowre my ill-willers I'll see.

^f Ps. 54, 4.

8 ^g*It's* better to bide on the LORD, nor to lippen till bairns o' the yird:

^g Ps. 40, 4; 62, 8, 9. Jer. 17, 5, 7.

^b Ps. 146, 3.
† Heb. *the*
foremaist
folk.

9 ^a *It's* better to bide on the LORD,
nor till lippen † the heighest laird.
10 The folk, ane an' a', wan about
me; i' the name o' the LORD, I maun
sned them by!

11 About, an' about, they wan
roun' me; i' the name o' the LORD,
I maun sned them by!

^c Deut. 1, 44.

12 ⁱ They byket about me, like
bees; they gaed down ^a like a bleeze
o' thorns: i' the name o' the LORD,
I maun sned them by!

^d Eccles. 7, 6.
^e Nalt. 1, 10.

13 Ye schot at me sair, till ding
me owre; bot the LORD, he was
stoop till me.

^f Exod. 15, 2.
^g Isal. 12, 2.

14 ⁱ My strenth an' my sang, *is*
the LORD; an' eke, my heal-ha'din
sal be.

† Heb. *i' the*
shielins o' the
rightous:
tho' they
bide i' the
shiel, the
LORD keeps
them weel.

15 *It's* the sugh o' a sang an'
heal-ha'din, they're baith wi' † gude
folk i' the shiels; *for* the right han'
itsel o' JEHOVAH, it *ay* maks the
surest bield:

16 The right-han' *itsel* o' JEHO-
VAH, it raxes atowre sae weel; the
right-han' *itsel* o' JEHOVAH, it *ay*
maks the surest bield.

^h Ps. 6, 5.
ⁱ Hab. 1, 12.

17 ^m Nane sal I die, bot sal livin
be; an' the warks o' the LORD, I
sal tell:

† Heb. *dingin,*
he might ding
me.

18 The LORD, † he might ettle till
ding me sair; bot till dead, he wad
ne'er gie mysel.

ⁿ Isal. 26, 2.

19 ^o O rax till me wide, the yetts
o' the gude; it's by them I'se win
ben, *whan* I ettle the LORD till laud:

^p Ps. 24, 7.
^q Or, *the yett*
o' the Lord:
no ner-han
sae pithy

20 ^r For that's *ay* || the yett till the
LORD; ^s by its-lane sal the rightous
win ben.

^t Isal. 35, 8.
^u Rev. 21, 27;
22, 14, 15.

21 Laud till yersel I maun gie, for
ye hearken'd till me; an' help ye
been *ay* till me *syne*.

^v Mat. 21, 42.
^w Mark 12, 10.
^x Luke 20, 17.
^y Acts 4, 11.
^z Eph. 2, 20.
^{aa} 1 Pet. 2, 4, 7.

22 ^a The stane the biggers wad
nane o', the head o' the neuk it has
been:

23 Frae the LORD himlane, siclike
maun hae fa'n; an' a ferlie it *stan's*
in our een.

24 A day siclike, 's the wark o'
the LORD; blythe an' fu' fain lat us
be tharin:

25 † Fy haste ye, LORD; ye maun
help accord: † fy haste ye, LORD;
ye maun gar *us* win!

† Heb. *Besit*
ye, Lord.

26 ^r O blythe be the wight that
fuhres, i' the name o' JEHOVAH's
sel; blythe hae we bidden ye a',
frae the hous o' the LORD *himlane*.

^r Mat. 21, 9;
23, 39.
Mark 11, 9.
Luke 19, 38.
Leuk Zech.
4, 7.

27 *It's* God the LORD, 'gies us
light; thirl ye the hanel, wi' ban's
fu' tight, till the horns o' the altar-
stane.

^s Esth. 8, 16.

28 God o' my ain *are* ye, till yer-
sel I maun gloiry gie; my God, I
maun heize ye hie!

29 Gie laud till the LORD, for
he's gude; for his gudeness for evir
sal be!

PSALM CXIX.

*Mony a line o' laud for the Law, and
mony a tryst till bide by its biddens,
ye sal find i' this lang, weel-wrought,
weel-wordit Psalm.*

[By wha's no here said; aiblins by
David in his young days, or i' the
lown at his leasure, as he gaed
frae hous till ha' amang his ene-
mies: leuk verses 54, 79, 84, 86,
an' 176. Ca'd by the LXX.
Hallelujah.]

ALEPH.

A' STRAUGHT i' the gate,
do weel; ^a wha gang by the
law o' the LORD:

^b ALEPH
sounds
between
A an' Ha.

^c Ps. 128, 1.

2 A' wairdin his † will, do weel;
seekin him wi' their † heart's accord.

† Heb. *willt.*
† Heb. *hail*
heart.

3 An' eke, ^b they do nae folie; *bot*
ay in his gate they steer:

^d 1 John 3,
9; 5, 18.

4 *As* ye hae gien sic commaun,
till bide by yer biddens clear.

5 An my gate war but sikkerly
set; till haud by yer tryst 'am fain:

6 An' syne I sal ne'er be scham't,
whan ^c I leuk till yer biddens ilk ane.

^c Job 22, 26.

* Verse 171.

7 A' land, wi' leal heart, 'I'se gie thee; whan I ken yer right-rechtsins sae trew:

8 An yer trysts I but sikkerly keep, O cast me-na far frae you!

BETH.

9 By what sal a chield redd his gate? till hand by the thing ye say:

10 By my heart its-lane, I hae sought yersel; lat me ne'er frae yer biddens gae.

11 Ben i' my heart, 'I hae happit yer word; that I ne'er suld gae wrang wi' thee:

12 Bless'd an' blythe, O LORD, are yerlane; ^fgie wit o' yer trysts till me.

13 Bnt frae my lips, I hae sent the count o' yer ain right-rechtsins a':

14 By the gate o' yer trysts I hae blyther been, nor wi' a' the gear cou'd fa'.

15 Biddens o' thine, I sal sigh on them; an' tent the gates ye gang:

16 Blythely bide i' yer trysts sal I; yer tellin I 'se ne'er think lang.

GIMEL.

17 Gie ^eenough till yer servan', LORD; I sal live, an' hand weel by yer word:

18 Gar open my een, I sal see the ferlies o' thy record.

19 Gangrel, ^agang I on the yird; hide nane yer commanns frae me:

20 Gane 'is my saul wi' the pyne, for yer rightsins, a' day, that †I dree.

21 Gin ye winna wyte the proud; the curst, wha gae by yer commanns:

22 Gibin an' jeerin put far frae me; for yer biddens I thole i' my han's.

23 Gabbin again me the foremaist sat; bot yer leal-man thought ay on yer law:

24 Grand pleasure ^ayer biddens gie ay till me; for they are the men o' my ha'.

DALETH.

25 Dang down 'i' the stoure, is my saul; ^agar me live, as yersel advise'd:

26 Descrivit my gate, hae I; ye hae hearken'd: ^atell me yer trysts.

27 Draught me the gate o' yer laws; I sal think on yer wonner-warks syne:

28 Dreepin awa 'is my saul, wi' kiangh; hand me up, wi' that word o' thine.

29 Ding the gate o' a lie, far far frae me; bot gie me braw scowth i' yer law:

30 Dearly I loe the gate that's true; yer right-rechtsins, I ettle them a'.

31 Deep i' yer trysts am I; O LORD, lat me ne'er hing my head:

32 Dinkly I'll gae the gate ye say, ^aan my heart ye but set ahead.

HE.

33 Airt me, O LORD, ^athe gate o' yer trysts; an' I 'se hand it, as sikker as gear:

34 E'en gie me lear, an' I 'se keep yer law: na, I 'se waird it, wi' heart heal an' fere.

35 Airt me the gate o' yer ain commanns; for till it, am I uncolly fain:

36 Even my heart till a' ye say; an' no wi' greed till grein.

37 Hand-by my een ^afrae glowrin at nought; ^ain yer ain gate gar me steer:

38 Heigh owre yer loon, heize up †yer tryst; wha louts fu' laigh i' yer fear.

39 Hand-by the scorn I dread sae sair; for yer rightsins, they ^{re} a' sae †stieve:

40 Hae I no sought yer visitins? ^ai' yer righteousness, gar me live.

VAU.

41 Weise me ance mair yer gude-ness, LORD; an' yer heal-ha'din, e'en as ye spak:

42 Wyssly syne, till scorners o'

DALETH

sounds

between D

an' DA.

* Ps. 44, 25.

* Verse 42.

Ps. 143, 11.

* Verse 12.

Ps. 25, 4; 27,

11; 86, 11.

* Ps. 107, 26.

* Ps. 107, 26.

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* Ps. 107, 26.

BETH
sounds
between B
an' BA.* Ps. 37, 31.
Luke 2, 19,
51.* Verses 26,
33, 64, 68,
128, 124,
135.GIMEL
sounds
between G
an' GH.

* Ps. 116, 7.

* Gen. 47, 9.
1 Chron. 29,
15.Ps. 20, 12.
2 Cor. 5, 6.
Hebr. 11, 13.* Ps. 42, 1, 2;
62, 1; 84, 2.† Heb. it can
dree, or, 'twi'
dreein.* Verses 77,
92.

* Ps. 60, 5.

* Ps. 60, 5.

* Ps. 60, 5.

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* Ps. 60, 5.

* Ps. 60, 5.

* Ps. 60, 5.

* Ps. 60, 5.

An', whiles
But, whiles
Sen or Syne;
and ilka
verse o' this
pairt begins
wi't.

* Ps. 138, 1.
Mat. 10, 18,
19.

† ZAIN
sounds
between s,
ss, an' Z,
auld Scots.

§ David has
been joukin
sair, here an'
there, frae
the han' o' his
ill-willers.
* Ps. 63, 6.

† Heb. *yer*
o'erwords, or
visitins.

¶ HETH
sounds
H, or Hh.
* Ps. 16, 5.
Jer. 10, 16.
Lam. 3, 24.

mine; for I lippen yer word, I'll
speak bak.

43 Word syne o' truth, frae out
my mouthe, tak ye-na clean awa;
for I lippen yer rightins a':

44 Weel syne sal I waird, for evir
an' ay, yer ain maist aefauld law.

45 Wi' walth o' gate, I 'se daiker
syne; for I haud yer commauns at
need:

46 Word syne o' yer wairnins, *I
'se wair on kings; an' sal ne'er hing
down my head.

47 Wi' wonner-will, I 'se waught
my fill o' yer biddens I loe sae weel:

48 Will heize my han's till yer
dear commauns, an' lout owre yer
statutes leal!

ZAIN.

49 Seek owre the word, *ye spak*
till yer loon; on whilk ye gar'd me
to lippen:

50 Siclike *was* a' my content in
my care; for yer word it was, keepit
me livin.

51 Sae sair as the proud, they
scorn'd at me; frae that law o' yer
ain I ne'er sought:

52 Sae lang sen-syne, yer rightins
I mind; an', LORD, I was kindly
wrought.

53 Sic dreid, it cam owre me syne;
for the ill, wha mak light o' yer
law:

54 Sangs till me, yer statutes be;
in the houss whar 'am frem an' a'.§

55 Zit *a' the night, I mindet yer
name; O LORD, an' yer law I keepit:

56 Zat ay was my ain, till haud
fu' fain; for I wairded †a' that ye
threepit.

HETH.

57 Ha'din o' mine *are ye*, *LORD;
yer words, quo' I, I suld mind:

58 Heal-hearted, I sought yer face;
till mysel, as ye plighted, be kind.

59 How far I gaed *wrang*, I cou'd
tell; till yer laws syne, I airted my
gaens:

60 Hastit, an' swither'd I nane;
till haud by yer ain commauns.

61 Hail droves o' wrang-doers
rave me in twa; bot I ne'er loot
yer law frae my sight:

62 Half i' the mirk, I wauken me
up; till lilt o' yer rightins right.

63 Halvers gang I, wi' a' that fear
thee; an' wha mind yer wairnins
weel:

64 How yer gudeness, LORD, the
yirth fu'fills; *mak me till yer trys-
tins leal!

TETH.

65 The thing that 's gude, till yer
leal-man, LORD; ye hae dune, sic-
like as ye spak:

66 Thole me till learn what 's
right an' wyss; for my tryst, on yer
biddens, I tak.

67 Thole'd I ne'er yet, *I gaed
wrang wi' my fit; bot sen-syne, I
hae wairded yer word:

68 The GUDE an' gude-doer, YER-
LANE *are ye*; ^btell me yer trystins,
LORD.

69 Threepit on me the haughty a
lie; bot yer biddens I keepit, wi'
heart fu' leal:

70 Theekit, 'e'en as wi' talch, is
that heart o' theirs; bot yer law,
mylane I liket it weel.

71 *Think* ^dweel for me, for I thole
the dre, o' yer trysts to be wyss
fu'filler:

72 The †weight o' yer word 's
worth mair till me, ^enor thousans o'
gowd an' siller!

JOD.

73 Yer han's me made, ^fan' sikker
me stay'd; gie me wit, an' yer bid-
dens I'll ken:

74 Yersel wha fear, ^gsal see me
syne; an' be blythe, on yer word
that I fen'.

75 Yer rightins, LORD, I ken
they ^hre right; an' in truth ⁱye hae
cuisten me down:

76 Yer pitie till hearten me, come,

^a Verses 12,
26.

¶ TETH
sounds T,
or Th.

^d Verse 71.
Jer. 31, 18, 19

^b Verses 12
26.

^c Ps. 17, 10.
Isai. 6, 10.

^d Verse 67.
Hebr. 12, 10,
11.

† Heb. *the*
law o' yer
mouthe.

^e Verse 127.
Ps. 19, 10.
Prov. 8, 11.

¶ JOD sounds
T, auld
Scots.

^f Job 10, 8.
Ps. 100, 3;
138, 8.

^g Ps. 34, 2.

^h Hebr. 12,
10.

I pray; as ye spak till yer faithfu' loon.
 77 Yer kindness win till me, an' syne I sal live; for 'yer law, 's my delight an' mair :

' Verse 24.
 47. 174.

78 Ye †mann damnt the proud, for they †ding me wi' lies; but I sigh owre yer visits, sair.

' Verse 86.
 § Folk sal come till David, when they ken he 's God's King.

79 Yout till me, a' wha fear thee, an' wha ken yer biddens, sal rin :
 80 Yare be my heart, in thae trysts o' yer ain; an' till schame, I sal nevir win.

§ CAPS
 sounds
 O or E.

CAPS.

81 Clean gane is my saul, 'for that help o' thine; *but* I lippen me ay till yer word :

' Ps. 73. 26.
 84. 2.
 = Verse 123.
 Ps. 69. 3.

82 Clean gane are my een, =for that word o' yer ain; sayan, Whan will ye comfort accord?

' Job 30. 32.

83 Chung 'tho' I be, like a †skin i' the reek, yer trysts I dinna forget:

† Heb. skin
 bark.

84 Count †like how lang yer loon *maun thole*, *or ye right wha wrang me yet.

† Heb. skin
 have many
 days.

' Ps. 39. 4.

85 Canny, for me, †the proud scoutit *their* shenghs; siclike, they war ne'er i' yer law :

' Ps. 35. 7.

86 Commauns o' thine, they 're true ilk ane; saikless 'they seek me; help me an' a'.

' Verse 78.

87 Clean i' the yirth, they maist swee'd me owre; but ne'er frae yer trysts did I swee:

' Verse 40.

88 Keep me, 'like yer gudeness, livin ay; an' I'll bide by ilk bidden ye gie.

§ LAMED
 sounds L.

LAMED.

89 LORD, 'lang or langsyne, yer word stan's i' the lift:

' Ps. 89. 2.
 Mat. 24. 34.
 35.

90 Lat folk †come an' gang, yer truth it maim stan'; ye ettled the yirth, no till shift.

† Heb. GIL
 indignation an'
 indignation.

91 Like as ye gied commoun, the day they can stan'; for they 're a' but thirds o' yer ain:

' Verse 24.

92 'Less nor yer law 'war a' my delight; in my dule, I had dwinnle'd an' gane.

93 Lang lang that *maun be*, †or yer biddens I flee; for wi' them, ye hand me on live:

† Heb. sal
 name flee, or
 furd.

94 LORD, 'am yer ain, saif me mylane; for yer biddens I'd fain describe.

95 Leukin till fell me, ill folk they †war keen; bot mysel, I thought weel on yer †law :

† Heb. war
 born on me.
 † Heb. bid-
 den.

96 Like till a' *that 's finish'd, an end I hae seen; yer commoun, it braids unco' braw.

* Mat. 5. 18.
 24. 35.

MEM.

§ MEM
 sounds M.

97 Meikle loe I yer law! *it 's thought till me, a' the day lang:

* Ps. 1. 2.

98 Mair nor my faes, ye taught me yer commauns; for ay till mysel they belang.

99 Mair nor a' my maisters, hae I o' lear; for yer trystins, they 're a' my thought:

100 Mair nor the aldest, hae I o' wit; for yer biddens, right canny I wrought.

101 My feet I hae wairded, frae ilka wrang gate; ay for I keepit yer word:

102 Mysel, frae yer rightins, I ne'er turn'd awa; for yerlane, ye hae taught me, LORD.

103 Mair nor hynnies intil my mouthe, 'how sweet are yer words i' my hals:

' Ps. 19. 10.
 Prov. 8. 11.

104 Mylane, I hae learn'd frae yer biddens weel; *syne, I hate ilka gate that 's fause.

= Verse 128.

NUM.

§ NUM
 sounds N.

105 Night-light till my feet, *is that word o' yer ain; an' †ay whar I gang, it 's bright:

* Prov. 6. 23.

106 Nane sal I steer, 'frae the word I swear; till hand by yer rightins right.

† Heb. until
 my gate.

* Heb. 10. 29.

107 Nar gane was I clean, sae uncely dune; LORD, 'wanken me yet, as ye spak:

* Verse 88.

108 Na, the gift o' my mouthe, lat it pleasure ye, LORD; an' yer rightins, fu' clear till me mak.

* Verses 12,
 26.

c Job 13, 14.

109 No, 'tho' my life 's been ay
in my loof, hae I forgotten yer
law:

f Ps. 140, 5;
141, 9.

110 No, 'tho' ill folk set a net
for me, frae yer biddens hae I fa'n
awa.

g Deut. 33, 4.

† Heb. *tak for
my ain.*

111 Ne'er till tine, 's yer tellins
† are mine; ^h for my heart's content
are they eir:

h Verses 77,
92, 174.† Heb. *the heel.*

112 Na, my heart I sal lout till
do yer statutes, till † the end o' a'
time thegither.

D SAMECH
sounds
atween S' an'
Sh.

SAMECH.

113 Senseless thoughts, I mislike
them a'; bot that law o' yer ain, I
loe weel:

† Heb. o' my
ain.i Ps. 32, 7;
91, 1.

114 Shaltir an' schild † till me
baith, ⁱ are ye; till yer word, I hae
lippen'd fu' leal.

k Ps. 6, 8;
139, 19.
Mat. 7, 23.

115 Swith, ^k awa frae me syne,
ye ill-doers a'; I maun keep the
commouns o' my Gude:

† Heb. *like yer
ain 'word.*

116 Stoop me † e'en as ye said, I
sal live; an' ne'er for my houp hing
my head.

117 Stoop me, an' syne I'll be
saif; an' ay, till yer biddens, tak
tent:

† Heb. *stra-
vaigers; frae
yer bryitt.*

118 Sterk on the grun', ye lay
† trust-breakers a'; for their lie, but
a scham sal be *kent*.

l Ezek. 22, 18.

119 Sinners a', frae the yirth, ye
soop by ^l like stoure; an' sae, o' yer
trystins 'am glaid:

m Hab. 3, 16.

120 Sair trimmles my bouk, ^m wi'
dread o' thee; an' sair at yer rightins
'am fley'd.

N AIN
sounds
O, Ay, or Ec.

AIN.

121 Ay right an' righteousness, I
hae dune; till my ill-willers' will
dinna lea' me:

122 Ay be yer thirlman's ban' for
gude; lat-na the haughty plea me:

n Verses 81,
82.

123 Ay for yer help, ⁿ my een
they gae dune; an' eke for yer ain
right-rechtin:

o Verse 12.

124 Ay wi' yer thirlman, do as
ye like; ^o an' thae trysts o' yer ain,
gie me light in.

125 E'en till yersel, a loon *am* I;
gie me wit, an' gar ken yer bidden:
126 E'en now, LORD, it 's time ye
suld ^{up} an' do; yer law, they hae
clean out-ridden.

p Verse 72.
Ps. 19, 10.
Prov. 8, 11.

127 E'en sae, ^p I think mair o' yer
will; nor o' gowd, an' a' that 's
fine o't:

128 E'en sae, a' ye bid I sal haud
it right: ^q an' ilk liean gate, I'll hae
nane o't.

r Verse 104.

PE.

129 Fu' mighty *are* thy commauns;
e'en sae, my saul waids them weel:

D PE sounds
atween
Ph. an' F.

130 Fu' clear comes a blink o' yer
words; ^r makin wyss the weanliest
chiel.

s Ps. 19, 7

131 Fu' wide rax't I my mouthe;
an' sighed, for I sought yer will:

t Ps. 106, 4.

132 Fy, 'glint on mysel, an' be
kind till me; ^t as, till wha loe yer
name, ye † do still.

u 2 Thes. 1, 6,
7.

133 Fit me weel † as I gang, ^u i'
yer word; ^v an' lat nae wrang hae
right on me:

† Heb. *as the
gate is.*† Heb. *my
gate*

v Ps. 17, 5.

w Ps. 19, 13.
Rom. 6, 12.

134 Fesh me hame frae the grip
o' the carl; syne, heed till yer tel-
lins I'll gie.

x Ps. 4, 6.

y Verses 12,
26.

135 Fu' bright 'be yer leuk on
yer loon; ^y an' ay gar me ken yer
will:

z Jer. 9, 1;
14, 17.

136 Fludes, ^z frae my een they rin
down; for yer law they can follow
but ill. §

Ezek. 9, 4.

§ I'll readin
whan folk 's
greetin;waur greet-
in, for ye
canna read.

TZADDI.

137 'T's righteous, O LORD, *are* ye
yersel; an' upright, yer rightins a':

N TZADDI
sounds
atween T'
an' St, an' Z.

138 'T's † right *are* the tellins ye
gie furth; an' they 're truth itsel
an' a'.

† Heb. *right-
ousness.*

139 Zele o' my ain, ^b it sweet'd me
up; for yer words, my ill-willers
§ forhow'd:

b Ps. 69, 9.
John 2, 17.

140 'Zat word o' zine, 'it 's clear'd
sae fine; yer thirlman, he bee's till
loe 't.

§ Auld Scots.
till flog by.

141 'T's but sma' *am* I, an' little
set-by; ^c bot yer biddens, I ne'er for-
get.

c Ps. 12, 6;
18, 30.

Prov. 30, 5.

142 'T's right for ay, yer rightins are they; an' yer law, it 's the truth compleat.

143 Strett an' skaithe, they fand me baith; yer commauns, they wor joie till me:

144 *Stays* for ay, †the right ye say; gie me wit, an' I 'se †thole a wee.

KOPH.

145 Quo' I wi' a skreigh frae a' the heart, Hearken me, LORD; yer trysts I'll tide:

146 Quo' I till yersel, wi' a skreigh; Heal me, an' yer biddens I'll bide.

147 Keppit the light 'hae I; an' I cry'd; for yer word I was fain.

148 Keppit 'my een the slakkens o' night; till sigh on that word o' yer ain.

149 Quaiet my din, o' yer gudeness, LORD; 's o' yer righteousness, hand me on live:

150 Quha wark mischieff, they win owre nar han'; awa frae yer law, they thrive.

151 Quha †but yer lane suld be nar me, LORD; an' a' yer commauns o' truth!

152 Quhile or now, o' yer tellins I trew; that ye founded them weel, lang enough.

RESH.

153 Rew on my sorrow, and redd me but; for yer law I dinna forget:

154 Redd my plea, 's an' ransom me; for yer ain word, 'wanken me yet.

155 Rax't far enough, is 'help frae the rough; for yer tellins, they seek-na ava':

156 Right mony, LORD, 's yer kind accords; 'wanken me, †wi' yer rightins an' a'.

157 Right mony, they †rax an' rive at me; *bat* ne'er frae yer biddens I steer'd:

158 Right-wrangers I saw, an'

fash'd mysel sair; for yer words, siclike they ne'er waird.

159 Rax †an' trew, gin yer biddens I loe; o' yer gudeness, LORD, 'wauken me:

160 Rute †o' yer word, it 's *been* truth itsel; syne right, a' ye right, moun ay be.

SCHIN.

161 Sair till win on me, the foremaist sought; at yer words syne, my heart sheuk wi' fear:

162 Sae blythe was I, owre that word o' yer ain, as I had fand unco gear.

163 Shanghlin talk, I thole waur an' waur; it 's yer law, I like sae weel:

164 Seven times a day, I gie land till yersel; for thae rightins o' thine sae leal.

165 Shaltir sae lown, 's for wha loe yer law; an' nought sal be, till skew them:

166 Sure enough, LORD, 'I leuk for yer help; an' thae biddens o' thine, I gae thro' them.

167 Sae weel 's my saul wairds yer tellins a'; an' O, but I loe them dearly:

168 Sae weel 's I waird baith yer †will an' yer word; for my gate, it 's a' kent till ye clearly.

TAU.

169 Till yer sight, O LORD, lat my skreigh win nar; an' e'en as ye said, gie me wit:

170 Till yer sight, lat my weary bidden win ben; an' e'en as ye spak, redd me but.

171 Thir lips o' mine, 'sal gie land till ye fine; for yer tellins, till me ye taught:

172 This tongue o' my ain, yer word sal †mak plain; for a' yer biddens are †straught.

173 That han' o' thine, moun be stoop o' mine; 'for yer tellins I tak them right:

† Heb. *leuk* *owre an' see.*

† Verse 88.

† Heb. *Hand* *'s yer word,* *truth.*† SCHIN sounds between *S* an' *Sh.*

= Prov. 3, 2.

= Gen. 49, 15
Verse 174.† Heb. *yer* *willins an'* *yer biddens.*† TAU sounds between *T* an' *Th.*

* Verse 7.

† Heb. *tell* *warre.*† Heb. *straughtness,* *or rightness.** Josh. 24, 22.
Prov. 1, 29.† Heb. *right* *'s* *yer rightins.*† Heb. *bide* *truin.*P KOPH sounds between *K*, *Q*, an' *Ch.** Ps. 5, 3.
130, 6.

* Ps. 63, 1, 6.

† Verses 40, 154.

† Heb. *yer lane* *suld be nar.*† RESH sounds *R.** Ps. 35, 1.
Mic. 7, 9.

* Verse 40.

* Job 5, 4.

* Verse 149.

† Heb. *lik.*† Heb. *razers* *an' rizers* *o'* *me.*

† Verse 165.

† Verses 16,
24, 47, 77,
111.† Isai. 53, 6.
Luke 15, 4,
&c.

A.C. 1058.

* Leuk till
Headins, an'
tak tent for-
by; a' thir
sangs o' the
Upgaens,
they're on
the upgaen
o' God wi'
his folk
langsyne
frae Egypt
till Canaan,
an' wi'
David frae
Canaan till
Jerusalem.* David
wad fain
win Up.* Ps. 118, 5.
Jonah 2, 2.† Heb. ettles
some kin' o'
stok for
burnin.† 1 Sam. 25, 1.
Jer. 49, 29.* David
syne leuks
heigh Up.

* Ps. 124, 8.

174 Thole'd I lang, LORD, ^afor
the health ye *accord*; an' yer law,
'it 's my vera delight.

175 Thrive lat my life, it sal laud
yersel; for yer rightins, they stoop
me yet.

176 Thoughtless I gaed, 'like a
sheep was stray'd; wise roun' yer
loon; for yer biddens I dinna forget.

PSALM CXX.

*David, wi' sair warsle, wad fain
win hame till Zioun; his ill-willers
syne maun thole the gree.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.*

TILL the LORD, ^ain my stretts
I could sraigh; an' he heark-
en'd till me mylane:

2 LORD, ye maun redd my life;
frae the lean lips, frae the guilefu'
tongue!

3 What maun be dune wi' yersel?
what sal befa' ye yet? tongue that
sae fause can gang!

4 Flanes o' the mighty, fu' snell;
wi' slaughts o' the †bleezan rung.

5 Wae 's me, intil Mesech I bade
sae lang! ^bor taigled in howffs o'
Kedar!

6 O'er lang *wi' siclike* I hae wair'd
my time; wi' the loon that cares-na
for kindness.

7 Kindness I *ettle* mysel; bot ay
when I crack, it 's for ill they're.

PSALM CXXI.

*David lippens till the heights abune
Zioun; an' till him that 's abune
the heights.*

A sang o' the Upgaens.

TILL the heights, I maun cast
my een; whar else can my
help come frae?

2 ^aMy help 's frae the LORD him-
lane; wha made baith the lift an'
the lan'.

3 Yer fit he winna lat steer; ^bnor
dover, wha hauds ye heal:

4 Na, he neither dovers nor sleeps,
wha keeps waird upon Israel.

5 The LORD, he 's yer keeper an'
a': 'the LORD *sal be* sconce till thee;
^aon yer han', on yer ain right han'.

6 'The sun sal-na blight ye by
day; nor the mune, *as scho gangs*
the night thro'.

7 The LORD, he sal waird ye frae
ilka ill; yer life, he sal waird it weel:

8 The LORD, ^fhe sal waird yer
gaen-out an' gaen-in, for evir an'
ay, frae the now!

PSALM CXXII.

*David's fu' blythe o' Zioun; whar he
sal be King an' a'.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o'
David's.

FU' fain was I whan they said to
mysel, Till the houss o' the
LORD lat us gang:

2 Our feet, they sal stan' i' thae
yetts o' yer ain, Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem 's bigget fu' braw;
like a brugh ^abigget a' by itslane:

4 ^bFor thar, niebor-kins, they
†maun gather an' a': the LORD's
niebor-kins; 'the trysts o' Israel;
till gie laud, to the name o' the
LORD, wi' a sang.

5 ^aFor thar now †are dight, the
throns o' the right; the throns o'
King David's line!

6 Seek ye for the lown o' Jerusa-
lem: fu' lown sal they be, wha
wiss weel till thee.

7 Peace be ay on yer dykes; an'
lown in yer biggins sae fine!

8 For my brether's saik, for my
niebors' *saik*, I maun e'en cry, Lown
be in thee!

9 For the houss o' the LORD,
that 's God o' our ain, 'I maun
seek a' that 's guid for thee!

* Ps. 127, 1.
Isai. 27, 3.

† Isai. 25, 4.

† Ps. 16, 8;
109, 31.† Ps. 91, 5.
Isai. 49, 10.
Rev. 7, 16.

† Deut. 28, 6.

* David's
bidden till
gang Up.

* 2 Sam. 5, 9.

† Exod. 23, 17.
Deut. 16, 16.† Heb. *win*
up till the
town.

† Exod. 16, 34.

† Deut. 17, 8.

† Heb. *settled*
down.

* Neh. 2, 10.

PSALM CXXIII.

 God's folk leuk lang till they win Up.

God's folk, down-causten, leuk lang for Himself.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

* Ps. 121. 1.
* Ps. 125. 3.

TILL yersel 'I cast up my een, 'O ye wha bide i' the lift.

2 Like as thirfolk's een, till their maisters' han', like as maidens' een, till their mistress' han'; e'en sae our ain een, till the LORD our God, they leuk up, till he rew upon us.

3 Rew on us, LORD, O rew upon us; for o' scorn, we're as fou's we can bide:

* Exod. 5. 15-19.

4 Our 'life's taen a staw, at the skeigh o' the brow; an' the scorn o' wha hove wi' pride.

PSALM CXXIV.

 David wails how Israel was Up. Leuk Exod. 14.

What God's folk moun hae dre'd, an the Lord had-na been on their side.

A sang o' the Upgaens: ane o' David's.

* Ps. 124. 1.

AN the LORD had-na been for oursel, 'weel now may Israel say;

2 An the LORD had-na been for oursel, whan folk wan up on us fey;

3 Syne had they sweel'd us livin an' a', whan their wuth at oursel did reenge:

4 Syne had the watirs sweel'd us owre, the drift had gaen owre our lives:

5 Syne had the watirs, bremin heigh, gaen owre our sanks wi' a bringe.

6 Blythe be the LORD wha etried us name, for a glaum to the teeth o' siclike!

* Ps. 91. 3.
Prov. 6. 5.
† Heb. the hammer's girth.

7 Our life, 'like a bird, it slippit †the girth; the girth an' a', 's been riven in twa; an' oursel, we hae clear'd the dyke.

* Ps. 121. 2.

8 'Our stoop's i' the name o' the LORD; wha made baith the lift an' the laigh.

PSALM CXXV.

God's folk like a town among the bills; fu' loun an' cary round it a' A sang o' the Upgaens.

 How God's ain sal be keepit Up.

WHA lippen the LORD are like Zioun-hill; that win-na steer, an' that bides for ay.

2 Jerus'lem's sel, the heights hand her weel; sae the LORD himsel, his folk he can sweel, roun about; frae the now, an' for evir mair.

3 'For the wrang-doe'r's rod win-na stay for ay, on the shouthir o' righteous folk: for as meikle's the righteous ne'er rax't their han's, wi' ony mischieff to yoke.

* Exod. 20. 2.
Prov. 22. 8.
Isa. 14. 5.

4 Do weel, O LORD, till *them* that do weel; an' till *them*, that are straight i' their hearts:

5 Bot wha swee ay about 'i' their ravell'd gates, the LORD mair lat gang wi' the warkers o' wrang: bot 'loun-tide on Israel *sal wait*.

* Prov. 2. 15.

* Ps. 128. 6.
Gal. 6. 16.

PSALM CXXVI.

Whan God's folk war lous'd frae ban', they cam hame like a spate on the lan'.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

 How blythe they war a', whan they cam Up.

WHAN the LORD fush *ber* thirldom hame till Zioun; 'like doveran folk war we:

2 'Syne was our mouthe wi' laughin fou; an' our tongue, it was liltin free. syne quo' they amang hethen folk, Fu' grandly the LORD for them has wrought.

* Acts 12. 9.
* Job 8. 21.

3 Fu' grandly the LORD, he cou'd do for us; an' weel may we blythe-some be:

4 The LORD, he brought hame our thirldom a', like spates on the birstled lea.

5 'Wha saw wi' a tear; wi' a sang they sal shear:

6 Wha greetin gangs out, wi' a

1 or, the middle lan'.
* Jer. 31. 9, &c.

† Heb. *haud-*
in them heigh.
lade o' gude seed; sal come hame
wi' a lilt, an' his nieffu's o' corn
† fu' hie!

PSALM CXXVII.

 How
God's House
maun be
biggest Up.

* Ps. 72.

* Ps. 121, 3,
4, 5.

* Gen. 33, 5;
48, 4.
Josh. 24, 3, 4.
Deut. 28, 4.

† Heb. *out-*
come o' the
wame.

† Heb. *bairns*
o' the young.

* Job 5, 4.
Prov. 27, 11.

 How
God's ain
folk sal
growe Up.

* Ps. 112, 1;
115, 13;
119, 1.

* Isai. 3, 10.

*Livin folk 's ay better nor stane an'
lime; an' biggin siclike for a hous
till the Lord, 's his ain wark.*

A sang o' the Upgaens: for Solo-
mon.*

AN JEHOVAH big-na the hous, they fash for nought, wha big at it; ^aan JEHOVAH keep-na the brugh, he waukens for nought wha keeps waird onto 't.

2 It 'll do ye nae guid till steer or light, till bide late at night, eatin yer bread wi' a pingle: *for* till them he loes weel, he gies sleep.

3 Na, ^bbairns are the LORD's heritage; 'the † mither's fraught, *his* fee.

4 Like flanes in the han' o' some mighty wight, sae † new-fund folk *maun be.*

5 Blythe be the wight wi' a sheaf o' siclike; ^ano blate sal they be, but sal crack fu' hie, till wha wiss them ill, i' the yett.

PSALM CXXVIII.

A braw hous, baith but an' ben, wi' guid till fen', hae the righteous.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

O ^aBLYTHE may ilk ane be, wi' dread o' the LORD; wha gangs i' thae gates o' his ain:

2 ^bWhan ye pree o' the wark o' yer han's; fu' blythe *sal* ye be, an' fu' weel *sal ye fen'* yerlane.

3 Yer gudewife, like the fraughtit vine, by the sconce o' yer houss *sal stan'*; yer weans, round about yer meltith-buird, *sal growe* like the olive wands.

4 E'en sae, sae blythe *sal* the wight be, *wha lives* in the dread o' the LORD.

5 'The LORD *sal blythe-bid* ye frae Zioun; an' on a' that's guid in Jerus'lem, ye *sal leuk* ilka day o' yer life.

6 Ye *sal e'en see* yer bairns' bairns, ^aan' lown intil Israel rife!

PSALM CXXIX

A lifetime 's wrang wad be owre lang: heartless wark, shearin ill corn.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

SAE sair as they wrought me ^afrae † bairn-time; ^bweel now may Israel say:

2 Sae sair as they wrought me, frae † bairn-time; an' ne'er mann'd abune me till stay.

3 On my riggin, the plewers they plew'd; an' lang enugh furs they drew:

4 The righteous LORD, he sned the coid o' that wrang-deedie crew!

5 They hang the head, an' hame they gaed; that wiss'd ill to Zioun, ilk ane.

6 Like gerss on the riggin, war they; afore ye can † sned it, it's gane.

7 Jimply the shearer can fill his han'; or the banster his bosom pang:

8 Nor naebody says 'Gude speed wi' yo; We blythe-bid yo *a' i'* the name o' the LORD; as they fuhre the gate along.

PSALM CXXX.

Frae the laighest flude, God's guidin' 's guid: an' he 's no half sae stoor as he 's ca'd.

A sang o' the Upgaens.

FRAE ^athe deeps sae awesome dread, O LORD, I hae scaigh'd till thee:

2 Hearken, O LORD, till my scaigh; till the sugh o' my weary bidden, yer lugs lat them loutit be.

* Ps. 134, 3.

* Ps. 125, 5.

 How
lang they
tholed or
they wan
Up,

* Ezek. 23,
3.
Hos. 2, 15;
11, 1.

† Heb. *my*
bairn-time.
* Ps. 124, 1.

† Heb. *draw*
out upon 't.

* Ruth 2, 4.

 It's
waitin weel
that helps
Up.

* Lam. 3, 55
Jonah 2, 2.

* Ps. 142. 2.

3 ¹ LORD, an ye leuk at fants, wha syne, LORD, cou'd stan' ava'?

* 1 Kings 8.

* Ps. 2. 11.

* Ps. 33. 5, 9.

* Ps. 37. 14.

* Ps. 38. 20.

* Ps. 40. 1.

* Ps. 42. 17.

* Ps. 43. 15.

* Ps. 63. 6.

* Ps. 147.

* 1 Chron. 16.

* 1 Chron. 16.

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* 1 Chron. 16.

* 1 Chron. 16.

5 ⁴ I hae leuk'd for JEHOVAH lang; my life, it has leukit this while; na, on his word I hae stoopit me sair.

6 ⁴ My life, it *leuks* mair for the LORD, nor them wha leuk for the mornin; wha leuk for the mornin ere.

7 Lat Israel lippen JEHOVAH, ⁵ for ay wi' JEHOVAH thar 's rewth; an' rowth o' remead wi' himsel.

8 An' it 's Him, frae his ain wrang-doens, ⁶ sal cannily redd Israel

PSALM CXXXI

David, till he see wadly thought on, keeps ay a lowen reeb by himlane.

A sang o' the Uppaens: ane o' David's.

MY heart, O LORD, was-na haughty; nor my een, they hae-na been heigh: ¹ nor no, wi' sic ferries afore me, hae I gaen govan skeigh.

2 O gin I hae-na been quaiet! an' gin I hae-na whinsh'd my thought; like a ² wean, that 's been spean'd frae his mither, my life on mylane it 's *been* wrought.

3 Till JEHOVAH, lat Israel lippen; frae the now, till o' time ³ thar 's nought

PSALM CXXXII

David, wi' a sair fact, an' many a wonderife thought, etles a brave home-cum an' a lowen neuk for the Lord on Zion.

A sang o' the Uppaens.

LORD, hae min' o' David, and a' the cumber he stude: ⁴

2 How he swure an aith till JEHOVAH, ⁴ *low* he trystit till Jakob's Gude: ⁵

4 ⁴ I winna gie sleep till my een; or rest to my winkers, I rede:

5 Till I 'seen a neuk for JEHOVAH; an' hingins for Jakob's Gude!

6 We heard word o't, or lang, ⁴ at Ephraatah; ⁵ we fand 't ⁶ sin the banks o' the wood:

7 Lat us ben till the sponce o' his hingins; ⁶ lat us lout at his ain fit-brod!

8 ⁸ Up, LORD, till yer shielin sae canny; ⁹ yersel, an' the ark o' yer tryste:

9 Yer priests, ⁸ lat them wear what ⁹ fits them; yer sants, lat them lilt fu' loud:

10 An' for sake o' David, yer leal-man, turn awa-na the face o' yer Chryst.

11 ¹¹ The LORD swure an aith till David, sae sikker he win-na gae frae 't: ¹² On that thron o' yer ain, frae that lisk o' yer ain, till ¹³ yer out-come I 'se ay gie a seat.

12 Yer weans, gin they waird weel my trystin, an' my bidden I taught them syne; than bairns o' their ain, ay for evir, sal sit on that thron o' thine.

13 ¹³ For the LORD, he sought lang for Zioun; whar he liket himsel to bide:

14 ¹⁴ Sic-like, *quo' be*, my ain rest sal be; for evir an' ay, it 's here I'll stay; for I like it sae weel mysel.

15 ¹⁵ Her victual, I'll blythe-bid fu' blythely; her hungry, I'll stegh wi' bread:

16 ¹⁶ Her priests, I mam cleed wi' heal-ha'dim; ¹⁷ her sants, they sal lilt fu' glaid:

17 ¹⁷ Thar I sal gar growe *King* David's horn; an' ¹⁸ a light, for my chrystit I'll nouriss:

* Ps. 65. 1.

* Gen. 49. 24.

* Prov. 6. 4.

* 1 Sam. 17. 12.

* 1 Sam. 7. 1.

* 1 Chron. 13. 5.

* Ps. 5. 7.

* Ps. 99. 5.

* Num. 10. 35.

* 2 Chron. 6. 41, 42.

* Ps. 78. 61.

* Job 39. 14.

* Isai. 61. 10.

* Heb. whar 's right, by the law.

* Ps. 89. 3, 4.

* Ps. 110. 4.

* 2 Sam. 7. 12.

* 1 Kings 8. 25.

* 2 Chron. 6. 16.

* Luke 1. 69.

* Acts 2. 30.

* Ps. 48. 1.

* Ps. 68. 16.

* Ps. 147. 14.

* 2 Chron. 6. 41.

* Ps. 149. 4.

* Hos. 11. 12.

* Ezek. 29. 21.

* Luke 1. 69.

* 1 Kings 11. 36; 15. 4.

* 2 Chron. 21. 7.

¹ The king said he: lowen when he is up.

* Num. 12. 26.

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

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* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

* Heb. he: I

18 His ill-willers eke, I sal cleed wi' scorn; bot his crown on himsel, it sal flouriss.

PSALM CXXXIII.

Gude-will, like gude oyle, rins weel an' gangs far.

A sang o' the Upgaens ane o' David's.

SEE syne, how gude an' how braw, ^afor †frien's to bide weel thegither!

² Like the oyle sae gude, *that was toom'd* on the head; it cou'd rin on the beard, ontill Aaron's beard, that gaed till the neuk o' his manteel:

³ Like the dewy weet that comes down compleat, *frae* †Hermon ontill Mount Zioun: for ^ait 's thar the LORD ettles the blythest bode; life that sal *bide* for evir

PSALM CXXXIV.

God's folk, they maun laud him night an' day

A sang o' the Upgaens.*

SYNE ye maun laud the LORD, ^aa' ye loons o' JEHOVAH's ain: ^bwha bide in the houss o' the LORD, the lee-lang night yerlane.

² Ye maun heize yer han's till his halie howff, an' blythe-bid the LORD himlane.

³ The LORD frae Zioun ^cblythe-bid yersel; ^dwha wrought baith the lift an' the lan'.

PSALM CXXXV.

The hail houss o' Israel, wha hae been weel tell'd, an' wha ken brawly a' that the Lord has done for them, suld laud the Lord for his gudeness sae lang 's Mount Zioun stan's.

[By wha 's no said.] Hallelujah.

LAUD ye the name o' JEHOVAH; ^agie laud, ye loons o' the LORD:

² ^bWha bide in the houss o' JEHOVAH; in the faulds o' the houss o' our God.

³ Hallelujah! for gude *is* JEHOVAH; lilt ye till his name, ^cfor *it's* braw:

⁴ ^dFor Jakob, till Himsel, the LORD singled; Israel, for his hirsell an' a'.

⁵ For brawly I ken, ^ethe LORD he 's fu' gran'; an' that Laird o' our ain, 's ayont a' gods o' *the lan'*.

⁶ ^fWhate'er the LORD likes he can do, in the lift an' the lan'; in the fludes an' ilk awesome howe.

⁷ ^gWha carries the mists frae the neuks o' the lan'; ^hthe slaughts o' lowe, till a spate he can thowe; an' he airts but the win' frae its awmries.

⁸ ⁱWha dang the first-born o' Mizraam; †o' beast an' o' body baith.

⁹ ^jWha airtit sic trysts atowre, an' sic ferlies, in midds o' yersel, Mizraam; on Pharaoh, an' a' *Pharaoh's* loons.

¹⁰ ^kWha dang fu' mony folk; an' fell'd the starkest kings:

¹¹ Like Sihon, king o' the Amorites; an' like Og, the king o' Bashan; ^man' like a' thae kings o' Canaan:

¹² ⁿAn' ettled their lan' *for* a ha'din, a ha'din till Israel his ain.

¹³ ^oLORD, yer name 's evir-lastin; an' min' o' yersel, O JEHOVAH, frae kith till kin *it can stan'*.

¹⁴ ^pFor the LORD, he sal richt-recht his peopil; an' rew on his servans a'.

¹⁵ ^qThe gudes o' the hethen 's but siller an' gowd; the wark o' folk's han's o' the yird:

¹⁶ ^rThar 's a mouthe o' their ain, bot they canna speak; een o' their ain, bot they see-na:

^a Ps. 134, 1.

^b Luke 2, 37.

^c Ps. 147, 1.

^d Exod. 19, 5.
Deut. 7, 6, 7;
10, 15.

^e Ps. 95, 3;
97, 9.

^f Ps. 115, 3.

^g Jer. 10, 13;
51, 16.

^h Job 28, 25;
26; 38, 24.
Zech. 10, 1.

ⁱ Exod. 12,
12, 29.
Ps. 78, 51;
136, 10.

^j Heb. *frae man on till beast.*

^k Exod. 7, 8;
9; 10; 14.
Ps. 136, 15.

^l Num. 21, 24;
25, 26, 34,
35.
Ps. 136, 17.

^m Josh. 12, 7.

ⁿ Ps. 78, 55;
136, 21, 22.

^o Exod. 3, 15.
Ps. 102, 12.

^p Deut. 32, 36.

^q Ps. 115, 4-8.

^a They maun a' be frien's that bide Up.

^a Gen. 13, 8.
† Heb. *brether.*

^b Exod. 30, 25, 30.

^c Deut. 4, 48.
^d Lev. 25, 21.
Deut. 28, 8.
Ps. 42, 8.

^e An' lilt day an' night when they stay Up.

* Hinmaist sang o' the Upgaens David, an' the folk, an' the ark, an' the Lord himsel, are a' weel hame till Zioun.

^a Ps. 135, 1, 2.
^b 1 Chron. 9, 33.

^c Ps. 135, 21.

^d Ps. 124, 8.

	17 <i>Tha're</i> hugs o' their ain, bot they canna bear; no, nor nevir ae sugh i' their hals is.	their first-born a'; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	
	18 Sic-like are they a', wha can mak sic gear; an' a', wha can lippen until them.	11 'An' redd but Isra'l frae the midds o' them a'; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Exod. 12.51. 13. 3. 17
*Ps. 115. 9	19 'O Israe'l's houss, bless ye the LORD; O Aaron's houss, bless ye the LORD:	12 'Wi' a hand o' might, an' an arm outright; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	*Exod. 6. 6
	20 O Levi's houss, bless ye the LORD; wha fear the LORD, bless ye the LORD:	13 'Till wha synder'd the tangly sea in twa; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Exod. 14. 21. 22. Ps. 78. 13.
Ps. 134. 3	21 Blythe be the LORD, 'frae Zioun; wha bides at Jerusalem still. Hallelujah!	14 An' fuhred Israel atowre, atween the twa; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	
	PSALM CXXXVI	15 'Bot whamle'd Pharaoh, folk an' a', in that sea o' the tangly tide; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Exod. 14. 27. 28. Ps. 135. 9.
	<i>A lit o' laud on God's works, wi' an overcome ay on his gudeness.</i>	16 'Till wha airtit syne his ain folk, in the muir; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Exod. 15. 22
	[By wha's no said.]	17 'Till wha dang mighty kings atowre; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Ps. 135. 10. 11
*Ps. 136. 1; 137. 1; 138. 1	G IE 'land till the LORD, for <i>he's</i> gude; 'for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	18 'An' racket kings baith stieve an' stoor; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Deut. 29. 7
*1 Chron. 16. 34. 41.	2 Gie land till 'the God o' gods; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	19 'Sihon, till wit, the Am'rites king; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Num. 21. 21
*Deut. 10. 17.	3 Gie land till the LORD o' Lords; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	20 'An' Og, till wit, o' Bashan king; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Num. 21. 33
*Ps. 72. 13	4 Till wha 'by himlane wrought feries sae gran'; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	21 'An' gie'd their lan' in ha'din free; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	*Josh. 12. 1. &c. Ps. 135. 12
*Gen. 1. 1. Prov. 3. 39. Jer. 51. 15. *Ezek. 16. 40. 41.	5 'Till wha wrought the lift w' the †slight o' his han'; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	22 Till Israel free, his ain loon <i>till be</i> ; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	
*Gen. 1. 9. Ps. 24. 2. Jer. 10. 12.	6 'Till wha rax't the yirth atowre the fndes; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	23 Wha mindet us ay, in a' our waes; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	
*Gen. 1. 14.	7 'Till wha wrought the lights sae gran' an' bright; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	24 An' rax't us atowre frae amang our faes; for his gudeness it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	
*Gen. 1. 16	8 'The sun till be laird, sae langs it's light; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir:	25 'Wha etles bread for a' flesh an' bluid; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	*Ps. 104. 27. 145. 15; 147. 9.
	9 The mune an' the stern, till hae gree by night; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	26 Gie land till <i>him that's</i> †God abune; for his gudeness, it <i>tholes</i> for evir.	*Ezek. 12. 29. Ps. 135. 8.
	10 'Till wha dang Mizraam, in		*Ezek. 12. 29. Ps. 135. 8.

PSALM CXXXVII.

A lilt o' dule in captivity: nae sang o' the Lord's ava'.

[Ane o' Jeremiah's, quo' the LXX.]

BY Babel's fludes, thar we sat us down; an' we grat, as we mindet Zioun:

2 Our harps we hang the saughs amang, in the heart o' the town war growin.

3 For they plague't us sair, wha brought us thar, the turn o' a sang to gie them; ^aan' wha wrought us wae, *wad nought* but play—*cry'd*, Sing us a sang o' Zioun!

4 Bot how sal we sing a JEHOVAH's sang, on grun' that 's ayont *his keepin'*?

5 Gin I slight ye, Jerusalem; may my right-han' tine her *slight*!

6 My tongue gang dry i' my hals, an I think-na lang on thee; an I roose-na yersel, Jerusalem, †abune a' that 's dear to me!

7 O LORD, hae min' o' ^bEdom's weans, in Jerusalem's day o' *maen*; how they cry'd, Ding *her* down! Ding *her* down! aye, down till the laighest stane.

8 An' Dochtitir o' Babel, ye, 'that or lang maun wastit be; ^dblythe be the wight that sal quat ye right, wi' sic-like as ye gar'd us dree.

9 Blythe *sal* he *be* that taks haud o'; 'an' gars yer bit weans, on the *hard* whinstanes, wi' a fling intil flinders flee!

PSALM CXXXVIII.

A lilt o' laud till the Lord that 's gude. Ane o' David's.

I MAUN laud ye, LORD, †wi' my heart's accord; ^aafore the gods, I maun lilt till thee.

2 ^bI maun lout me laigh 'i' yer halie howff; I maun lilt till yer

name, for yer rewth an' yer trewth; for heigh abune a' that name o' yer ain, that word o' yer ain ye hecht.

3 I' the day whan I skreigh'd an' ye hearken'd me, ye doubled the might o' my saul.

4 ^dA' kings o' the lan' sal gie laud till ye, LORD; an they heard but the words o' yer mouthe:

5 An' fu' loud they sal lilt i' the gates o' the LORD; for the skance o' the LORD, it 's fu' grit.

6 'Tho' the LORD *be* fu' heigh, ^fthe laigh he can sight; an' the mighty, he kens far enough.

7 Tho' I gang pingled roun', ye can haud my life soun'; on the wuth o' my faes, yer han' ye can heize; an' yer right-han', sal haud me fu' lown.

8 ^eThe LORD sal do a' for mysel; yer gudeness, O LORD, *tholes* for evir: the warks o' yer han', ye win-na ^bfling by, a'-thegither.

PSALM CXXXIX.

How the Lord made a', an' kens a', that belongs or besa' us.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LORD, ^aye rypit me, thrugh an' thro', till ye kent *me*:

2 ^bYerlane, ye ken weel o' my down-sittin baith, and my risin; fu' brawly ye ken the thought that 's far ben, 'ithin me.

3 Gangin or lyn, ye trew me a'; no a gate o' my ain, but ye tent it:

4 For a word o' my tongue *thar* canna be; bot al-utterlie, LORD, ye hae kent it.

5 Ahint an' afore, ye hae sweel'd me roun'; an' atowre me, yer loof ye straughtit:

6 'Sic'na ken o' yer *ain*, 's owre heigh for me; †it 's abune might o' mine, till win at it.

^dPs. 102, 15
22.

^ePs. 113, 5, 6
Isai. 57, 15.
^fJames 4, 6.
1 Pet. 5, 5.

^ePs. 57, 2.
Phil. 1, 6.

^bJob 10, 3, 8.

^aJer. 12, 3.

^b2 Kings 19,
27.

^cJob 42, 3.
Ps. 40, 5.

† Heb. *for it*,
I hae-na piith

Afore the
CURYST,
cir. 570.

^aPs. 79, 1.

† Heb. *abune*
the head o'
my joies.

^bJer. 49, 7.
Lam. 4, 22.
Ezek. 25, 12.
Obad. 10, &c.

^cIsai. 13, 1;
47, 1.
Jer. 25, 12;
50, 2.

^dJer. 50, 15.
29.
Rev. 18, 6.

^eIsai. 13, 16.

† Heb. *wi'*
my hail heart.

^aPs. 119, 46.

^bPs. 28, 2.

^c1 Kings 8,
29, 30.

1st Job 28. 24.

7 'O whar sal I win, frae that spreit o' yer ain; an' whar sal I flee frae yer sight?

1st John 9. 2.

3. 4.

1st Peter 15. 11.

8 'An I spiel till the lift, ye 're thar by yerlane; 'an I streek i' the shenugh, ye're *ameth*.

9 The wings o' the light, I may dight them on, an' bide on the lave o' the waters:

10 Bot thar yer ain han', it suld weise me on; an' yer right han' insel suld upha' me. §

§ Thar he
suld be
down i' the
waters.

11 An I say syne, The mirk it sal hap me owre; than the night, like light, it sal schaw me:

1st Job 26. 6.

34. 22.

Dent. 2. 22.

Heb. 4. 13.

12 For 'the mirk at-weel, frae yersel's nae bieid; bot the night, it gies light like the day: the mirkest mirk 's like the lightest light, per-fay!

13 For yerlane, ye had a' my fisk; in my mither's bouk, ye bieid'd me.

§ Heb. trans-
late words: 'a'
new ain mair-
er, ilk heart
o' me.

1st Job 21. 8. 9.

Eccles. 11. 5.

14 I suld lik till ye syne, 'am sae wunner fine; 'wrought a' sae gran', as my thought can forestan', sae weel to'.

15 'My banes war-na happit frae thee, tho' I was wrought i' the mirk; wi' sae mony a fauld, i' the highest holds o' the yirth.

§ an' i' the
days o' their
midst.

16 My bouk, yer een they took tent o'; an' intil yer buik they war scriven, i' 2' *parts* o' me syne that war schuppen, or ere thar was ane o' them worth.

1st Ps. 41. 5.

17 'An' yer friendly thoughts to mysel; O God, how they 're by my ken! What-na wheen o' them a' to tell!

1st Ps. 139. 175.

§ A witness
bluidy faith,
that whiche-
ver o' till
cridels, an'
biggers deify's
humans intil
God's ain
image.

18 'An I suld erle till count them, mair nor san', ayont tellin they be! Gin I wanken, 'am ay wi' thee.

1st 2nd Chron. 19.

2.

1st Ps. 139. 178.

19 LORD God, an ye fell the ill-doer! 'Awa frae me, bluidy loons:

20 Wha cry till yersel like an eidol; an' turn till the mischief yer town. §

21 LOWN, 'jumpy I thole wha ill-

will ye; an' flyte wi' yer gain-stan'ers a':

22 I like them, as ill 's I can like them; for ill-willers o' mine, they sal sta'.

23 'Ye mann rype me, O God, an' 'heart-ken me; ye mann try me, an' trew my thoughts:

24 An' see gin *thar* 's 'tought o' a lie in mysel; 'an' airt me the endless gate.

1st Job. 31. 6.

Ps. 26. 2.

1st Heb. 4. 13.1st Heb. 4. 13.1st Heb. 4. 13.1st Ps. 5. 8.

142. 10.

PSALM CXL.

Wae fu' the ill-deedie man, tho' a cryan an' a' be aboon him.

Till the sang-maister: ane heigh-lik o' David's.

§ This
thought till
be againe
an' his frien'
Darg: She
enough.

1st Verse 4.

REDD me, LOWN, frae the ill-deedie man; 'frae the man o' mischief, waird me:

2 Wha ettle a' that 's ill, i' *their* heart; 'ilka day they forgather till waur me.

1st Ps. 56. 6.

3 Their tongue they hae whart, like an ethir's; 'the feim o' the ask 's i' their lips: Selah.

1st Ps. 58. 4.

Rom. 3. 13.

4 'Redd me, LOWN, frae the ill-doer's han'; 'frae the man o' mischief, waird me: wha ettle till fank my gates.

1st Ps. 71. 4.1st Verse 1.

5 'The haughty, they happit a ginn for me; an' links forby: a net they rax't by the side o' the road; girms they set down, till *tak* me: Selah.

1st Ps. 35. 7.

57. 6. 139.

130. 141. 9.

Job. 18. 22.

6 Quo' I till the LOWN, My ain God *are* ye: Hearken, O LOWN, to the sngh o' my bidden.

7 O LOWN, my Lord, my heal-ha'din might; ye hae happit my head in the day o' reddin.

8 LOWN, gie the ill-doer name his will; his weary thought, ye mazzna fu'fil; 'they're heigh enough, LOWN, already: Selah!

1st Dent. 32. 27.

9 Wha fank me rome'—atowre their crowns, 'may the ill o' their lips be theekit!

1st Ps. 7. 16.

94. 23.

Psalm. 12. 13.

14. 3.

Ps. 11, 6.

10 ⁱBleezan blauds come abune them; ben i' the lowe gar fling them; laigh i' the sheugh gar ding them, that they ne'er sal stan' again.

11 The ill-tongued man, on the yirth sanna stan'; the ill-deedie carl mischieff sal harl, till he fa'.

12 For I ken that the LORD sal do right till the pur; an' right-recht till the feckless an' a'.

13 An' syne sal the righteous gie laud till yer name; an' afore ye, the aefauld hae a ha'.

PSALM CXLI.

David's bidden sal be fain, an' David's tholin sal be kind; wha wytes him weel, sal ne'er do him ill.

Ane heigh-lilt o' David's.

LORD, I skreigh till yersel, fy haste ye till me; lout yer lug till my din, ay whan I skreigh till thee.

2 I at ^amy bidden win right till yer sight, ay ^blike the haly reek; ^cthe heizin-up o' my looves, ^dlike the hanel at gloamin eke.

3 LORD, put the waird on my mouthe; ay haud the flake o' my lips:

4 Swee-na my heart till a word o' ill; till wark at mischieff, wi' folk that do ill; ^aan' ne'er lat me pree o' their sweets.

5 ^a'Lat the gude man ding me, I ^b'e tak it fu' kind; lat him wyte me, it's oyle on my head; siclike sal ne'er crack my crown: for or lang, in their ain day o' need, an' my bidden for them sal come roun.

6 Whan their righters gang down till the sheugh, syne sal they hear ^awhat I say; for my words sal be canny enough.

7 For like tearin an' rivan the yirth, our banes are dang here awa there awa, clean at the mouthe o' the heugh.

^a Rev. 5, 8;

8, 3, 4.

^b Rev. 8, 3, 4.^c Ps. 134, 2.^d Prov. 23, 6.^a Prov. 9, 8;

19, 25; 25,

12.

^b or, ding me

kindly, &c.

8 Bot ay till yersel, O JEHOVAH; ^amy een, Lord o' mine, are till thee: I lippen me a' till yerlane; an' ye maun-na mislippen me.†

9 Kep me ^afrae the grip o' the girns, they stentit sae straught for mysel; an' eke frae the loopy-links, o' them wha wark at ill.

10 ^aLat ill-doers coup in their ain fankin-gear, ay whan I can loup owre, mysel!

PSALM CXLII.

Wha kens sae weel whar we bide, or wha can redd us like God.

* Maschil o' David's; a heart's-bode o' his ain, whan he bade i' the cove, out o' sight.

I SIGH'D till the LORD wi' my †breath; wi' my †breath, till the LORD I cou'd sigh:

2 ^aI toom'd out afore him my thought; my strett I made plain in his sight.

3 Whan my spreit was dang gyte in mysel, ^byerlane it was, kent my gate; ^con the road that I slippet alang, they happit a girn for my fit.

4 ^aLeuk weel on the right, an' see; ^bbot nane till ken me thar: a' shaltir frae me was gane; for my life, no a livin took care.

5 I sigh'd till yersel, O LORD; quo' I, ^aYerlane be my houp: ye're a' ^bthat's left till me, ^cin the land o' livin folk.

6 Tak tent till my chirm, for 'am worn awa; redd me frae wha wad win at me, for they're sterker nor me an' a'.

7 But wi' my life frae ^athis weary hald, laud till yer name to gie; ^bthe righteous †sal crown me or lang, for ^cyersel sal gie double till me.

PSALM CXLIII

David skreighs, ay sairer an' sairer:

^f 2 Chron.

20, 12.

Ps. 123, 1, 2.

† Heb. my life,

or saul.

† Ps. 119, 110;

140, 51;

142, 3.

^b Ps. 35, 8

* Leuk till

Headin', an'

Ps. 57.

† Heb. sound,

or cry.

^a Ps. 102,

headin

^b Ps. 143, 4.^c Ps. 140, 5.^d Ps. 69, 20.^e Ps. 31, 11;

88, 8, 18.

^f Ps. 46, 1;

91, 2.

^g Ps. 16, 5; 73,

26; 119, 57.

Lam. 3, 24.

^h Ps. 27, 13.ⁱ Ps. 34, 2.

† Heb. sal

gather round

about me,

like a crown

^k Ps. 119, 17.

less clauvers, an' their right-han', 's a right-han' o' scham!

12 That our sons *be* like growthy sprouts, weel-grown i' their bairn-time a'; our dochtirs like †shapely stanes, weel-set in a pailis-wa':

13 That our barns *be* bursen wi' victual, ‖frae ae hairst till anither *come roun'*; our sheep, by thousands on thousands, may thrang athort a' our towns:

14 That our knowte *may be* brawly thriven; neither outshot nor in-win *among them*; nor nae eerie sugh in our yairds.

15 [†]Blythe *may* the folk be, whase fa' is siclike; blythe *at-weel may* the folk be, whase God is the LORD.

PSALM CXLV

Folk lang-syne hae laudit the Lord; bot nane o' them kens like David.

A laud-lilt o' David's.*

LORD God o' my ain, that 's King, ^aI maun heize ye heigh; an' laud yer name, for evir an' ay:

2 Ilka day, I maun roose yersel; an' laud yer name for evir an' ay.

3 ^bFu' gran' 's the LORD, an' weel to be laudit; †end o' his 'greatness nane can be:

4 Outcome till outcome, sal laud yer warks; an' weel schaw furth yer mighty gree.†

5 The weight o' yer glourious loffihead, an' the sugh o' yer wonder-warks, I maun ken:

6 The might o' yer wonner-warks folk hae tell'd; bot yer mightiness a', mylane sal pen:

7 Word they hae croon'd o' yer gudeness, †lang; bot yer righteousness syne they sal lilt on hie!§

8 ^aKind an' pitifu' *ay is* the LORD; lang or he lowes; and rews right fain:

9 Gude's the LORD till a' *forby*; an' his pitie, atowre his warks ilk ane.

10 LORD, yer doens, they praise ye a'; an' sants o' yer ain, they suld speak ye fair:

11 The weight o' yer kingryks, folk maun tell; an' ay on yer righteousness words maun ware:

12 Till lat †yird-born folk his might weel wot; an' a' the weight o' his kingryks rare.

13 'Thae realms o' thine, *hae been* realms out o' mind; an' yer rewl, it s' †ayont a' livin kind.

14 The LORD, he stoops a' wha stacher down; *s*an' straights a' wha gang twa-fauld:

15 ^aThe een o' the lave leuk a' till thee; ^ban' ye gie them bread belyve:

16 Braidin yer loof, ^aan' toomin aneugh, o' yer gudeness, till a' on live.

17 Right *is* the LORD in ilk gate o' his ain, an' kindly in a' that his han' does:†

18 ^aNieborlie *ay is* the LORD, till a' wha cry on himsel; till a' wha cry on himsel, †right heartlie.

19 The gudewill he warks o' wha fear himsel; an' he hearkens their skreigh, an' he saifs them:

20 The LORD fen's for a', wha loe himsel; but a' warkers o' wrang he dings by:

21 The laud o' the LORD, my mouthe sal tell; an' that name o' his ain sae halie, a' flesh sal blythe-bid for evir an' ay.

PSALM CXLVI.

Nae lippenin to ony but God, wha made baith the lift an' the lan'.

[By wha 's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! ^aGie laud till the LORD, O my saul!

2 ^bI maun lilt till the LORD, whan 'am livin; I maun lilt till my God, whiles I last ava'.

† Heb. *sketo*
stones like a
pailis.

‖ or, *frae kind*
till kind o'
victual.

* Ps. 33, 12;
65, 4; 146, 5.

* Ps. 100,
Headin.

* Ps. 30, 1.

^b Ps. 96, 4.
† Heb. *rypin*
owl.

† Job 5, 9;
9, 10.

† Heb. *mighi-*
nesses.

† Heb. *meikle*
mind.

§ No till efit
David spak,
kenn'd folk
the woiners
o' the Lord.

^a Exod. 34,
6, 7.
Num. 14, 18.
Ps. 86, 5, 15;
103, 8.

† Heb. *sons* o'
the yird-born

* Ps. 146, 10.
† Tim. 1, 17.

† Heb. *in ilka*
lithgettin an'
lithgettin.

† Ps. 146, 3.

* Ps. 104, 27.
† Ps. 136, 25

† Ps. 104, 21;
147, 9.

† Heb. *han's*
warks.

† Deut. 4, 7.

† Heb. *in*
treuth.

* Ps. 103, 1.

* Ps. 104, 33

* Ps. 128, 8, 9.
Isa. 2, 22.

3 'Lippen ye name till princes, *an'* yet till son o' the yird; nae *gift* o' heal-ha'din has he.

* Ps. 124, 29.
Ecclies. 12, 7.
Isa. 2, 22.

4 'His breath wins awa; he wins hame till his stour; in that sel-sam day, 'his thoughts die.

* Lank. 1 Cor. 2, 6.

5 'Blythe be the wight, whase help 's in the God o' Jakob; whase trust 's in the LORD, his God:

* Gen. 1, 1

6 'Wha made baith the lift an' the lan'; the sea, an' ilk haet intil them; wha bides by the trewth evir mair:

* Ps. 125, 6.

7 'Wha rights amang sair-tholin folk; wha ay etties bread for the hungry; 'the LORD lats the thir-bun' gang.

* Ps. 68, 6.
Isa. 40, 14.

8 'The LORD, he can lighten the blin'; 'the LORD, he can stranght the twa-fauld; the LORD loes the righteous weel:

* Mat. 9, 35.
John 9, 7-12.
* Ps. 135, 14.
137, 6.
Luke 13, 13.

9 'The LORD keeps hand o' the frem; the orph'in an' widow, he stoops; bot the gate o' ill-doers, he dings.

* Deut. 10, 18.
Ps. 68, 5.

10 'The LORD sal be King for ay! That God o' yer ain, O Zion, is frae ae folk's time till anither: † Land till the LORD gie ye!

* Eccl. 15, 13.
Ps. 103, 16.
145, 13.

PSALM CXLVII

Another lilt o' laud till Jehovah, maker o' a', an' friend till a', in Jakob.

[By wha 's no said.]

* Ps. 96, 1.
* Ps. 135, 3.
* Ps. 98, 1.

HALLELUJAH! 'For gude it 's, to lilt till our God; 'sic likin 's baith blythe 'an' braw.

* Deut. 32, 3.

2 It 's the LORD sal big up Jerusalem; 'the sperie'd o' Israel, sal gather them a':

* Ps. 51, 17.
Isa. 57, 15.
64, 1.

3 'Healin the heart-broken kindly, an' mendin their unco stoun's.

* Lank Gen. 15, 5.
Isa. 40, 26.

4 'He tells the tale o' the starmies; he cries till them a' by *their* names: 5 Gran 's our LORD, an' fu' mighty; o' his thoughts, thar 's nae tellin ava'.

* Ps. 146, 8, 9.

6 'The LORD lifts the highest fu' canny; the ill, he dings till they fa'.

7 Time wī a sang till JEHOVAH; sing ye till our God wī the harp:

* Ps. 124, 19.
14.

8 'Wha theeks owre the lift wī the carrie; wha *gaw* etties rain for the yirth: wha gars gerss on the heights tak the road:

* Job 38, 41.
Ps. 104, 27.
28: 126, 25.
145, 15.

9 'Wha gies victual till beiss o' the field; 'till the † schraighin brood o' the craw.

* Job 38, 41.
Isa. 4, 26.

10 He cares nane for the strenth o' the aiver'; likes as firlie the shanks o' the carl:

* Eccl. 12, 17.
Isa. 1, 7.

11 The gudewill o' the LORD 's on wha fear him; on wha lippen a' till his rewth.

12 Gae land till the LORD, O Jerusalem; Zion, lilt heigh till yer God:

13 For the bars o' yer yetts, he made sikker; an' yer weans, intil ye, blythe-bade:

* Ps. 132, 15.
Deut. 32, 14.
Ps. 68, 16.

14 Wha ettieth yer march wī lown *midors*; 'an' stegh'd ye wī best o' the wheat.

* Ps. 124, 20.

15 'Wha sends but his bidden *an* yirth; unco speedy, his word it wins on:

16 Snaw, like 'oo, he can ettle; an' strinkles the cranrench, like ase.

17 Wha deals out his ice like moofins; wha can thole, in the face o' his canld?

* Venne 15.
Lank Job 38, 22.

18 'Syne out wī his word, an' it thowes them; his breath wins about, *an'* watirs they wimple enew.

* Ps. 76, 7.
Isa. 5, 109, 7.

19 'His words, he taught them till Jakob; 'his trysts, an' his rights, till Isral:

* Mat. 4, 4.

20 Siclike he wrought-na wī ither folk; an' *his* rightins they ne'er kent amang them: † Land ye the LORD.

* Lank Rom. 3, 1, 2.

PSALM CXLVIII

Another heigh-lilt o' laud till the Lord, frae a' that bides in the world.

[By wha 's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! Land the LORD himsel frae the lift; land him frae the highest heights:

* Eccl. 12, 17.
Isa. 1, 7.

^a Ps. 106, 20,
21.

2 'Laud him, a' errand-rinners o' his ain; laud him, a' hosts o' his.

3 Laud him, baith sun an' mune; laud him, a' starns o' light:

^b 1 Kings 8,
27

4 Laud him, ^b ye lift o' lifts; 'an' ye fludes owre the hevins' height:

^c Gen. 1, 7.

5 Lat them ^a laud the name o' the LORD; ^d for himlane gied the word, an' they schupen war:

^e Ps. 89, 37;
119, 90, 91.
Jer. 31, 35,
36: 33, 25.

6 'An' he ettled them ay till stan'; he made-guid a decreet, that suld ne'er be schuten-owre.

7 Laud ye the LORD, frae yirth, gryfes an' ilk awesome howe:

8 Lowe an' hail; snaw an' mist; whirlin blast, that warks his bidden:

9 Heigh heights, an' a' ye knowes; frutefu' stoks, an' ilka cedar:

10 Brute o' the field, an' beiss o' the fauld; wurblin worm, an' flican feddyr:

11 Kings o' the yirth, an' a' peopil; provosts, an' a' right-rechters o' the lan':

12 Baith lads an' lasses; auld folk an' bairns:

^f Ps. 8, 1.
Isai. 12, 4.

13 Lat them ^a laud the name o' the LORD; ^f for his name is heighest: his loffiheid alane, ^g s abune yirth an' hevins.

^h Ps. 75, 10.

14 ^h An' he straughtit has the horn o' his ain folk on hie; ⁱ the praise o' a' his sanctit anes; the bairns-folk o' Israel; ^j a folk ay nar till himsel:

^k Ps. 149, 9.

† Laud till the LORD gie ye!

^l Eph. 2, 17.

^m Heb. Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLIX.

A lilt o' laud for the Sancts in Jakob.
[By wha's no said.]

ⁿ Ps. 35, 3

HALLELUJAH! ⁿ Sing ye till the LORD a new sang; his praise in the thrang o' the Sancts.

^o Leuk Job
35, 10.
Ps. 100, 3.
Isai. 54, 5.

2 Lat Israel ^b be blythe in his

makar; Zioun's bairns be fu' fain in their king:

3 'Lat them laud till his name || wi' a dinne; wi' the drum an' the harp, lilt loud till him:

^p Ps. 81, 2.
|| or, *twi' the dance.*

4 'For the LORD's weel content wi' his peopil; 'the down-cuisten, wi' health he'll mak trim.

^q Ps. 35, 27.
^r Ps. 132, 16.

5 Lat the Sancts be fu' blythe in gloiry; ^s lat them lilt fu' loud on their beds:

^t Job 35, 10.

6 The heigh-lits o' God, in their mouthes ay; ^u and, i' their han', a double-faced swurd that sneds.

^v Hebr. 4, 12
Rev. 1, 16.

7 Till wrack God's-right on the hethen; ^w an' wyte amang niebors a':

8 Till yoke their kings intil thirl-bans; an' their foremaist in airn branks:

9 ^x Till wark on them, right that's written; ^y sic gloiry belangs a' his Sancts. Hallelujah!

^z Deut. 7,
1, 2.
^{aa} Ps. 148, 14.

PSALM CL.

The hinmaist Hallelujah, fu' heigh an' grand, wi' a' that can dirt an' blaw.
[By wha's no said.]

HALLELUJAH! Gie laud till God in his haly-rood; gie him laud in the lift o' his strenth!

2 ^{ab} Gie him laud intil a' his wonners; gie him laud in the feck o' his might!

^{ac} Ps. 145, 5, 1

3 Gie him laud wi' the tout o' the horn; ^{ad} gie him laud wi' the brod an' the harp!

^{ae} Ps. 81, 2;
149, 3.

4 Gie him laud wi' the drum an' the || dinne; gie him laud wi' the thairms † o' delight!

|| or *dance*;
aiblins some
gear that
dinned an'
shenk.

5 Gie him laud wi' the dirl o' the cymbals; gie him laud, wi' the cymbals dirlin hie!

† Heb. *an' delight*—
some sang-
gearsae ca'd

6 Lat a' ye can blaw thro', laud the LORD; † Laud till the LORD gie ye!

† Heb. *Hallelujah!*

END O' PSALMS.

DAVID AND GOLIATH

This bit lilt o' his ain till David's Praise,
Whan he fought again Goliath,
Stan's like a to-fa' till the Psalms
[Quo' the LXX.]

Sma' was I amang brether o' mine;
An' the bairn was I, i' my faither's ha';
My faither's fe I was hirdin:
My han's, they wrought the organ fine;
An' my fingers, *wi' thairms*, the harp an' a'
They war girdin.

An' wha was 't tell'd the LORD o' me?
The LORD himsel, he hearken'd till me;
An' his rinner he sent, an' he cried me awa—
Cried me awa frae my faither's fe;
An' wi' chrystin oyle o' his ain an' a',
He chrystit me:
Brether o' mine, they war brave an' braw;
An' the LORD o' them wad hae nought ava'.

Furth gaed I, till fecht wi' the frem;
Syne by his eidols he swure at me:
Bot that swurd o' his ain, I claught it frae him
An' I sned his head frae his shouthirs trim;
An' the skaith an' the scorn I carried it a',
Frae the folk o' Israel, hame wi' me!

TO THE GENERAL READER.

In the translation of the **PSALMS**, the reader will find that most of them fall naturally into a sort of rhythmical cadence, and many of them into rhyme itself. It may be proper to state, with respect to this peculiarity, that no device whatever has been employed to produce such effect—the fact being, that in many cases the Psalms which present this rhythmical aspect are more literally translated than they could well have been otherwise; and that there is generally a corresponding rhythm, and sometimes even a corresponding rhyme, in the Hebrew original. In other portions of Scripture, the Historical and Chronological for example, which are strictly prosaic in themselves, the same sort of metrical cadence does not occur, nor would it be at all desirable in a translation. There will, nevertheless, be found even in these, and more obviously among the Prophets, many passages where a certain measured flow of words agreeable to the sense will prevail, without labour or artifice; the Scotch language, when purely and carefully written, having, like the Hebrew, such tendency to rhythm naturally in itself.

As to comparative accuracy and the choice of terms, the Translator ought also now to state, that where any difference as between the present and the authorised English Version may occur, he is not responsible. His own work is done directly from the Original, which he has attended to with the utmost care—Scotch for Hebrew, with all possible fidelity; and he has not much doubt that any impartial scholar, who is sufficiently acquainted with the spirit and the idioms of both languages, will admit that the present Scotch translation in general is much closer to the Original in many ways than our well-known English Version is, and that no variation anywhere occurs in it greater than what occurs everywhere and constantly in the English. He feels it the more necessary to make this statement explicitly, inasmuch as most readers in the first instance may be disposed to adopt the English Version as an ultimate standard of comparison, although it is often utterly inadequate, and sometimes even erroneous, as a measure of the Hebrew Sense. In saying which, he is far from depreciating in any way the acknowledged merits of so grand a work. On the contrary, that Version has been consulted by him with scrupulous reverence, as has also the Genevan Version, in the same language, which preceded it, in which our own most distinguished Reformers had a share. In addition to which, the Septuagint, and the Vulgate old and new; the individual versions of Pagninus, Praten, Tremellius, Junius, and Cocceius in Latin; of Diodati in Italian, of Luther and Ulenberg in German, with the French and Belgian Versions old and new, have received equal attention wherever doubt or obscurity occurred. Many valuable suggestions have thus been obtained; and as the Translator has had the happiness of finding that his own independent rendering was often identical, or in perfect harmony, with the best of these, he has less hesitation in adhering to it as at least worthy of some consideration.

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In proportion to the encouragement he receives in this undertaking, the Translator will make every effort to proceed at an early date thereafter with the rest of the Bible.